

CHRISTIAN HERALD



SEPTEMBER, 1942 ★ TWENTY-FIVE CEN
THE MAYOS—*by Adolph C. Regh*

GEORGE
THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY
2-44-R-48 M

370 STOUT HEARTED MEN OF GOD

talk in type to our
SOLDIERS, SAILORS and MARINES

Read—Eph. 6:10-18

New Year's Day—January 1

KEEPING POWER

Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.—1 Pet. 1:5.

As a young man I happened one day to read in the First Epistle of St. Peter, at the fifth verse, the words: "Kept by the power of God through faith." It came to me as expressing a philosophy or rule of life that I might well make my diary. Every year I write these words on the first page of my diary. I have lived a long and eventful life, traveled much in the Old World and the New, been privileged to know many of the great men and women of my time, and read many books of all the strange and changing circumstances and trials of life. I have clung to this verse and made it the guide and assurance of my life. Every day as I go forth to live and preserved by the power of God. It may be a simple faith, but it has proved adequate and sustaining. I have found no substitute for it. I would not part with it for all the wisdom I have found in the great books that men have written. I have lived by it and it we live by this word of exhortation and promise. Live by it and sure confidence face all the exigencies and trials of life. In you will know that life has meaning and purpose, and that no matter what comes to you, you are "kept by the power of God." I know it, for I have tested it.

PRAYER

Dear Heavenly Father, may I begin this day of life as in Thy presence. In all my ways may I acknowledge Thee, and do Thou direct my path. Keep me ever true to Thee, increase my faith, and guide me in every thought and word and act. Prepare me that I may be ready to meet each trial and temptation that may come to me, and make me worthy of Thy protecting care. In humility and unfailing trust I make this, my daily prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer. Amen.

JAMES E. FREEMAN, Bishop of Washington, D. C., Episcopal

CHAPLAIN NYGAARD

the Chaplain who conceived the book

and the 370 outstanding ministers, educators, and laymen who helped make it a reality have avoided the trite and the platitudinous. They have written *living* messages for living men.



AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS

Harrison Ray Anderson, Roger Babson, A. W. Beaven, Bernard Iddings Bell, C. Gordon Brownville, Raymond Calkins, Glenn Clark, Bernard C. Clausen, Henry Hitt Crane, William H. Danforth, Albert Edward Day, J. George Dorn, Francis Shunk Downs, Charles R. Erdman, Frank Fitt, A. W. Fortune, Bishop James E. Freeman, Darwin X. Gass, George M. Gibson, Bishop Oliver J. Hart, E. Stanley Jones, Willisie Martin, Cleland B. McAfee, Oswald W. S. McCall, E. C. McCown, Boynton Merrill, Albert W. Palmer, Daniel A. Poling, Gordon Poteat, W. F. Powell, Stewart M. Robinson, Thomas Guthrie Speers, George Stewart, Ernest F. Tittle, Walter A. Voss, J. W. G. Ward, Edgar T. Welch. And 335 others.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK—printed in clear type on Thintext (Bible) paper. Contains 384 pages. Size 4" x 5"; bulks 3/8"; weighs 4 ounces. Blue binding with blue silk bookmark for the Navy; Khaki binding with brown silk bookmark for the Army and Marine Corps.

ABINGDON-COKESBURY PRESS
NASHVILLE, TENN.
and At Your Bookstore

Specify Quantity Wanted
In EACH Binding

A BOOK OF DAILY DEVOTIONS THAT BRINGS RELIGION TO THE RANKS!

● THIS BOOK for youth—a book of *living* religion—brings God into the daily lives, thoughts, and actions of soldier, sailor and marine. It is a banquet of spiritual refreshment for their hungering hearts. It is fashioned with rare understanding of the innermost needs and thoughts of men in training and under fire.

STRENGTH FOR SERVICE TO GOD AND COUNTRY

brings an inspiring page for each day in the year—with special pages for holidays. The daily unit (see reduced illustration) consists of a carefully chosen Bible selection for suggested reading; the topical theme for the day; the Scripture text, the meditation in some 300 reverent, unaffected words, and a simple, manly prayer. The name of the contributor and his position is indicated at the bottom of each page.

EVERY PAGE is prepared especially for the book, designed to meet the needs of NOW. Its mission is to inspire closer communion between our fighting men and God.

SEND THIS BOOK TO YOUR MEN IN THE SERVICE

YOU HAVE SOUGHT something—some practical way—to recognize and honor the men who have gone forth from your Church to join the armed forces. THIS BOOK is the perfect solution! Send each person a copy of STRENGTH FOR SERVICE—(1) as a gift from the entire church membership; or (2) as a gift from a class or fellowship; or (3) as a gift from the Official Board.

370 Contributors
Pocket Size



BLUE
for Sailors
KHAKI
for Soldiers
and Marines

75¢
EACH
\$7.50
A DOZEN

A Thrilling Soul-Stirring Book of Bible Stories!

It's different...uses a new approach... entertains, inspires, gives new ideas
You'll be a better Minister, Sunday School Worker, Student or Parent, for reading "Heroes of the Bible"

Here's a truly remarkable book, written by Olive Beaupré Miller, well known author, Christian woman and Bible student. Mrs. Miller is famous for such works as "My Book House", "A Picturesque Tale of Progress", "My Travelship", etc. She has the outstanding gift of making great people of the past seem human and personal. She felt the call to use this approach, in writing a vital colorful book of Bible stories. "In these stories," a reviewer says: "the reader... comes to know these "Heroes" of the Bible as living, breathing men and women, who suffered trials and tribulations and knew triumphs that might have our priceless heritage."

It has been called "The best book of its kind ever published." It's a book for adults and children over 10, that will awaken or rekindle interest in the Bible as a Living Book. When you feel the very presence of the Bible "Heroes" as you read this book, it is because the author felt their presence as she wrote the book.

She visited practically every locality mentioned—traveled Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Italy, Greece, Crete. She trod the highways and byways of Palestine, followed the "Road to Damascus", and stood on Mars Hill.

DR. DANIEL A. POLING Says:

Heroes of the Bible... is equally attractive to young and old. Can be used by parents and Sunday School teachers to develop children's interest in the Bible and to enrich their Sunday School lessons. Also an unsurpassed source library for Sunday School teachers and biblical students. The illustrations are beautiful...help make this volume first in its field. **William Hiram Foulkes** says:

The characters are fittingly selected, with fidelity to the Bible narrative and are clothed in simple but worthy English language and style...a living book of real heroes and heroines.

FREE: 10 Bible Pictures in colors! Suitable for Framing

Full book size (7"x9 1/2"). Exactly as they appear in "Heroes of the Bible" with titles. A gift that you'll greatly appreciate. An added value for prompt action in mailing coupon now.

NEVER BEFORE A BOOK OF THIS KIND THAT RELATES BIBLE STORIES IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

While each "Story" of a Bible "Hero" is complete in itself, and is a delightful and searching character study, a continued theme runs through the entire book, which develops the whole sacred story of Christian-

ity—from the call of Abraham to the establishment of the early Church—tracing the search of dynamic peoples and their colorful leaders over 2000 years for a better understanding of God and his Laws of Life.

YOU'LL GREATLY ENJOY AND PROFIT BY THIS BOOK AND WANT TO RECOMMEND IT TO OTHERS

You'll find "Heroes of the Bible" vital and inspiring. You'll feel it a duty to recommend this wonderful book to friends, neighbors, church workers. Parents will want to put it in the hands of their children. From it they will learn courage, fidelity, patience, love... and all the other higher qualities from those who best exemplified and "lived" these qualities.

Everyone will find it of personal help. Ministers... from this book you will get many an idea for a text; many a thought that will drive home telling truths. Sunday School Workers... In this book you will find that "Pearl of great price", help in presenting Bible information in a way that captures and holds attention. Here are tales as thrilling as can be found in fiction, yet hold faithfully to the spirit of the Bible. Yes, this is a book every

Christian home should have. Throws new light on old passages, brings out new truths, stimulates new enthusiasm for "Fighting the Good Fight."

SEND NO MONEY Just mail coupon for this BEAUTIFULLY BOUND AND ILLUSTRATED BOOK. 542 pages. Fine Paper. Washable fabric cover. The illustrations by Mariel Wilhoite are not only of high calibre, but give authentic backgrounds. They are beautifully done and beautifully reproduced. There are 30 full color pages and 108 other illustrations and maps in black and white. "Heroes of the Bible" is an outstanding value at **\$3.95**

SPECIAL! If you order your copy of "Heroes of the Bible" from this ad, we will arrange to have it autographed personally by the author. This offer may not be repeated, so **ORDER NOW.**

THE BOOK HOUSE FOR CHILDREN 360 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois Dept. CH 942

Please send me for 5 days' inspection and approval autographed copy of "Heroes of the Bible" and the FREE packet of 10 colored Bible Pictures. When postman brings the book, I will deposit with him \$3.95 plus postage, with this understanding: If I am not thoroughly satisfied with the book I may return it within 5 days and get my money back.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Check here, if you prefer to enclose \$3.95 with coupon, in which case you pay no postage charge whatever. If not entirely satisfied, you have same privilege of returning within 5 days and getting your money back.



Teach us to Pray

We do not know, dear Lord, just how to pray
Through the strange, awful tumult of today.
Teach us again—we grow bewildered quite,
We do not know, Lord, how to pray aright.
Our tongues are heavy and so slow to speak,
Give us the words for which we vainly seek.

Teach us to pray—we have been taught to love
And not to hate. . . . O God, be mindful of
The turmoil of our days, the doubt, the fear,
Speak out, dear Lord, and let thy voice be clear,
Help us to pray the prayer of thy dear Son:
"Father forgive them. . ." "May thy will be done,"
Give us thy far clear vision, Lord, today;
Give us thy wisdom—teach us how to pray.

By Grace Noll Crowell

Only Christian Teaching can win the Peace!



Let us quench the fire forever! The world aflame with total war . . . all our dearest values imperilled . . . what does this mean to the Christian? We must first win this war, to be sure. God willing, we shall win it. But of what avail this tremendous cost and sacrifice of lives if some day the fire is to break out again? We must make sure this time that the principles of human brotherhood rule the world of tomorrow. *Only Christian teaching can win the Peace!* Half the people in our own land receive no religious instruction of any kind. We must teach, teach, teach Christ's way of life, especially to the young. It is later than you think! But not too late if we ALL act together. You hold the key to tomorrow. Your official church publishing house is behind you, with the RIGHT Christian teaching materials for you to use. It is no time to shop around for materials. We must preserve our organic strength. And we must ADVANCE together, separate strong Protestant bodies, united in the effort to reach every person with Christian teaching. We can quench the fire forever!



This is a cooperative message from
THIRTY OFFICIAL CHURCH PUBLISHING HOUSES
in the interest of all-out Christian teaching

SIGN UP! MAIL THIS COUPON . . . GET YOUR BOOKLET

Official Protestant Publishers Group
P. O. Box 67, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I want to do my part to help reach every person with Christian teaching. Please send me a copy of "Progress Through Cooperation."

My national church affiliation is

Name

Address

City State

Name of Church School

My office

CHRISTIAN Herald

SEPTEMBER, 1942

CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN—Greek Sponge Fishermen in Florida

FRONTISPIECE—TEACH US TO PRAY

By Grace Noll Crowell PAGE 2

DR. POLING ANSWERS PAGE 4

MOTION PICTURE COMMENTS

By Howard Rushmore PAGE 6

THE COUNTRY PREACHER SAYS

By George B. Gilbert PAGE 6

NEWS DIGEST OF THE MONTH

By Gabriel Courier PAGE 7

EDITORIAL PAGE

PAGE 12

THEY DO NOT TREMBLE

By Robert D. Alfredson PAGE 13

THE MAYOS—DOCTORS, EDUCATORS, GOOD CITIZENS

By Adolph C. Regli PAGE 16

THE PIED PIPER

A Page of Stills from the Splendid Movie PAGE 19

CALEB—A SHORT STORY, Part I

By Mary King PAGE 20

THE CANINE COMMAND

By Louise Van Nuys PAGE 23

MRS. OLIVER'S LETTER

By Charles Downes PAGE 26

WHAT MY CHURCH IS DOING TO MAINTAIN MORALE

By Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft PAGE 28

GROWING UP MOTHERS

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher PAGE 30

DOORS OF DESTINY—A SERMON

By Ralph W. Sockman PAGE 32

BEYOND THE PURPLE MOUNTAINS

—Conclusion

By Marietta Carter PAGE 34

MONEY IN JUNK PILES

By Ned Cady PAGE 36

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

By J. W. G. Ward PAGE 38

RELIGION IN EDUCATION

By Ralph W. Gwinn PAGE 40

THE BEAN FAMILY STEPS OUT

By Clementine Paddelford PAGE 42

NEW BOOKS TO READ

By Daniel A. Poling PAGE 50

WE OPEN OUR MAIL

PAGE 62

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF WORSHIP

By Raymond M. Voh PAGE 64

OUR PLATFORM

Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World.



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Is George Gilbert, the country preacher, a real man or just a fictitious pen name?

Answer:

He is a real man—and what a man! He is rector of a country Episcopal church a few miles from Middletown, Conn., and was selected as the typical country preacher in *Christian Herald's* contest in 1939 over many hundreds of preachers nominated.

Question:

Do I understand that you object to the sending of greetings to the Christian churches in occupied or even enemy lands? I cannot believe that this is true.

Answer:

It is not true. I do not object. Many of my dearest friends belong to Christian churches in occupied and enemy lands. The one asking this question no doubt refers to my opposition to a resolution passed recently by the Northern Baptist Convention in Cleveland. This resolution requested our government "to provide a means of conveying greetings and resolutions to the Christian churches of the nations with whose governments we are now at war." It was to that last that I objected. That would be like calling for a chautauqua salute from men desperately engaged in rescuing victims from a torpedoed ship.

Question:

What do you think now of strikes? That tide rises again. It is black and ominous. Surely men in your position should speak out. Are not the boys of your church in this war? What do you have to say?

Answer:

I have this to say: Only a few, a misled or subversive few, are responsible for strikes now. We are a united people and labor is achieving stupendous, incredible results. No strike that stops production

for a single hour can be tolerated. Strikes now, whatever their cause, that delay production are a betrayal of our sons; they are practical treason. The machinery of government has been set up to function in every situation where labor's rights are threatened. There can be no serious injustice to any worker for any length of time anywhere. Never have wages been higher. American public opinion is at the end of patience. The cartoon in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* on Saturday morning, June 27, is the voice of America. Two soldiers from Bataan are slaving under the enemy's lash. One says, "Did you hear about those war workers back home going on strike?" and the other replies, "I don't believe it!" Neither do I!

Question:

Reading your answer to the question referring to withdrawal from a non-Evangelistic church, do you not think that one should stay right where he is and "bore from within"? Hasn't there been too much "finding another church"?

Answer:

A discriminating, fine question. There has been too much "finding another church." It is only the last resort that justifies leaving a church because conditions are not what they should be. Too frequently the withdrawal is an excuse and not a reason. Infinitely better it is to become the leaven in the lump.

Question:

I think the wholesale deportations on the Pacific Coast, not only of aliens, but of native-born Americans of Japanese descent, is a tragedy. The damage will be irreparable. Why cannot the F.B.I. be controlled, stopped from such terrorism?

Answer:

Of one thing I am sure—the F.B.I. is not responsible for these wholesale deportations. Certainly I cannot and do not speak officially, but I would pledge you on my own account that the F.B.I. is neither behind nor in front of these

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

Copyright 1942 by Christian Herald Association, Inc. Republication of any part of Contents without permission is forbidden. Subscription Price \$2.00 a year in U. S. and Possessions. Canada and Newfoundland add 50¢ a year; elsewhere add \$1.00 a year. Notify us promptly of any change of address, allow one month for change. . . . Entered as Second Class Matter January 25, 1908 at Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1928, embodied in sub-paragraph 4, Section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations and authorized on September 13, 1928. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

wholesale deportations. Certainly the F.B.I. works best in the undisturbed community, with life as near as possible normal. We have no saner, more efficient and productive department of our government in this all-out war effort than the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Question:

The charge will not down that the Red Cross during the last war sold articles to the troops overseas that had been made sacrificially to be given away and that the Red Cross is doing the same today. Do you know that this is not true?

Answer:

I do know that this is not true. I do know that this charge is a falsehood—an unmitigated lie. The Red Cross never did it. Certainly there are cases where individuals have exploited not only the Red Cross but other agencies and a few thieves can do great damage. But no American of normal intelligence has any excuse for believing such a charge as the one contained in this question. Hit that thing and hit it hard.

Question:

In this time of war emergency do you think that it is ever appropriate to show any other flag than the Stars and Stripes? (Should not we center on one flag now?)

Answer:

In America as nowhere else in the world, the Stars and Stripes and the church flag belong together. In churches particularly in this crisis time, they should be shown together. They strengthen each other. The church flag, which is the only flag ever flown above the flag of the nation, and this at religious services, is a triangular pennant of white with a blue Latin cross in the center.

Question:

I have been reading of the internal strife in Washington over the enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. It is alleged that certain high government officials want this law forgotten until the war is over. What is your opinion?

Answer:

Here I am not competent to publish an opinion. I do not know. I read the papers too, and in such a controversy try to get both sides. However, I would be inclined to give respectful attention to the recommendations of those who are referred to as "high government officials." If they believe that such prosecutions would not at the moment strengthen American defense, then certainly I prefer to trust them rather than their critics.

CHRISTIAN HERALD
SEPTEMBER, 1942 VOL. 65, No. 9

Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.,
by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . .
Daniel A. Poling; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

SEPTEMBER 1942



... strikes a
responsive
chord

... WITH OLD AS WELL
AS YOUNG

... WITH INDIVIDUALS
AS WELL AS
FAMILIES

THIS little daily devotional booklet—*The Secret Place*—is gaining thousands of new readers through its power to inspire and guide. Using it daily along with the Bible brings assurance of God's presence and strength.

EXCELLENT FOR FAMILIES

Each quarterly issue is different, but every one contains 96 pages of devotional materials recommended for family use where there are young children as well as for older folks and individuals. There is a Scripture selection for the day, a

key verse, and a human-interest story, simply told, to illustrate the theme. Prayer suggestions, meditations and sometimes a few verses of poetry are included.

OCTOBER-DECEMBER NOW READY

This is the month to order the big new October-December, 1942, issue with its special Christmas devotions, its selections for service men. Begin your daily meditations with *The Secret Place*. Read it in your family circle. Leave it in the homes and hospitals you visit. A gift subscription may change a life!

A Wartime Ministry You Can Share!

* The boys in the camps have "discovered" *The Secret Place*! We can scarcely keep up with the demand for copies. "Send us more!" is the usual request. They have proved inspiring and acceptable not only to our church boys, but to others, many of whom have thus been led to Christ. Every dollar you send to The Secret Place Service Men's Fund supplies twenty copies of *The Secret Place* for free distribution to one of the United States Service Camps. It encourages daily devotion and strengthens the work of the chaplain. Send \$1.00, \$5.00, or \$10.00, or whatever you can.



----- Use This Coupon for Your Order -----

THE SECRET PLACE

Daily Devotions for Individual and Family Use

1703 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Please enter my subscription to *The Secret Place* for one year. ()

Please send _____ copies of *The Secret Place* for October-December, 1942.

* I enclose \$_____. Please send _____ copies of *The Secret Place*, as my gift, to men in the U. S. Service.

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Church Connection _____

CH-9-42

PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE OF THE NORTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

PRICES:

Single subscription, 30c a year.

Single copies, 10c each.

Ten or more copies, mailed to one address, 5c each

TOTAL _____

ENCLOSED \$ _____

When writing to advertisers please mention CHRISTIAN HERALD.

HOWARD RUSHMORE'S

MOTION PICTURE

Comments

LAST month we said Mrs. Miniver was one of the great pictures of all time and we have no reason to reverse that decision. Contemporary as today's headlines, the film was carved out of 1942's emotional bedrock and carved exceedingly well in a spirit of courage and faith. In comparing that great movie to a film which has as its hero a slugging first baseman we realize that more than one fan will resent placing *Pride of the Yankees* in a niche anywhere near the newly-won plaque awarded Mrs. Miniver. Yet both pictures bring us a message of vital importance: we have things around us quite worth fighting for, be it world brotherhood or the World Series.

Baseball seems a small word to put beside such phrases as democracy, tolerance, freedom and the other symbols of speech which are also symbols of humanity. Yet to the millions of Americans who have played the game, we think of it as a part of our lives; a minor part, perhaps, but still an integral portion of that great panorama called the American way. It is a game combining individualism, character and sportsmanship; three values our enemies could never understand. The late Lou Gehrig had all three to a superlative degree.

Gehrig was an average American in all things except his ability to play first base and slug a baseball as few men have ever done. He joined the major leagues at a time when Haig and Haig were often starting batteries and Budweiser the relief pitcher, yet Gehrig never let alcohol dim his batting eye. He had worked his way through college as a waiter; he joined the New York Yankees because his bedridden mother needed money for hospital bills. He played the game cleanly and like

a genius. He married the girl he loved, built a home, made millions of friends and died, still a young man, an idol in the eyes of Americans who were Gehrigs without a first base mitt. He was the John Doe and Joe Smith and Jim Jones of our block or any block who got his name in the Yankee box scores for fifteen years. He overcame the worst phases of baseball; he contributed immeasurably to its sportsmanship. He was Lou Gehrig, American.

Samuel Goldwyn, in spinning the story of character has utilized Gary Cooper's art of playing Mr. Average Man to a perfect degree. No less convincing is Teresa Wright as Mrs. Gehrig and she is capably assisted by Walter Brennan, Elsa Janssen and Ludwig Stossel.

Pride of the Yankees is not a great picture. But it is an honest story of an honest man. It is the story of America and Americans. Our democracy could survive the loss of baseball, but not the men and boys who play it. Lou Gehrig played the game we want to win.

Melodramas such as *Little Tokyo, U.S.A.* are little aid to the war effort, especially when Preston Foster does a one-man job of licking the Japanese menace. With Brenda Joyce and June Duprez in a 20th Century-Fox version of how not to depict our enemy.

Loves of Edgar Allan Poe is a none-too-faithful biography of the unhappy author of "The Raven." With Linda Darnell, John Shepperd and Virginia Gilmore.

Flying Fortress is a British-made film story of a millionaire playboy who entered the air service in his country's cause. Richard Greene is the star of this pretentious importation which is no credit to our allies' film industry.

The Country Preacher Says:

JUST down below here they have had a great installation service. A minister is taking a new parish and they have been getting him suitably parked.

"What do they do when they install a minister Papa? Do they put him in a stall and feed him?"

"Oh no, son, they hitch him to a church and expect him to pull it."

Since writing last time the Preacher has been on quite a speaking tour and Mrs. Preacher went with him this time. In vacation time she can get away some. We had a real trip of most a week. She had a good change and rest and I got in three speeches and three sermons and called the figures for an old-fashioned party. This last was for an Episcopal church conference at a big summer hotel on the shores of Lake Ontario. We were quite astonished here to see the crest of the waves as they came in quite white with dead fish. There are salt-water fish that come up the St. Lawrence, get into this fresh water lake, cannot live there, and are washed ashore; and for several weeks, lying there in the hot sun, they make near-shore staying anything but a delight. It was interesting to note here that when the wind was northwest the sun-warmed surface water was blown toward shore and the bathing was good but when it was the other way it's good bathing somewhere else. So when you wanted to decide about going swimming, you could wet your finger and hold it up to see which way the wind was blowing.

I went out to a place called Willowdale (what a pretty name; the name of our place you know is Willowbrook) just out of Geneva about five miles. The little neighborhood church there was having a sort of Old Home Day and commemoration day for a wonderful woman that started the parish and carried it along for years. She first started with a Sunday School in her own home. She went out and brought the children in—then she started to bring in grown-ups with her horse and buckboard buggy. If no minister or lay reader came out from Geneva, she would take the whole Episcopal service herself, praying, preaching and all. Sin, Satan, sickness, or slush never phased her at all. She never complained about what others didn't do—what a blessed angel! She arrived early and if need be cleared away the snow and built the fires. By actual count she stood Godmother for over 300 children and what with standing with adults, it ran over 500. In her carefully kept diary (perfect handwriting), I read, myself, how she "sat up all night" with a sick child for four consecutive nights. When she couldn't bring in all that had not conveyance herself, she induced others to go out with their conveyances and help bring transport. Note that, all you preachers that read this.

During my talk at this place one man, sitting right up front, never cracked a smile. Others around him needed to be strapped to the seats. The instant I finished, did a woman who sat near give him one bawling out. "You go and get after him too," she said to me. But I didn't. When a man has had a regular bawling out from a woman, I know enough to let him alone for at least three weeks!

GEORGE B. GILBERT.

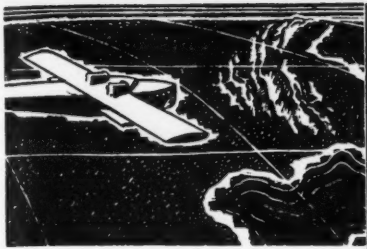
NOW—send *Christian Herald* to YOUR BOY IN SERVICE —through his Chaplain

Chaplains are asking for more subscriptions to *Christian Herald*—to use in their services, to have on their reading tables—because they find that our boys want its interesting features and inspiration.

You can send one or more *Christian Herald* subscriptions to Chaplains for One Dollar each—just half the regular price. Mail your request to *Christian Herald* Circulation Manager. He will select a chaplain (unless you prefer to have some particular camp served) and will begin service promptly.

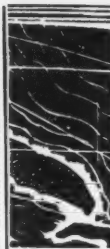
At least 10,000 chaplain subscriptions are needed to make *Christian Herald* available to every soldier, sailor and marine whether at home or abroad.

Your Bible Class may want to send five or more as their gift.



NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

TAXES—MORE IF NOT BETTER: Despite the strenuous objection of some members, the Ways and Means Committee's Tax Bill carried the lower House July 15. By a rigid "gag" rule, speeches were limited to ten minutes for each member, and no amendments were permitted except those proposed by the Committee itself. The measure is estimated to produce \$6,271,000,000—the largest tax bill in history, but still two billions short of the amount asked by Secretary Morgenthau. (Later: it has just been announced that Mr. Morgenthau has urged Congress to enlarge the tax bill to raise two billions more.)

The most bitterly contested provision of the bill was the voting of ninety per cent excess profits tax. This provision, placing, as it unquestionably does, an excessive load on corporations, small as well as large, is certain to encounter stiff opposition in the Senate; so that final passage of the bill, in whatever form it assumes, cannot be expected before early Fall.

Whatever the final outcome, we may be certain that the plain citizen will have to pay higher taxes than ever before. We may be equally certain that loyal John Q. Citizen will pay them willingly, even cheerfully, to help defend his country.

NO INCREASED POSTAGE: One thing has been decided—there will be no rise in postal rates this year. The proposal to increase second and third class rates, originally written into the pending War Revenue Bill, was dropped by the Ways and Means Committee, largely because of Postmaster General Walker's statement. "Such a proposal," Mr. Walker told the Committee, "requires adequate, dependable and comprehensive cost figures. . . . There has long been a historic policy of encouraging, by low postal rates, the dissemination of news and information. . . . Most careful consideration should be given to any change in rates."

So—no increased postage.

INFLATION OR PRICE CONTROL? The \$1,838,939,000 Deficiency Appropriation Bill went through with little trouble. The most significant thing about that is that the Bill provides \$120,000,000 for the Office of Price Administration, headed by Leon Henderson. There has been much opposition to Price Control itself, but a great deal more to Mr. Henderson personally. Several Congressmen denounced him as a "small-time dictator," who wants to control things that Congress should keep in its own hands. Mr. Henderson retorted that to defeat Price Control would be an inflationary move of the most flagrant kind. Potshots at his devoted head were fired from all sorts of angles, one member even declaring that his appropriation and the desired number of employes in the OPA exceeded those of the old NRA in its most dictatorial days. In the end however, the OPA, backed by Administration pressure won easily.

Does that end the fight on Mr. Henderson? We trow not. Such opposition is not squelched so easily.

FARM BLOC: One of the most vociferous and persistent groups opposing Price Control for its own constituents, while seemingly indifferent to control for the other fellow, has been—and is—the so-called Farm Bloc in Congress—not, we hasten to explain, the honest-to-goodness dirt farmers; the mass of real farmers; if Gallup Polls mean anything at all, are willing to accept control of farm prices, along with wage stabilization and other features of the Administration's Price Control policy, provided that it applies to all groups equally. But the Farm Bloc proposes, in all seriousness, to fix the prices of farm products at 110 per cent of the price prevailing March 15, 1942—which would mean a substantial boost to the cost of living, against which rise the Administration's measures are aimed. Apparently, however, they have failed. Passage of the bill just described, means a defeat for the farm inflationists.

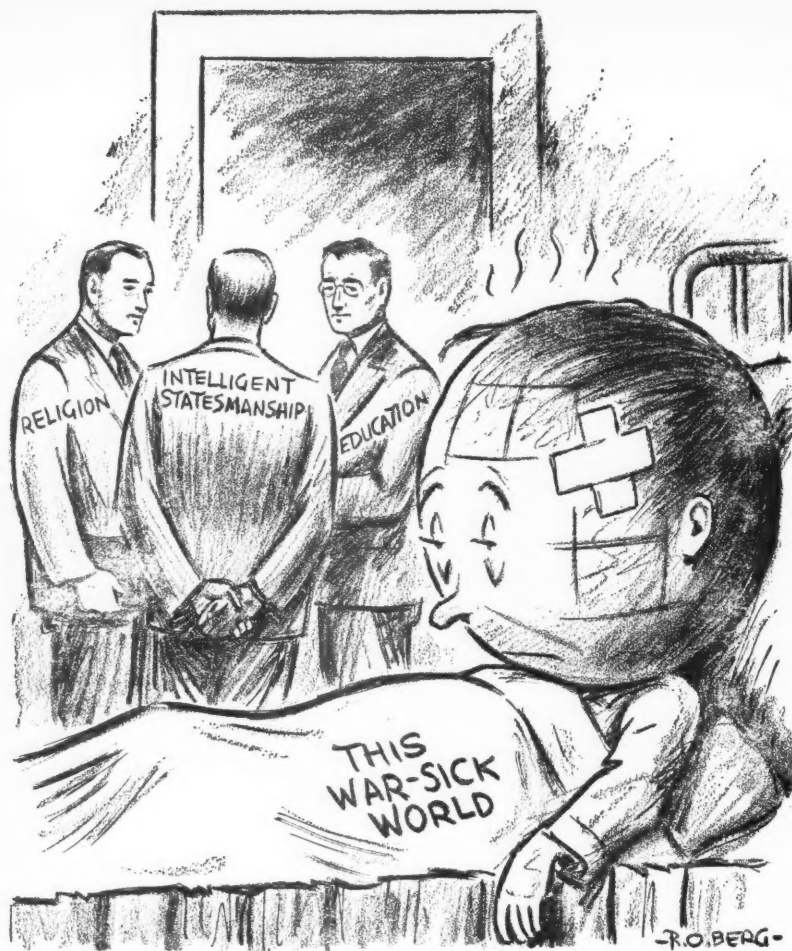
Meantime, note this: Before control of prices was put into effect prices of commodities in general spiraled upward fifteen to twenty per cent; but *since* they went into effect, prices have remained about stationary.

He who runs may read the answer.

RUBBER: Whatever the real rubber situation may be, the mixup in Congress and in industry over rubber is making the country very "tired." Our rubber program, one newspaper man says, consists of about ninety-six per cent of a mixture of charges, recriminations, explanations and buck-passing, and about four per cent production. There's sufficient rubber now—there is an alarming shortage; we'll have plenty next year—we'll have to make up our minds to do without for the duration, etc., etc. Squabble, mixup, pro and con. Meanwhile we seem to be getting nowhere fast. How much will we be able to import from Central and South America? Nobody knows, but everybody has an opinion—and expresses it. Will we be able to make enough synthetic rubber, soon enough, to supply our urgent needs? Nobody knows that either. The rubber industry says there will be enough for everybody—if everybody will cut down driving forty per cent. Quien sabe?

Meanwhile the Farm Bloc is urging—apparently with more reason on its side this time—that we turn immediately to the making of synthetic rubber from grain, instead of exclusively from petroleum. There's a shortage of petroleum, for one thing, but plenty of grain. Indeed a bill has passed both Houses by such a rousing majority as to portend overriding a threatened veto—which takes control of rubber-from-grain away from the War Production Board and gives it to a new agency to be created by Congress itself.

What is the answer? Well, as Mark Twain said, in ending a most complicated and involved detective story which he had been writing, "Dear reader, you'll have to



THE ONLY PHYSICIANS THAT CAN CURE HIM

finish it—I can't." But of one thing I am sure; squabble as we may, in the end the tangle will be straightened out, and we will get rubber. To squabble is part of the price we pay for democracy—but in the long run we Americans get things done.

AND THEN THERE IS STEEL: There's a steel shortage, too—less acute, but perhaps more inexcusable. This was brought forcibly to the country's attention last month when the Maritime Commission ordered the closing of the great uncompleted plant of the Higgins Shipbuilding Company at New Orleans. The plant, when finished, was to turn out ships on the assembly line plan, expected to produce far more ships, in far less time, than any other plant in the country. "Not enough steel," explained the Maritime Commission. Mr. Higgins was "hopping mad." He asserted his intention to tell the whole story to Congress. "And when I'm ready to tell the whole story," he said, "it won't be a nice one. There's ample steel for the entire shipbuilding program and all the yards operating and authorized, including mine. There is ample steel

for that and 100,000 tons over that, not including the 'black market.'"

Meantime Mr. Higgins, like the genuinely patriotic citizen he evidently is, has announced his intention of turning his plant to the production of flying boats—provided the Commission and the President approve.

It looks to us as if that approval ought to be forthcoming, promptly.

NEGROES IN INDUSTRY: Speaking of the Higgins plant, its closing was a blow to the thousands of Negro workers who expected to be employed there. "The severest blow that has been struck at Negro workers in years," say leaders. It does seem most unfortunate that, at the time when workers are vitally needed, and industry is being urged to end discrimination against Negroes, this should happen. However a flood of protests has descended upon Washington, and Congress may take a hand.

We hope so.

PLANES, NOT SHIPS: Another great shipbuilder, Henry J. Kaiser, of Portland, Oregon, now says in effect, "Quit build-

ing ships—build seaplanes." He urges the Government to turn over three great ship yards on the Pacific Coast, and three each on the Gulf and Atlantic Coasts to turning out big planes of the Martin Mars type. "Five thousand of them could land 500,000 equipped men in a single day, and the next day they could fly back again with 70,000 tons of fresh milk, beefsteak sugar—and bombs." Mr. Kaiser doesn't stop there. He has plans for air-boats "beyond anything Jules Verne ever imagined," carrying up to 1,000 troops each.

We wouldn't know. But we think Mr. Kaiser does; and we are willing to believe that anything is possible concerning aircraft.

SUBMARINE MENACE GROWING: And that brings us to the growing menace of sinking by submarines. Despite the increase in production of ships, the number of ships sent to the bottom by subs continues to get larger. Secretary Knox points out, hopefully, that sinkings around England have almost ceased, and attributes that to the large number of small submarine-fighting vessels England has turned out. Knox advises us to do the same thing, in a hurry. But to this layman, it appears that the better and surer way to save our cargoes would be to build giant seaplanes, as Mr. Kaiser suggests. Sail those cargoes through the air, where the subs can't get at them. What's the matter with that plan?

By the way, plane production in the United States is up 1,500 per cent since the war started. And we can increase that number, almost without limit. If planes are what it takes to win, we can supply them.

SABOTEURS' TRIAL: As we write, the trial of the eight men seized by the FBI after landing on our shores from Nazi submarines, with the apparent intention of blowing up plants, water systems, and the like, and "raising hob" generally, has not been concluded. The Nazi press has denounced the arrest of the men as an instance of "Yankee barbarity." Fact! We voice no opinion about this trial except this: had these men been Americans, seized by Nazis on similar charges, there wouldn't have been any trial. There would just have been "bang! bang!" and it would all have been over. Of course we do not favor any such summary methods for these prisoners. And we do hope that our more humane and orderly procedure will make an impression on the minds of the Nazis.

But we're afraid it won't.

ALEUTIANS AGAIN: Either the United States must act, and act now, to drive the Japanese from the toe-hold they have gained on the Aleutian Islands, or they will drive us out of Dutch Harbor, and at the very least block us from using those islands as bases for air raids on Japan.

The actual state of affairs in that little known region is shrouded in much the same kind of fog as that which envelops the islands themselves; but it seems clear enough that stronger and swifter action is demanded. Alaskan Delegate-to-Congress, Dimond, says that 25,000 Japanese are now on the three occupied islands. We have sunk several Japanese war vessels and transports—but that is not enough. Out of our almost unlimited strength in men and arms, we can spare enough to do the job right.

It is reported that the authorities are assembling a large force of U. S. troops, vessels and arms for that purpose.

Faith, they'd better!

ALASKA ROAD: The new U. S.-Alaska highway, on the mainland, is being pushed ahead with desperate speed. Over thirty thousand men are busy, shoving it through. The new road cuts across from Edmonton, Alberta, through the prairie provinces to Fairbanks. It will open up a hitherto almost inaccessible region, will enormously increase facilities for travel and freight from the unbelievably rich territory, and will be of great military value. We are just beginning to understand the vital military importance of Alaska to the U. S.

Well, it's time we were understanding it. And the road is not being built a moment too soon.

LYNCINGS STILL DECREASING: In the first six months of 1942, according to an official bulletin recently issued by Tuskegee Institute, there was only one lynching reported. The person lynched was a Negro, the crime charged was "suspected of criminal assault," and the state in which the lynching occurred was Missouri.

So before long we can reasonably hope that lynchings will disappear entirely. Speed the day!

CHIEF OF STAFF LEAHY: Admiral William D. Leahy, retired, recent Ambassador to France, has been appointed by President Roosevelt as Chief of Staff. As a professional military officer in whom the President has confidence, Admiral Leahy will be able to take much of the technical work from the overburdened shoulders of the Commander-in-Chief. His duties have not as yet been fully clarified, but it is believed that this appointment presages the possible concentration of the entire military command of the United Nations in the hands of Mr. Roosevelt. In some quarters it is being urged that the President abdicate all his military powers to a military man. These persons overlook the fact that, under the Constitution, such a step is impossible. The President is, by Constitutional power, Commander-in-Chief of all our armed forces—and there is every indication that he intends to remain so. Admiral Leahy, however, can take much

of the detail work, the "leg work" off Mr. Roosevelt's shoulders. The country shares the President's confidence in Admiral Leahy, and it seems one of the President's most universally approved appointments.

STRIKES: The War Labor Board announces that since January 1st, and to the end of June, 906,043 man-days were lost as a result of strikes in war industries; and this despite the post-war Pearl Harbor pledge that strikes would not be allowed to interfere with war production. Most of the stoppages were short, but all together they caused a considerable loss of war production. The number has steadily increased since January, and in July the country broke out in a veritable rash of strikes. In justice to the authorized leaders of Labor, it should be said that most of these strikes were unauthorized, and the leaders in many instances have ordered the men back to work. But the War Labor Board has announced in no uncertain terms that strikes have got to stop; and if Labor or Industry cannot stop them, the government will.

The country will approve that, too.

MEAT SHORTAGE: Few of us expected to live to see the day when the U. S. would be short of meat. Nevertheless, as we write, there is a shortage of beef and pork in a number of Eastern cities, and a serious threat of greater shortage all over the East. The reasons alleged are: price ceilings, tremendous demands for beef and pork for the armed forces, and that everlasting pain-in-the-neck, lack of transportation. There is no scarcity of lamb, it appears. We do not know whether the people demand beef and pork because they don't like lamb, or because of that curious contrariness in humans which prompts them to resist doing what they are told to do.

As for this editor, he likes lamb. Give me plenty of lamb and ham, and you can keep your fresh beef and pork. So I'm not likely to suffer because of the shortage.

A B R O A D

RUSSIA'S CRISIS: "Critical, desperate, exceedingly grave," these and other superlatives have been used to describe Russia's situation for several weeks—and still Russia holds on, still the Nazis have not overrun the Caucasus, or broken through to Stalingrad, strategic center on the Volga. True, they have gained but very slowly, and their losses have been, and continue to be, enormous. From May 15 to July 15, the Russians assert, the Germans lost 800,000 men. Even allowing for possible exaggeration, that is a terrific figure. The question is, how long can Hitler keep it up? Already he

has put twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys to work in German factories in order to release men for the army. When those are gone, there will be no more to draw from—Hitler's manpower is running low. He must win soon, within the next few weeks, or he is done for. That is why he is making such a desperate effort to crush Russia now.

Can he do it? Pierre Van Paassen, in a recent magazine article, is sure he cannot. Russia's manpower, far from being depleted, is just coming into full strength. One army of 4,000,000 men will reach the fighting front late this summer. Moreover, Russia's supply of war material is growing higher each month. Almost two-thirds of her total industrial capacity is safely behind the Ural Mountains, in Asiatic Russia. Here there are oil wells, steel mills working at full capacity, iron and coal are being mined. And from this great area tanks, planes, guns and ammunition are being sent to the front in enormous quantities. What if the Nazis do seize the Caucasus oil? That will hardly dent Russia's producing capacity.

Meanwhile Timoshenko's army, while it has retreated, is still intact, still able to inflict severe losses. And so long as Timoshenko holds his forces intact, Russia is not defeated.

THAT SECOND FRONT: Russia's crisis has evoked a wide-spread and determined demand for the immediate opening of a second land front in Western Europe. The delay in doing so is not due to any unwillingness on the part of Britain and the United States, but to the great difficulties in the way, especially the lack of transportation. There is a shortage of shipping now; and to transport sufficient American troops across the Atlantic, and especially to keep transporting adequate supplies for those troops, calls for more ships than the United Nations can supply; we simply haven't got them.

Unquestionably a United Nations force will be landed in Europe eventually—the sending of American troops to Ireland and England can mean nothing else. But for the immediate present, apparently, the best we can do is to send a small force to protect Murmansk, Arctic seaport, and thus keep Russia's supply line open; and next, to bomb German industrial cities off the face of the earth. The latter the RAF is doing now. As I write, Hamburg and Duisburg, important industrial centers, have been all but obliterated by Allied bombs.

If such attacks are continued, and increased—as they surely will be—we can expect Germany to be practically bombed out of the war.

GANDHI: In India, Gandhi's party, the All-India Congress, has served notice that if England does not accede at once to his demand that the English get out of India entirely and at once, he will stage one of his famous "sit-down

strikes," which he calls passive resistance, that would stop all work and let India slide into the pit, as she surely would. Warned that such a step would lead Japan to invade India at once, he warns the Japanese that if they do that, he will do something equivalent to slapping them on the wrist, or something equally alarming. It would be amusing if it were not so tragically serious.

They say Gandhi is no fool, and he probably isn't. But he is acting very much as he would act if he were one.

CHURCH NEWS

NEW DEAN AT MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE:

The Right Reverend William Culbertson, D.D., Bishop of New York and Philadelphia Synod, Reformed Episcopal Church, will join the Moody Bible Institute staff as Dean of the educational division, September 1. Dr. Will H. Houghton, Institute president, announced the appointment on behalf of the Board of Trustees.

Dr. Culbertson has been associated with Moody Bible Institute for several years as a speaker at youth rallies and Bible conferences. At his church seminary he teaches English, biblical geography and Christian Education. He contributes frequently to Christian periodicals.

A BOOK FOR YOUTH: "Strength for Service to God and Country," is the title of a book described as "a book of living religion—one that brings God into the daily lives, thoughts, and actions of soldier, sailor and marine." The plan of the book is to afford an inspiring page for every day in the year. The Army Chaplain who conceived this helpful book—and the 370 ministers who helped him—have written living messages for living men, couched in strong, courageous, fighting phrases to "slug it out" with the doubts and temptations that assail officers and enlisted men. See full description elsewhere in this issue.

MOVIES: A wave of religious movies is due, says *Variety*, weekly newspaper of the entertainment field. At least eight producers are scheduling or negotiating for motion pictures based on religious themes.

Those certain to be produced include "The Robe," a story written by Lloyd Douglas (*The Magnificent Obsession*) and dealing with a Roman soldier who won Christ's crucifixion robe at dice and later became a teacher of the Gospel; "The Keys of the Kingdom," by A. J. Cronin; "Shadow and Substance," from the stage play. We may also be seeing "Quo Vadis" in a re-make, and a story based on Dr. Croydon Wassell, a missionary recently cited by President Roosevelt. "The Fourth Bomber," re-

lating the adventures of evacuees from China who sought refuge in a temple, is being considered.

If we may be so bold as to make a suggestion—why not a movie based on the stories of either Walter Judd or Gordon Seagrave—the two men of the hour in missions? Either one of them packs the perfect "wallop" for the screen.

PREACHERS: The Federal Council has rendered posterity a great service in polling the preachers of America on their preaching immediately after Pearl Harbor. The poll covers sermons preached the week after that attack; it analyzes more than 450 sermons by ministers in twenty-four denominations in forty-two states, the District of Columbia and Quebec. It includes our best-known and the least-known pulpiterers.

A great majority of these preachers seemed caught between their conviction that war is sin and a growing feeling that there was no other way out than war. There was almost a total absence of the old jingoism; practically no suggestion that Christians should obstruct the war effort; little attempt to analyze the official testimony of the churches concerning war. Topping the list of topics discussed on the Sunday following Pearl Harbor was "The Task of Christians and the Church," with 133 sermons. Second was "Love of Enemies," with 126; third was "Faith," with 96. A very, very small group did not discuss the war at all.

This whole thing is as encouraging as it is illuminating. The Church is not panicky. She is keeping her head. She realizes that she has as much if not more at stake in this war than any other contemporary institution, and she also realizes that she has a timeless message of love and brotherhood to preach that has nothing to do with crises.

It will take prayer as well as brains to see the Church through this dilemma; she is demonstrating that she has both, in good measure.

MAGAZINES: The discussion of religion in American magazines is a good thermometer of public interest in religion. According to Dr. Hornell Hart of Duke University, that interest—or at least that discussion—has sunk in the last ten years to the lowest point in the century.

Between the prosperity-year of 1929 and the depression-year of 1934, attention devoted to religion in the magazines listed in *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* increased twenty-two per cent; it dropped to less than half the 1934 figure when economic recovery came again.

A most unusual increase is noted in the discussion of Christian Ethics. *Readers' Guide* entries under "Church and Social Problems, Christian Socialism, etc.," increased eight-fold during the depression. But in 1941 they dropped to only twice their 1929 level.

TEMPERANCE

PROHIBITION AT ONCE? The U.S. will have full wartime prohibition at once if five churches (with over 16,000,000 members—about half the Protestants in the whole U.S.) have their way. In the last three weeks the Methodists, Northern and Southern Baptists, the Presbyterian Church U.S.A. and United Presbyterians have all condemned the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages.

WASHINGTON: The Washington (State) Temperance Association informs us that automobile deaths in 1933, the last year of Prohibition, numbered 441. In 1941, they mounted to 644. This is an increase of forty-six per cent since repeal, while the population of the state, according to the last census, increased less than ten per cent. According to former police judge William F. Devin of Seattle, "From seventy-five to ninety per cent of cases which come before my court are either directly or indirectly because of liquor."

So much for the *State* of Washington. Now we'd like some clear statistics on Washington, D. C., which a Washingtonian told us last week was fast becoming the most drunken city in the world. We'd hate to think that one was true. . . .

NEW W.C.T.U. SLOGAN: "Victory—Bottled in Bonds" is the slogan suggested for churches, social service organizations and women's clubs in an Independence Day message today by Mrs. Ida B. Wise Smith, president of National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

"Organizations which believe in the welfare of the nation and of mankind," said Mrs. Smith, "would do well to place milk bottles bearing this slogan in prominent places, where their constituents and others can contribute for the purchase of war bonds. After the war, the funds can be used to finance the vast activities of rehabilitation that will be necessary throughout the world."

"By turning our money into 'bond bottles' instead of bonded bottles, we'll help assure our country of many more happy birthdays. If millions of others join the W.C.T.U. in toasting our nation in bonds instead of alcohol that wastes money, resources and health, the 'life, liberty and pursuit of happiness' claimed for us in the Declaration of Independence will be sooner assured."

NO TIRES FOR BOOZE: Tire rationing rules were revised in July to prevent beer, soft drinks and other "unessential" trucks from getting new, or recapped, tires after July 28, it was announced by the OPA last month.

Which of These 50 Best-Sellers

Originally Published at Prices Up to \$6.00

Do You Want Them AS LOW AS \$1.00 & Less?

You'd never expect to get great books like these top-flight best-sellers for ONLY 49c . . . 79c . . . and \$1 EACH! Yet it's true! And many NEW, exciting titles here are being offered at these low prices for the first time! So read this latest listing carefully. Remember—these are NOT publisher's overstocks. NOT books that didn't sell. NOT cheaply-made books which have been reset, cut, or revised. They are all newly printed, handsomely bound editions of modern best-sellers of Fiction, Biography, Adventure, History, the Arts, Music, Science, Sports. The exact, COMPLETE texts—printed from the original, first-edition plates.

Check this latest listing at once! SEND NO MONEY! Encircle below which books you wish for FREE EXAMINATION. Read as many as you want—pay ONLY for those you keep!

How Many of These Titles May We Send for FREE Examination?

638. THE GRAPES OF WRATH — John Steinbeck's lusty novel—Pulitzer Prize Winner—of which Alexander Woollcott says: "As great a book as has ever come out of America." NOW \$1.00

B27. SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES — Dr. Harold M. Peppard. A tested method of restoring and keeping normal vision without glasses. ONLY \$1.00

793. REAP THE WILD WIND — Thelma Strabel. A salty historical novel of Charleston and the Florida Keys one hundred years ago. The book on which the Paramount technicolor movie is based. Never before published in book form at any price! 49c

650. HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO — BY EAR—P. J. Leroy. Radio's famous piano teacher. Spend only 30 minutes a day for five weeks with this complete practical course—then play any tune! Large format, paper-bound. ONLY \$1.00

12. HENDRIK WILSON VAN LOON. Fascinating story of our planet, with many illustrations. NOW \$1.00

37. THE ART OF CONVERSATION — Willard Wright, author. Getting Along With People. A few minutes a day with this simple, practical book will give you new confidence, new power! NOW \$1

71. FUN FOR THE FAMILY — Jerome S. Meyer. 1,000 word puzzles, party games, brain-twisters, quotations, puzzles, stunts, magic tricks. NOW \$1.00

B29. ASTROLOGY FOR EVERY ONE — Evangeline Adams. Most famous name in astrology, consulted by thousands rich and poor, now advises you on your own horoscope on love, marriage, job, money, future. ONLY \$1.00

25. CLEOPATRA — Emil Ludwig. The world's most bewitching, glamorous figure in astrology—the grand amour of legend—the woman, lover, mother, warrior, queen. Formerly \$3.50. ONLY \$1

128. ROGET'S THESAURUS IN DICTIONARY FORM — Edited by C. O. Sylvester Mawson. Standard word book for speakers, writers, students, businessmen, teachers; for everyone who wants to speak and write forcefully. Now in patented dictionary form! ONLY \$1

T362. WUTHERING HEIGHTS — Emily Brontë. The complete text of the famous classic of love and horror. 49c

174. THE NEW BUSINESS ENCYCLOPEDIA — Edited by Henry Marshall. New, revised edition. The greatest goldmine of business facts, rules, laws, tables, forms and ideas ever crammed into a single volume. Covers all business subjects—banking, law, letter writing, arithmetic, advertising, selling, etc. \$1.00

851. LIFE IN THE MAKING (HUMAN SEX LIFE) — Dr. A. F. Guttmacher. Entertaining, clear, clearly explains sexual rhythms, sterility, sex determination, abnormality. Illustrated. NOW \$1.00

191. HAVELLOCK ELLIS ON LIFE AND SEX — Frank. Simple discussion of facts and problems of deep interest to all men and women. Orig. \$3.00. NOW \$1.00

T15. A YANK IN THE R. A. F. — Harlan Thomas. Thrilling story of bravery and romance from which the hit picture was made. ONLY 49c

88. NAPOLEON — Emil Ludwig. Supreme figure in modern history. Orig. \$3.00—NOW \$1

60. OPPORTUNITIES IN GOV'T EMPLOYMENT — J. J. O'Rourke. All about the Civil Service, Federal, State, Municipal, how to qualify for positions, salaries paid, etc. ONLY \$1.00

143. THE FACE IS FAMILIAR — Ogden Nash. 281 poems of nimble wit and humor selected by the author himself. \$1 brand new. Orig. \$2.75. NOW \$1.00

B192. DAMON RUNYON OMNI-BUS. 3 volumes in one! Nearly 1,000 pages of guys and dolls, "dolls" and assorted killers. "Includes 'Little Miss Muffet,' 'Princess O'Hara,' 'Money from Home.' Formerly \$6. NOW \$1

126. SPANISH SELF-TAUGHT — Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal. Now, with new business opportunities opening daily in Latin America, Spanish is the most important foreign language. Learn it quickly, easily, in just a few minutes a day. Over 250,000 sold. ONLY \$1.00

58. EATING FOR VICTORY — Ida Bailey Allen's Money Saving Cook Book. Shows how to meet rising prices, prepare delicious meals at budget cost, get necessary vitamins, etc. 1,300 recipes. ONLY \$1.00

198. THE ART OF SELFISHNESS — David Seabury. Don't be afraid to be selfish—you have to be! Let this famous psychologist show you definite ways to keep happy, live successfully, stay out of trouble. Formerly \$2.50. \$1

B31. HOW TRICKS YOU CAN DO — Howard Thurston. Fascinating magic book on coin, dice, card and other sleight-of-hand tricks. By one of world's great magicians. ONLY \$1.00

50. HOW TO GET THINGS DONE — David Seabury. Don't be afraid to begin! You can do anything you want to—if you know the right method! This practical book tells you how! ONLY \$1.00

35. NEW BOOK OF ETIQUETTE — Lilian Eichler. 508 pages, fully indexed. Chapters on dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, etiquette of engagements, tea parties. Illustrated. NOW ONLY \$1.00

B117. NEW WAYS IN PHOTOGRAPHY — Jacob Deschin. Modern, up-to-the-minute. Covers whole subject, trick photography, night indoor work, flashlight pictures, etc. Profusely illustrated. NOW \$1.00

B135. THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR — Arthur E. Hertling. M.D. Homely, revealing memoirs of a country doctor. "Stimulating, side-splitting." Daily Chicago Tribune. NOW ONLY \$1.00

645. SHELTER — Marguerite Steen. Powerful, dramatic best-seller by author of *The Sun Is My Undoing*, of two girls and a man in the searing hours of a London bombardment. Originally \$2.50. NOW ONLY \$1.00

120. WORLD'S BEST JOKES. 400 pages—33 chapters, each covering different subject matter. Toasts, jokes, limericks, epigrams, comic verses, etc. ONLY \$1.00

B82. HAPPINESS IN MARRIAGE — Margaret Sanger. Essential facts of sex relationships explained by foremost exponent of birth control. Orig. \$3.00. NOW \$1.00

137. SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN — Amieto Vega, who was compelled by the Japanese to become a spy in 1932—tells incredible true story of his experiences. Originally \$3.00. NOW \$1.00

B93. THE EPIC OF AMERICA—Cook Book. James Truslow Adams. From Columbus to F. D. R.—claimed as "the best single volume on American history in existence." Formerly \$3. NOW \$1

T358. OF MICE AND MEN — John Steinbeck. author of *Grapes of Wrath*. The extraordinary classic. ONLY 49c

B49. DRY GUILLOTINE — Rene Belbenoit. 13 years of murder, insanity, atrocity, among the dead at Devil's Island. Formerly \$3. NOW \$1.00

T361. TALES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES — A. Conan Doyle. The first and still the best-loved collection of the adventures of Holmes and Dr. Watson. NOW 49c

106. YOUR MIND AND HOW TO USE IT — W. J. Conover. famous founder of "Pelmanism." Amazing methods of mental training proved by test on thousands of cases. Originally \$2.95. NOW \$1.00

619. WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN? — Budd W. Schulberg. Daring and amusing best-seller about Sammy Glick who rose from errand boy to movie magnate, but couldn't help being "heel." Orig. \$2.50. NOW ONLY \$1.00

184. YOUR CAREER IN BUSINESS—Walter Moving. How to land the RIGHT JOB and hold it—explained step-by-step by one of America's most successful executives. ONLY \$1.00

850. NEW ART OF SPEAKING AND WRITING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE — Sherrin Gody. Successfully used by hundreds of thousands; most valuable handbook of English ever written. \$1.00

RAIDERS OF THE DEEP — Lowell Thomas. Incredible adventures of U-boat men and tales of breathless battles under the sea. NOW ONLY 79c

852. THE FAMOUS ROTH MEMOIR COURSE — David M. Roth. Here is a simple and concise method for remembering anything as long as you live. ONLY \$1.00

20. STORY OF PHILOSOPHY — Will Durant. America's most famous modern book, the epoch-making history of human thought. From Socrates to John Dewey. Formerly \$5. NOW \$1.00

786. AMERICAN JIU-JITSU — Edward L. Allen. Shows exactly how you can render an attacker helpless—even if he has a knife, club or gun! 328 progressive action photos explain every step clearly. Large format, paper-bound. Just published. ONLY \$1.00

B142. MOYLE'S COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC BOOK OF GAMES. Official rule book for all card and other indoor games. Originally \$2.50. NOW \$1.00

156. HOW TO HANDLE PEOPLE — Maxwell Droke. How to talk yourself out of a tight spot. 12 ways to get ACTION on your ideas, a tested plan to lift yourself out of the Business Bargain Counter, etc. Orig. \$2.50. NOW \$1.00

139. HAMMOND'S NEW COMBINATION SELF-REVISING MAP. Follow the news reports with this comprehensive atlas. Should be in every home today. ONLY \$1.00

790. UNDERSTANDING YOUR BABY — Lois H. Schultz and Mollie S. Smart. Complete monthly guide to child development for the first 13 months. More than 130 photographs. Substantial, paper binding. ONLY \$1.00

666. HOW TO RAISE AND TRAIN YOUR PUPPY — Bob Becker. Everything you need to know to raise a healthy, obedient, friendly dog. Large format, substantial board binding. Formerly \$1.00. NOW \$1.00

871. THE MORTAL STORM — Phyllis Bortomeo. A poignant love story which reveals truth about life under Nazi rule. NOW 79c

834. THESE I LIKE BEST — Kathleen Norris. Three complete novels—Mother, Barbary Bush, Little Ships—plus a collection of short stories, all selected by America's best-loved novelist from her own books. ONLY \$1.00

EXAMINE FREE AS MANY AS YOU WISH

You may have your choice of these books for 5 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION. That is how positive we are that you will be delighted with their handsome bindings, fascinating contents. Use coupon at right—encircle numbers of volumes you want. Mail coupon without money. Books will be sent on APPROVAL. Pay nothing in advance—nothing to postman.

Examine books for 5 days. Then send us amount due. However, IF—AFTER this free examination—you do not admit these are the biggest book values you ever saw, return volumes and forget the matter. But the editions of many titles are limited. Send coupon NOW to GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Dept. 289, Garden City, N. Y.

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dept. 289, Garden City, N. Y.

(In Canada: 215 Victoria St., Toronto)

Please send me the books encircled below. I will either send you, within 5 days, the correct amount, plus 5c postage and packing charge for each volume, or I will return any books I do not want without being obligated in any way.

(Encircle numbers of books you want)

12	713	20	25	B27	B29	B31	35
27	B49	30	58	60	71	B82	83
B93	793	66	B117	120	126	128	B135
137	139	B192	B198	143	156	184	184
191	B192	645	198	834	T358	T361	T362
638	834	850	851	852	858	871	888

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ POSTAGE FREE—Check here if enclosing WITH coupon full amount of your order. In that case WE pay postage and packing charges. Same refund guarantee applies, of course.



"RELIGIOUS FREEDOM" IN RUSSIA

IN THE November issue of *Christian Herald* appeared the question: "Is it true that the Russian constitution declares religious freedom? What do you think of President Roosevelt's attitude on this matter?" This was my answer: "Yes, Russia's constitution declares religious freedom, but the Communist Party has never allowed religious freedom. . . . Technically, President Roosevelt's statement was correct. . . . Now it is apparent that with others he is engaged in a diplomatic campaign to establish actual religious freedom in Russia. In the meantime, I refuse to be a captious critic when so much is at stake. Russia is again experiencing revolutionary changes and, many believe, moving toward democracy."

More than eight months have passed since the above sentences appeared. At that time they were little more than wishful thinking, but they seemed justified by the President's statement. It is now apparent that they were justified. The Anglican monthly, *Christendom*, for March, 1942, contains an article from the pen of Rev. P. I. T. Widdrington in which the concessions to Christianity and to the church, as introduced by Joseph Stalin, are enumerated. This article is fully supported by "The Christian Church and the Soviet State," a book written by Serge Bolshiakoff and published in July, 1942. The fifteen concessions are:

1. The restoration of civil rights to the clergy. Not all priests are hostile to the Soviet Union.
2. Suppression of blasphemous plays and films.
3. Abolition of the test for the Army and Civil Service which penalized members of the church.
4. Revision of the manuals used in schools and the excision of scurrilous and offensive attacks on religion. Christianity is now admitted to have played a part in the early states of Russian civilization.
5. The studied moderation in the treatment accorded to the Uniat and Orthodox churches in the Western Ukraine, formerly Poland.
6. The legalization of the manufacture and sale of objects connected with religion (e.g., ikons).
7. The relaxation of the Labor Disciplinary laws to enable the faithful in the country districts to keep the great festivals.
8. The restoration of the seven-day week with

Sunday as the universal rest day, in the place of the week of six days with a rotating free day.

9. The re-opening of the shrine of the Iberian Virgin in Moscow. The shrine, a very famous one, had been closed since 1929 when the ikon was removed and a plaque with Marx's words, "religion is the opiate of the people," placed outside the building.

10. The removal of the notorious and truculent atheist, Dimitrov, from the staff of broadcasters.

11. The permission to the Polish regiments to have the services of Roman Catholic chaplains, and the release of 150 Roman priests, Soviet citizens, from prison.

12. A tacit understanding that no objection will be raised to Orthodox clergy who serve as soldiers ministering to their fellow Orthodox at the front.

13. A number of teachers from the seminaries of the Western Ukraine have been appointed to professorships in Soviet universities. There seems to be no objection raised to the appointment of priests to important state posts, provided they do not engage in religious propaganda.

14. The suspension of the vast publishing undertaking of the Godless Union. In ten years the Union published 1700 books and brochures and their papers, including *Bezbojnik*, had a sale of 43,000,000 copies.

15. The phrase, "the role of religion," is now found in Soviet newspapers.

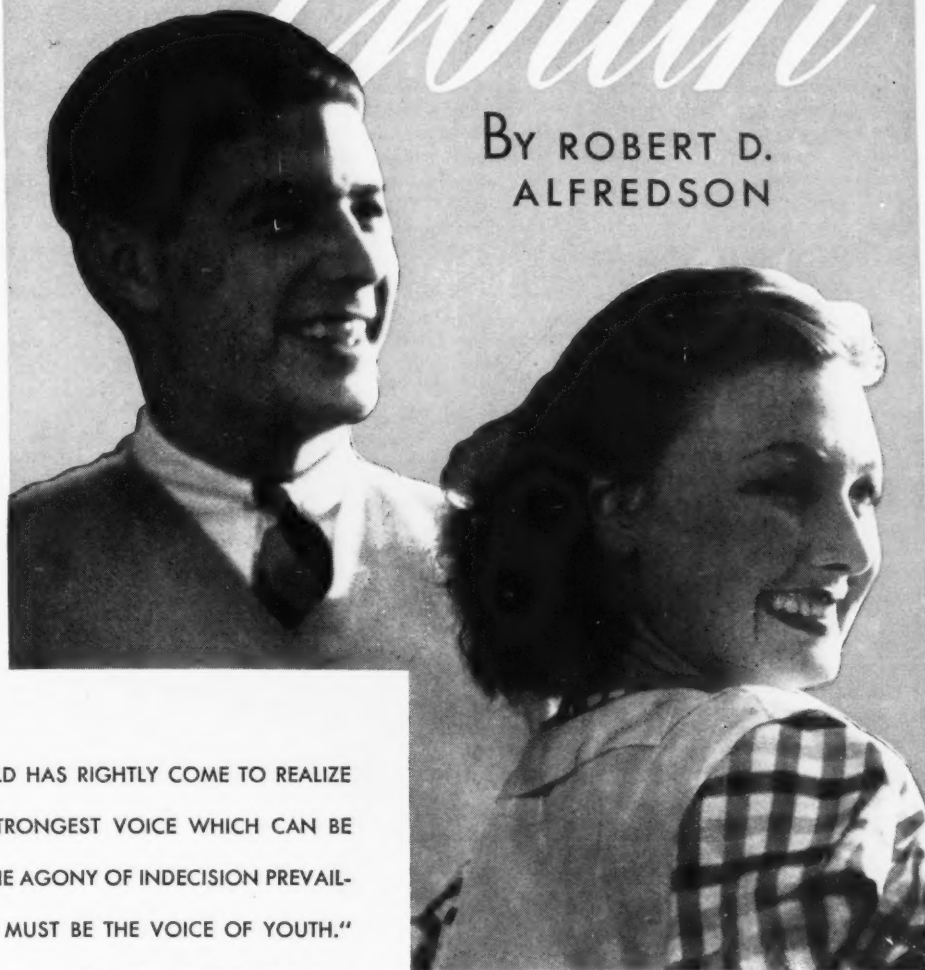
The above list, *Christendom* affirms, could be extended. Certainly it proves that a change has taken and is taking place in the Soviet attitude toward religion. Additional changes are required and for these we hope and pray. Particularly important is the repeal of the laws of April 8, 1929, prohibiting all social activities by the church and the cessation of anti-religious teaching in the schools, also the 13th article of the Communist Party program and the 124th article of the Soviet Constitution which barely grant freedom of worship are still definitely anti-religious.

But as we express the hope and offer the prayer for the enlargement of religious freedom in Russia, let us also hope and pray that the church in all her forms and activities may be worthy of such freedom. The excesses of the Russian Revolution must not blind us to the social and religious soil from which they sprang. No people in human history was more grievously betrayed by accredited religious leadership than the Russian people. Superstition may be a form of religion but it is not the religion of Jesus Christ. Religious freedom must be all-inclusive or religion is just another bondage; but Christianity must be Christ-centered, Christ-motivated, Christ-like, or it too is just another slavery.



THEY DO NOT TREMBLE

BY ROBERT D.
ALFREDSON



"THE WORLD HAS RIGHTLY COME TO REALIZE THAT THE STRONGEST VOICE WHICH CAN BE RAISED IN THE AGONY OF INDECISION PREVAILING TODAY MUST BE THE VOICE OF YOUTH."

A. A. BERLE, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ON A gray, rainy day in June, 1940, we stood in a crowd in the little town of Bayonne in southern France. There were tens of thousands of us, refugees waiting for a Spanish visa. Paris had fallen and Hitler's army was marching southward along the seacoast, with the Gestapo close behind. The Nazis had passed Bordeaux, and it was now only a matter of hours before they overtook us. Many knew they were finished unless they could manage beforehand to cross the international bridge that connected French Hendaye with Spanish Irun. France was gone, and remnants of French, Polish and Czech troops were moving through the town, weary, hungry and in rags. We ourselves had been days on the move; our clothes were damp and dirty, and our faces heavily bearded.

And yet, in all this confusion and terror and tragedy, I suddenly caught sight of a little blonde girl that I knew.

"Nelly!" I called out.

"Bob!" She was smiling. "What are you doing here?"

"On my way to Portugal. And you?"

"I'm staying. Some people left me their room in Biarritz, some money, too, before they fled. There'll be plenty to do here!"

That was Nelly, twenty years old, a student, and one of our most active workers in the youth movement in Vienna.

We walked down to the quay. She was calm, as if the fright and despair all about us held no meaning for her. On a bench still wet with rain we sat while she told me what had happened to her and to our friends. Many of them had, like myself, been able to escape into France, but after several miserable months in French concentration camps, they had been shipped out to the Foreign Legion in Africa. Others were in French work-camps, in constant danger of falling into the annihilating grasp of Hitler's henchmen. Nelly talked on. At the end, when she gave me her hand in farewell, she said: "One battle's been lost in this long struggle. But the fight's not lost as long as we don't give in. And we'll never give in!"

Shortly after the bloody events in Vienna of February, 1934; after the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg regime had abrogated the democratic constitution of the Austrian Republic and beaten down the resistance of those who sought to defend freedom, I placed my services at the disposal of the Peace Movement. I had always devoted a good part of my work to

the theme of organized peace, and had dealt with the subject in countless articles and lectures under such titles as: "The League of Nations," "The Peace Movement," "The Armament Industry," "History of the World War," and so forth.

I was only twenty-five, at the time I offered my services to the Movement, but since my eighteenth year had been engaged in some gainful occupation in addition to my studies, which left no leisure for any other activity. And now it was my job to build a youth organization within the peace movement itself.

In 1934 Europe was already in a state of extreme nervousness. Hitler's government in Germany was twelve months' old. Hitler meant war—that was understood by the youth of every country, but nowhere more clearly than in Central Europe. In those days the real work of the Peace Movement was the fight against Hitler and his accomplices outside the borders of Germany. The best weapon for this struggle seemed to be the coordinated efforts of the Danube states, added to the combined pressure of all Europe within the framework of the League of Nations. And the young people were in the front ranks of the battle against Hitler. Not only did they risk life and liberty time and time again, but they knew, with crystal clarity, just why they were doing these things. This I saw in the countless discussions I attended and in the many newspaper articles that were sent in to me.

It was only natural that the various youth groups should seek to solve the problem in varying ways. But the goal was always the same, and except for the nationalist groups which were in the minority in every country, they soon came to an agreement on the course of action to be followed. The alarming events of the wars in Ethiopia and Spain did much to bring about this unanimity.

In the fall of 1936 I was on my way to Paris, after participating as a delegate in the World Peace Congress in Brussels. In the train I was struck by the number of young people on board. I found it difficult to engage them in conversation at first. They seemed a little suspicious, refused to speak. Only after I told them that I was coming from the Brussels Congress did they trust me enough to let me know that they were on their way to Spain to fight against the Fascist uprising, on the side of the Republican government. They were Swedish, Danish, Dutch, Belgian, German refugees; members of church societies, of socialist and progressive organizations. One of them belonged to a noble house of Sweden. No adventurers, no vagabonds. At the Belgian-French border they left the train, to go part of the way on foot, since the French border officials, true to the non-intervention pact, refused admission to France to those travelers whom they suspected of being en route to Spain. In Paris the

next day I met a group of these young people. We talked, and then they took their leave, with the words: "Spain must be saved, or all is lost."

Two years later I ran into a young chap from this party, after a mass meeting in the Velodrome d'Hiver, the largest assembly hall in Paris. He looked old; his hair was graying. He walked with the help of a crutch, for he had lost a leg, fighting in Spain. In answer to the shocked look on my face, he pointed to the stump of his leg and said: "That wouldn't be so bad, but Spain is gone!"

Our Vienna organization had become a real plague to the police. We had opened Youth Hostels in every district of the city, and held regular open forums, lectures, et cetera. We began by publishing two good-sized weeklies, which soon attained tremendous circulation, since they alone in authoritarian Austria dared to speak freely and openly against the Fascist aggressors. We were working in

★

Robert D. Alfredson was born 33 years ago in Bohemia, Czechoslovakia. Was successively newspaper correspondent in Vienna, active member of the Social-Democrat Youth movement and publisher of widely circulated papers on politics and economics.

At the same time was secretary of the International Help Center. Organized the youth movement of that organization, and international Youth meetings and Youth Hostels in different Viennese districts. Member of the Austrian Peace Society, and of the League of Nations Association.

After the suppression of the Int. Help Center by the police, he became secretary of the International Peace Campaign, whose President was Lord Robert Cecil. Headed meetings against Nazism, and published many anti-Nazi pamphlets. Escaped the day of the Austrian "Anschluss," and went to Switzerland, England, and France. Escaped ten days after the collapse of France into Spain and Portugal. Was active during the Ethiopian War and the Spanish Civil War, publishing many articles and organizing meetings. Later, came to America.

★

the interests of Austria. The attitude of the police, therefore, as well as several of the important government offices toward us was often a puzzle, unsolved until the evening of March 11, 1938, when Hitler's army began the invasion of Austria. On that evening many political leaders and the major part of the Viennese police force appeared wearing Swastika bands and badges, and announced that they had been members for some time of the National Socialist Party, illegal in Austria. Among them was the Chief of the Viennese police, the Austrian foreign minister, Dr. Guido Schmidt, the secretary of Catholic Action, et cetera. We recognized many who had fought us constantly all these years, always, of course, under the covering cloak of Austrian patriotism.

During that last evening of Austria I saw two things that I shall never forget.

The first was an automobile from which a group of our young members was scattering leaflets for the Austrian Liberty Plebiscite. The second was a column of young workers from the suburbs who reached the center of the city just as the Nazi torchlight procession was being formed to pay homage to Seyss-Inquart, Hitler's puppet-ruler in Austria. The young people, led by one of our most active members, stood staring like frozen statues. They had come to demonstrate for the independence of Austria, but were confronted instead by a troop of victorious enemies.

Youth had achieved its united front—but too late. Hitler had seen the danger and had acted with despatch.

In 1918, despite its fatigue, hunger and embitterment, the youth of Europe were wholeheartedly in favor of unqualified cooperation by the nations. In the beginning these boys and girls were vague and impractical in their dreams of brotherhood and unity, but with each passing year the ideal became stronger, more real, the will to action more certain, and hope ran high. Because of these things, their disillusionment is great. And yet none who saw them work, who knew the youth of Europe, can look with other than hope into the future. For their ideals are not forgotten. The memory of liberty and order lives within them and leads them in battle against slavery and oppression. . . .

In 1937 an International Youth Congress met in the Tatra Mountains of Czechoslovakia, at the invitation of the Prague League of Nations Society. The atmosphere was warm and friendly, with nothing to betray the frightfulness of the catastrophe to come. But in those days I heard the first warning, given by a young student of the Sorbonne in Paris to his Czech friend: "Don't count on France. Those people at home who are more in sympathy with Hitler than with their democratic fellow countrymen are growing stronger from day to day." None of us shared this opinion at the time. Even later, when I met this young man in Paris on the first stop of my flight, and the first act of the tragedy, the death of Austria, had already been played, I still believed he was too pessimistic. Experienced political thinkers, who could have known, were led astray and deluded right up to the last minute.

Youth has always responded to intelligent, liberal leadership, but the leaders of Europe did not know how to capture youth. Only Hitler understood how to snare the desperate, discontented youth of Germany. He did it with lies, and robbed them of the means of investigating the truth of these slogans he fed them—by locking the country's doors and forbidding the foreign press. Young fellows could not be expected to know that this road would lead to the bloody fields of battle. Those whom they were first led to attack were weak and defenseless, with none to take their part.



In Russia, in England, in all the world, the underground battle Youth is giving Hitler and his aides is not less heroic than the battle on the war fronts



It was easy, and profitable, to overcome them. When they finally faced the murderous reality, it was too late. There was no way back.

Wittel was the name of one of our boys in Vienna—he is dead now, beaten to death at Dachau. He was blond, pale and thin, and wore heavy glasses, physically a product of the hungry years of the World War. He had true faith, was honest and fine in all he did. I once heard him say, with a kind of sacred fervor: "If you want to fight evil, you have to practice the good yourself." In this conviction he lived, and died—a European boy of twenty-two, one of many.

In May, 1936, we planned for a Peace Sunday. We rented films for twenty movie-houses, prepared two great celebrations for the evening, and had the assurance of several clergymen that they would talk on the Peace theme. At the last moment we were forbidden to go ahead—on orders from Mr. von Papen, Hitler's ambassador in Vienna. Everything was called off—except the sermon of a twenty-eight-year-old clergyman in a suburban church, who sent us this message: "I shall give my sermon. In my pulpit I am master, not a policeman." The church had never seen as many young people as it sheltered on that Sunday.

As a result of our ill-fated plans for a Peace Sunday, and because they saw how our organization was growing, the Nazis felt called on to take up the offensive against us. They exerted pressure upon the government, and the organization was finally outlawed. At the same time the Italian press attaché, Signor Moreale, engineered the suppression of our weekly papers. These things did not prevent us from continuing to work through other international organizations. Not only did we hold meetings and lectures, but we went much further. One of our young men, for instance, had the task of paying a daily morning visit to the press-rooms of the foreign correspondents, in the main building of the telegraph company on Wipplinger Street, and there to tell the journalists what transpired behind the scenes. These happenings—details concerning the guilds and government offices active in Nazi intrigue—were reported faithfully and regularly by our young friend. In much of the news that Geddye, Fodor, Turnauer, and others sent to the British and American press, we were able to recognize information supplied by us. Important passages in Geddye's book, "Betrayal in Central Europe," which is the best work on this subject, were based on the reports we gave the author. In this way we helped to make public many things that the Austrian government felt compelled to ignore in silence, lest Berlin take offense.

Keeping contacts open with our friends in Western Europe was often impossibly difficult. We (Continued on page 51)

The MAYOS



DOCTORS
EDUCATORS
GOOD CITIZENS



AT THE MAYO CLINIC,
SOME OF THE BRIGHTEST YOUNG DOCTORS AND NURSES
OF THE WORLD ARE NOW GETTING ADVANCE TRAINING.

By

ADOLPH C. REGLI

WHEREVER the last half century of medicine has left its impress on humanity's pathway to better living, the name Mayo is a brilliant milepost. Gifted with unexampled surgical skill, the Mayos of Rochester, Minnesota, in less than a score of years established a reputation that made a Middle West country town one of the world's great medical centers.

The "surgical twins," Dr. William James Mayo, and his younger brother, Dr. Charles Horace Mayo, were more than wizards of the scalpel. Being wise and great men, they knew the common folk needed more than science, a job and sustenance to provide them with a full life.

In their wisdom, they saw the practical side of religion in everyday living. They were aware of the great danger liquor held for men of their profession, as well as for laymen. Having sprung from the soil that nurtured them first as country doctors, their only politics was a firm belief in the triumph of democracy. From their knowledge of mankind, acquired through treating the diseased and suffering, they gained a deep respect for human beings. They sympathized with their aspirations, with their yearning for religion and education and the desire for self-improvement.

They sought wealth in order to use it to train more doctors to carry medicine's blessings throughout the world. Medicine was the Mayos' first interest and their chief vehicle to fame, yet some authorities dare to forecast they will be remembered as founders of a great educational institution after stories of their personal accomplishments are forgotten. True it is that when they died in the summer of 1939, within two months of each other, they were respected around the globe for their philanthropies as much as for their medical prowess.

There was another Mayo—Dr. William Worrall Mayo—who laid the groundwork for the future world-wide fame of his sons, Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie. Before they were old enough to attend college, the sons assisted their father on his rounds as a country doctor. By 1889, when St. Mary's hospital opened after a tornado had devastated a part of Rochester, the three Mayos made up the institution's medical staff. Almost immediately their practice changed from medical to surgical. Armed with the new weapons of antiseptics and anesthesia, they threw off tradition and outmoded practices to pioneer in their newly-discovered field.

Their success was phenomenal. In a few years St. Mary's had to enlarge to care for the patients coming long distances for the ministrings of the Mayos. In five years the surgeons' common pocketbook became so crammed they became frightened.

"We're making more money than two people have a right to," Dr. Charlie told his brother one day in 1894. "What are we going to do with it?"

Together they worked out a plan, an ambitious proposal to endow some medical school with funds enough to give young doctors the most advanced training known to science. They visioned their clinic as a postgraduate school where the brightest young doctors of the world could come to study under experienced practitioners.

Dividing their wealth, dollar for dollar, the Mayos gave half to an agent to invest in bonds and other securities. This "holy money," as they called it, money that came from the sick, was thus set aside to grow until it could be put to work relieving the suffering of other sick.

By 1915 the brothers had accumulated a million and a half dollars in "holy money." They took their offering to the University of Minnesota with the proposal that it be used

to create a Foundation for Medical Education and Research. After a trial period of two years, in which considerable opposition to the plan was evident and had to be allayed, the Foundation became an established part of the University of Minnesota Medical School. The Mayo Clinic serves as the postgraduate school, in which fellowships are coveted by hundreds of doctors yearly.

Born Episcopalians, the Mayos were members of the church but, as Dr. Will expressed it, "never worked at it much." It was a habit acquired from the demands of their profession. Their father for some years "saved" his most difficult feats of surgery for Sunday mornings, when neighboring doctors had more leisure to come to his operating room to watch. Yet fundamentally the Mayos were religious men and frequently credited religion with power to accomplish that which science was unable to do.

"The world needs religion," Dr. Will said. "It needs religion as distinguished from creeds born of theologians' disputes. The surgeon and physician realize quickly that they need religion to help them. I do not mean the personal religion of the surgeon and physician; I mean the personal religion of the patient.

"I have seen patients that were dead by all medical standards. We knew they could not live. But I have seen a minister come to the bedside of that patient and do something for that patient I could not do, although I had done everything in my professional power. But something touched some immortal spark in him and in defiance of medical knowledge and materialistic common sense, he lived.

"Religion is the universal comforter in times of physical or spiritual distress. Let us not delude ourselves into believing that Communism or the State can take the place of some form of spiritual belief. There is a tendency for a group of intellectuals to underrate the value of religion as the universal comforter, but to the mass of people, religion has the same potency it has had for two thousand years.

"No thinking, reverent man can read the Sermon on the Mount or the Life of Christ without knowing here is truth."

Equally definite was Dr. Will in his belief that physicians had a high stake in the solution of the liquor question. When the Mayo Clinic had grown to include nearly five hundred doctors and twelve hundred other employees, he addressed the staff in a bulletin to point out that from his medical observation, drinking had nothing in its favor and a very great deal to condemn it.

"As doctors, we must begin to think of promoting the cause of temperance," Dr. Will wrote in 1934. "How often do we hear, when speaking of a certain man, 'A very bright fellow, but he drinks.' Of my college classmates, none of those who drank steadily are now living and of those who were addicts to even a very mild degree, from the time the addiction became manifest, none progressed or maintained his position.

"One of the greatest surgeons in the world told me he had never known a surgeon of the first rank who was in the habit of using alcoholic drink.

"The medical men are many whose memories go back to the time, not only of the corner saloon but of several saloons in the middle of the block as well," he continued. "There the American citizen who so desired could stop to spend his money and drink the shoes and stockings off his children's feet and then go home to beat his wife. This was called an expression of personal liberty.

"My idea in bringing this matter to young minds, because the future rests with you, is to see whether you cannot get at some answer to the alcohol question, which has seemed up to the present time to have aroused only sound and fury and controversy."

Dr. Will's preachment against alcohol was carried into his personal life. As a hobby, he operated a \$35,000 yacht, the North Star, for relaxation and as a means of "getting away" from the job at Rochester. To the yacht he always invited week-end guests for a cruise. The guests were given the run of the ship with no rules to obey except one—no liquor.

The Mayo yacht was a meeting place for county medical societies, graduating classes of Rochester nurses and an annual cruise for the board of regents of the University of Minnesota, of which Dr. Will was a member for more than a score of years.

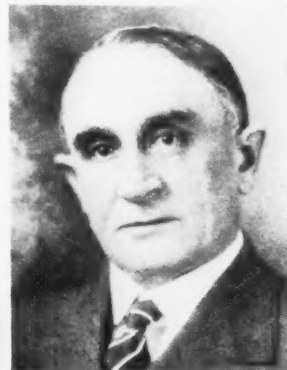
In 1938, however, there was no meeting of the regents aboard the North Star. Dr. Will announced he and his wife had decided to sell it. He could no longer enjoy it "because it made me feel conspicuous when so many people are poor." The proceeds from the yacht's sale went to a charitable enterprise.

Busy as they were with their practice and the pursuit of new medical knowledge, the Mayo brothers took time to be good citizens of Rochester and to give of their personal funds that the townsfolk might better enjoy their city. Two of Rochester's parks are gifts of the brothers. They provided funds for public concerts and built a music pavilion in one of the parks. The handsome Mayo Civic Auditorium, which cost nearly half a million dollars, was one of their final donations to the city.

Dr. Charlie became alarmed in 1912 over a serious public health problem involving the distribution of milk to Rochester homes. He organized a group of women to stampede a meeting of the city council to demand that the condition be cor-



DR. WILLIAM JAMES MAYO



DR. CHARLES HORACE MAYO

Below, the Mayo Clinic building at Rochester, Minnesota. The low section, at the left, is the original clinic building, built in 1912. It is still in use as part of the Mayo establishment



rected. The demonstration aroused the ire of the councilmen.

"All right, if Dr. Charlie wants to run things, why doesn't he become health officer?" they asked the women.

When Dr. Charlie heard of the council's challenge, he accepted it. He took over the job of the city's health officer and in a few weeks eliminated the trouble. When the position required too much of his time, he hired a deputy and paid a part of the man's salary out of his own pocket. He served as Rochester's health officer from 1912 to 1937.

MR. CHARLIE was likewise interested in the public school system. He became a member of the school board in 1915 and remained on it until 1923, filling the office of vice-president for a number of years. He was largely instrumental in obtaining up-to-date buildings for the city's pupils. He organized public health lectures that outdrew the movies. To spread his health program over the state, he accepted the presidency of the Minnesota Public Health Association.

The holding of high political office never appealed to either of the brothers. Yet both Mayos were outspoken in warning of perils they saw confronting democracies. They were called on frequently to address college graduating classes and they often used such occasions to voice their opinion of the American political system.

Dr. Charlie in June, 1937, spoke at Yankton College at Yankton, S. D., thus: "The undeniable defect in a democracy is that the government can rise no higher than the average intelligence of the people. Unless intelligent leadership can be developed, it must remain mediocre. This explains our heroic attempts at general education to raise the general level of intelligence.

"We strive always to correct the social evils with new laws, therefore laws are passed by the thousands. The success of a democracy depends not on laws but on living up to the moral obligation.

"Many men of high ideals enter political life and find themselves unsupported by men of intelligence. They are underpaid and forced to cater to the unintelligent in order to retain office. For this reason perhaps the office itself sometimes is regarded with contempt instead of respect.

"At present, we throw together in Congress a group of men each educated along his narrow line. None has a broad general knowledge of the problems of the country. We have been teaching our youth too much memorizing of the things of the past. It does not matter how much knowledge of the principles of medicine, law, engineering or any other profession a youth may have poured into his memory if he does not know how to use it."

Early in their practice, the Mayos decided upon a policy for conducting

their medical business that was unique in the profession. When they erected their first clinic building, designed to accommodate fourteen thousand patients a year, Dr. Will expressed the hope of the brothers in this manner: "We like to think that perhaps we can provide one place on God's green earth where a sick man of middle income is as well treated as the sick rich man and the sick pauper.

"And so my brother and I set up the ideal that everyone who came into our clinic and hung up his hat was to get treatment regardless of the cost and no one was asked if he had the price. We wanted all who came to us to be clothed only in the nakedness of his distress.

"All who are able pay a fee for the service which seems fair under the circumstances. We never take a note, promises to pay, from people who are not able to pay. No mortgage has ever been given on a home to settle a bill of ours. We never sue for a bill. This policy will be continued."

Many are the accounts told of how the Mayo fee system worked. Numerous persons too poor to pay even one dollar on their bills were sent home with their account marked "paid in full," plus a check from the Mayos for a like amount. Yet the wealthy paid generously, although Dr. Will said his clinic never drew a preposterous bill. As Dr. Charlie put it, when a patient was let off with a small or no bill, "We make it all up on the other side."

A STORY is related about a millionaire who, pleased over the success of a Mayo operation on a relative, sent a large check to the clinic. It was returned next day with a note saying the Mayos set their own fees. The bill for the operation, which went out a few days later, was for three times the sum the millionaire offered.

On another occasion, a Rochester merchant questioned the bill submitted for an operation on his wife. "I want an itemized account of this bill," he wrote. "I'm required to do that in my business and I expect it in yours."

"You may be able to itemize calico but you can't itemize brains," Dr. Will wrote back. The bill was paid promptly.

With sums, large and small, coming to the Mayos from their practice, it was natural that the clinic should accumulate a large bank account. Yet Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie, as well as members of their staff, collected only their salaries. Amounts in excess of the clinic payroll and expenses went to a philanthropic organization known as the Mayo Properties Association, which financed the Foundation for Medical Education and Research and other enterprises. In total, the Mayos gave the University of Minnesota, through the Foundation, more than two million dollars. Their lifetime philanthropies have been estimated in excess of thirteen millions.

The first Mayo Clinic building, erected in 1912, was too small from the beginning. Until 1929, the staff was cramped into quarters that limited its activities to diagnosis. With the occupation of the twenty-two story clinic that towers over Rochester, the augmented staff, office space and laboratories make possible the present operation—diagnosis, treatment, hospital management and convalescence of patients. The new structure, valued at three million dollars, houses equipment and laboratories worth two millions more.

Physicians and surgeons by the hundreds came to Rochester yearly to watch the Mayos in their operating amphitheaters and to observe their methods of handling masses of sick and ailing. Colleagues were encouraged to come. Through these visitors, the brothers' fame spread to every part of the world, since a large number of them came from abroad.

Medicine was a source of unending adventure to the Mayos and they traveled at every opportunity to study new treatments and methods. Dr. Will crossed the Atlantic ocean thirty-four times to visit European clinics, and once journeyed to Australia to see a new type of incision that interested him. Dr. Charlie made at least a dozen voyages to Europe and spent much time at American medical centers.

In peace as well as in wartime, the Mayo brothers contributed their time and talents to medicine. Even before World War I they held commissions in the United States Army. With the outbreak of hostilities against Germany and the Central Powers, the Mayos were called to active duty.

They faced the problem of keeping their clinic functioning while serving their country. With the Army's approval, they decided to alternate between Washington, D. C., and Rochester, each serving six months away from home while the other was at the clinic.

At Rochester the Mayos established a postgraduate training center for army and navy medical corps, giving service doctors expert instruction in surgery and treatment of wounded soldiers and sailors. This phase of their work became so important that the Army sent word to the Mayo Clinic, instructing staff members not to enroll in the uniformed service.

AT WASHINGTON, the Mayos helped coordinate the government's welfare and health bureaus and divisions. Their suggestions were followed to reorganize the Army's medical department. Both were commissioned brigadier generals and were cited by the American, French and Italian governments for their contributions to the medical service.

After the war, the Mayos became charter members of the William T. McCoy American Legion Post of Rochester
(Continued on page 56)

CHRISTIAN HERALD



1 The peaceful air of the little inn is shattered by radio reports that the British have evacuated Dunquerque and that France is in danger



5 By pretending to be feeble-minded, Howard is ignored by the Gestapo, and he and the children board a train which is bound for a seaport town



2 The aged Mr. Howard and his two charges set out for England, hoping to be in London in eighteen hours



6 Major Diessen mistakes Howard for an English spy but finally agrees to let them proceed if they will take Anna, Diessen's niece, with them



3 At Joigny, Howard learns that the Nazis are almost at Paris, and train service has ceased. With a little French girl they ride to Chartres

4 The road is bombed by Nazi planes and the bus is destroyed. Howard adds a little orphaned French boy to his brood



Scenes from the Motion Picture

THE PIED PIPER

A 20th Century-Fox production
The Pied Piper was produced by Nunnally Johnson, from Nevil Shute's best-selling novel of the same title. It is the story of an elderly Englishman's heroic migration, with a group of children, from France to the safety of England. The film stars Monte Woolley, Anne Baxter and Roddy McDowall, with Ottoe Reminger playing a featured role

7 Just before they board the boat which will take them to England, Howard advises Anna that she must no longer give "Heils" for Hitler





CALEB WAS A MAN WHO WOULDN'T GIVE UP. HE JUST COULDN'T BRING HIMSELF TO SPEND HIS LAST YEARS IN A PORCH ROCKER

C ALEB squatted tailor-fashion in the hay, bent over a thin bank book. He squinted impatiently, then reached up and brushed the hay and cobwebs from the window in the peak of the barn to let in the fading light. The hayloft was Caleb's favored place when he wanted to be alone.

He studied the bank book for several minutes. Then he gave his overall strap an upward hitch and lifted his head. His bristly hair was the color of the dried hay, but his blue eyes were keenly alive.

"By gum! Looks like I'd make it this time!" he informed the rafters. "Waited twenty-five years to buy a thoroughbred calf! Got four hundred dollars on this book an' that's exactly what Sam Brice is askin' for Langmaid's heifer. Third time I've saved up for one o' Sam's bluebloods, an' this time I'm goin' to—"

"Hello, up there! Caleb, that you?"

A voice boomed up from below, cutting into Caleb's declaration.

Caleb thrust the bank book deep into the overall pocket. No one, not even Myra, his wife, knew of the existence of that bank book and he didn't intend that anyone should.

"Come down, Caleb," the voice commanded, "I've got to have a talk with you."

Caleb recognized the voice now. It was Dr. Harmon's, the old village physician.

"Comin', Doc," he shouted.

With a deft twirl, he wrapped a bony leg around the ladder's upright, ignoring the rounds, and slid to the barn floor.

"You'll break your neck some day doing that," the old doctor growled, half-admiringly. He was just Caleb's age—seventy-four—but he was stiff from long hours of riding around the country.

By MARY WENTWORTH KING

(PART ONE OF A TWO PART STORY)

Caleb grinned, then asked anxiously, "What you want, Doc? Ain't Myra so well?"

"No, she isn't, Caleb. Here, let's sit while we talk."

The doctor appropriated an old milking-stool, that creaked under his weight as he settled on to it cautiously. Caleb swung himself to the top of the grain chest.

"See here, Doc," he began before the doctor could get started, "what's the matter with Myra? When's she goin' to git outa that bed?"

"I don't know—to both questions, Caleb. As far as I can judge there's nothing organically wrong with Myra. She doesn't seem to want to get well. She had a pretty hard case of gripe this winter, but so did a dozen other women in this town. They're all out and doing their own work again. I don't know what to make of Myra. She's not lazy—we both know that. She's got something on her mind."

"Yes, she has," Caleb agreed, "an' she sent you out here to make me see it her way. Own up—she did, didn't she, Doc?"

"Yes," the doctor admitted with a chuckle, "she did."

"Knew it. She kept me awake 'bout half the night arguin' 'bout sellin' out here an' settlin' us in The Old Folks Home. Well, I'm tellin' you flat, Doc, I ain't agoin' to do it!"

"Can't say as I blame you a bit, Caleb. You're a pretty active old codger for that life. But Myra seems set on it. Fact is, Caleb, she has worried herself sick about the future. Says she won't go to your Johnny's to live in her old age, and I don't see how she could at present. Johnny's got his hands and house full and there's another baby coming. You and Myra ought to have had more children with this big farm for them to run in."

"You're right, Doc, but Myra didn't want children. I didn't know Johnny's Mary was expectin' another. Johnny's a good son but he sure's got both hands full and his britches to hold up right now."

"He'll come through all right, Caleb. Well, I might as well run along. I've done what Myra asked me to, with just about the result I expected."

The doctor chuckled again as he got to his feet, upsetting the stool in his clumsiness.

"I'm getting along too, Caleb," he admitted in apology for his disagreeable errand. "Got to be thinking about the future myself."

"Just a minute, Doc. You don't honestly believe this notion Myra's got is serious, do you? She'll get over it an' be around soon, won't she? If she ain't, I'd best get a woman in. I've been managin' but it keeps me hoppin'. Besides, if she's sicker'n I thought, she ought to have better care'n I can give her."

"You want the truth, Caleb?"

"That's what I'm askin' for."

"I doubt if Myra will ever get around again unless she has something to make her want to live. There isn't anything more that I can do for her. She's lost interest in life. Feels that she has had it pretty tough and lonely, living out here in the woods and washing milk pails all her life. I imagine she's told you how she feels."

"Yes."

Caleb was silent after the one word and a bewilderment spread over his face.

"But Doc," he began slowly, groping for words, "Myra and me ain't had any words about anythin'. I didn't know she was really feelin' like that. Thought she was weak an' down right now an' feelin' a mite blue. I guess I don't quite get it. We've always had enough to live on—the farm's all clear—we've got a fine herd, all good milkers, and they've given us



Caleb thrust the bank book into his overall pocket. "Come down, Caleb," the voice said. "I want to talk to you"

a livin'. Myra's always had her share of the extra money to buy what pretties she wanted. Why—why what more can you get out o' life? Work an' health, enough to eat, a warm place to live an' a good son, an'—" He stopped utterly perplexed.

"I know, Caleb. But all people don't see it that way. Myra hasn't evidently. You've accepted life as it is, and enjoy it. Myra has lost interest in it."

"You mean—you mean Myra's give up?"

"That's about it."

"Well, I ain't!" Caleb made his customary gesture of tightening up for action—the hitching up of his overalls.

"But Doc, you don't mean you think Myra's goin' to die, do you?"

"Not right away, but she'll go down pretty fast unless she gets hold of herself. I guess she'll have to have some sort of a change. Something to interest her in life again. I wish I could do more for you, Caleb, but this is one of the times when a doctor is helpless. Worry and discouragement kill more people than disease."

The old doctor held out his hand and Caleb grasped it in a dazed way, and walked across the barn floor to the door with him, like a man who had been stunned.

Long after the doctor's car had chugged down the dirt road, Caleb sat on his heels in the barn doorway thinking. Myra on the road out unless something got hold of her!

He tried to picture life without Myra but he couldn't do it. Fifty-three years they'd lived together on this farm and Myra wanted to leave it for The Old Folks Home. It didn't make sense. But old Doc Harmon knew his business—there wasn't any disputing that—and he had said Myra'd got to have a change. When one of his horses got run down and off her feed Caleb put her out to pasture for a good rest. Couldn't do no less by Myra. She'd been a good thrifty wife, if a mite tart o' the tongue. But The Old Folks Home! Law's sake!

Still staggering mentally under the blow that threatened the very foundation of his life, Caleb got to his feet finally and set about closing the barn for the night.

The cows were nosing the floor where their feed buckets had recently stood, searching for slopped over tidbits. Several velvety noses were deep in the watering trough, sending a sucking sound into the mellow stillness. It was a place of utter contentment and Caleb's throat grew tight as he looked down the sleek flanks of the row. Finest cows in the township! Clean—tested—heavy milkers, every one of them—and they'd given him and Myra a fair living. But he'd been planning so long to raise a little thoroughbred stock. To add a heifer or two from Sam Brice's blue-bloods. It would be a joy to raise them—perhaps, later on, he could go around to some of the fairs and show them. Might win a blue ribbon or two. Perfection in a cow always made Caleb's eyes glow. That was the old age he'd been looking forward to. Sort of a gentleman farmer.

Twenty-five years ago he'd first saved the price of a thoroughbred heifer. The kitchen ell had burned that winter

and there wasn't any choice—the heifer money had to go for a new kitchen.

The heifer money was gone when the new ell was paid for.

He recalled too that Johnny had taken his mother home that time until he could get a roof over the kitchen; how she'd come back a week later, declaring she'd never go to Johnny's to live. Poor Johnny—married to a girl who used four eggs to make a cake! Didn't seem to know that eggs were as good as money to a farmer's wife!

Caleb had chuckled then, but a sigh escaped him now as he recalled Myra's return to her own kitchen. Myra was pretty set in her ways.

"Took me fifteen years to save up the price of a heifer again," he muttered aloud. Then Myra got to hankering so for new parlor furniture. Couldn't begrudge her the money. She'd worked hard and wanted some pretties to show off when she entertained the Sewing Circle. I didn't have to have thoroughbred stock. Sort o' set my heart on it, that's all.

"An' now I got it saved up again. I—guess—I'd better—tell Myra—I—got it. Sort o' use it, maybe, to bait her out o' this Old Folks Home idea. If I show her I got four hundred dollars saved toward the future, it ought to chirk her up a mite—ease her worryin'."

With this decision Caleb's spirits rose and he locked the barn and stepped briskly across the yard to the house.

"That you, Caleb?" Myra's querulous voice called from the bedroom, as Caleb stepped into the kitchen. "Thought you was going to stay out to that barn all night."

"Am a mite late, that's a fact, Myra. I'll hustle right around and make you some milk toast," Caleb answered cheerily.

"I don't want no milk toast. I don't want anything. You get your own supper and don't mess the kitchen all over doing it."

"Now, Myra, you got to eat to get well," Caleb soothed from the doorway.

"You do as I say. I don't want nothing to eat. I don't expect to get well. You eat your supper, then come in here. I want to talk to you."

Caleb returned to the kitchen firm in the belief that he had the remedy for Myra's trouble in his overall pocket. He even whistled softly as he washed his supper dishes.

He had not realized, unfortunately, how deeply rooted was Myra's yearning for a more sociable old age. Even after he had cheerfully offered the cherished heifer money, he could get only the most pessimistic reaction.

"You'd better hold on to that money," Myra admonished sourly. "You'll need it before long to pay my funeral expenses with."

Caleb gave in then.

"All right, Myra," he agreed grimly, "we'll go to the Old Folks Home. Just as soon as I can sell off the stock an' raise the money."

It was early spring before Myra and

Caleb were settled in the Home. Dr. Harmon's diagnosis had proved correct. Myra, with a new outlook on life, was ready to live again.

She began to thrive at once in the companionship of other old women. Loved sitting out on the broad veranda, wrapped in blankets against the chill spring wind, where she could see the traffic whiz by. She declared she wouldn't care if she never saw the country and woods again.

Afternoon tea, in the various inmate's rooms, was a delight to her, and she wrote Johnny's wife to send down a can of tea and some cookies, that she might take her turn as hostess. She grew well again.

Caleb was not much concerned with life at the Home. On the second day after his arrival, he made a trip down town and returned with a new pair of overalls, thereby presenting Myra and the superintendent of the Home with a problem. Myra dealt with it first.

"Mercy sakes, Caleb, what'd you go and buy them overalls for?" she demanded, as he threw the garment on the bed. "You can't wear overalls sitting on the front piazza. You ain't livin' on a farm now. You got to keep dressed up for visitors."

"Don't aim to wear 'em on the front piazza, Myra. Don't aim to sit on the front piazza less'n it's Sunday, an' then I'll put on my best pants like I always done." (*Concluded next month*)



"I don't want no milk toast. I don't want anything. You get your own supper and don't mess the kitchen all over doin' it"

Illustrator CHAS. ZINGARO



Sergeant Robert H. Pearce, U. S. Army, stationed at Fort MacArthur, California, eighteen miles from Los Angeles, who has developed a program wherein dogs are used in ways unique in all history

The CANINE *Command*

THE U. S. ARMY'S TRAINING SCHOOL
FOR DOGS AT FORT MACARTHUR

By Louise Van Nuys

EIGHTEEN miles from Los Angeles, on our beautiful Pacific coast, Fort MacArthur lies crouched, alert. Hidden in its hills, in a tree-filled glade, are almost a hundred huts four feet high and five feet long, the barracks of our soldier-dogs. Outside these huts everything is cleanliness and order; inside, fangs and fur.

This is the West Point of Dogdom. Only the most intelligent, the most alert and fit are accepted. If after one month of training the admitted animal is not ready to take over his duties expertly, he is discharged and sent back to civilian life. In one month he must learn when to obey and when to disobey; he must learn to put aside fun and affection for the serious tasks before him. He must be prepared for any emer-



Right, Black German Shepherd, after having climbed a ladder, descends to the third rung, then jumps down

gency, capable of protecting himself, and of fighting an armed man.

In all previous uses of dogs for war work, the dog and man formed a unit, and were partners that functioned together. Sergeant Robert H. Pearce, who trains the dogs at Fort MacArthur, has pioneered a program whereby the partnership is eliminated, and the animal works as well with one man as with another. The success of this program has made the dog many times more useful.

The work dogs are required to do in World War II is different, because the war itself is different. Formerly troops moved at the rate of two and one-half miles per hour. Now, motorized, they move twenty, thirty, or forty miles per hour.

In such places as coast defenses, rear establishments, depots, and arsenals, the dog comes into his own, since his efficiency makes possible the reduction in human guards by about six men per dog used, and at the same time the work is done more effectively. The Army has tested their efficiency in many ways, including going carefully to lee side so that the dog could not catch the scent. In each instance, the dog has detected the attempted intrusion and given a warning.

Training for the dogs falls into two departments. The first training is the same as the Standard Novice Obedience Test B, which covers such simple commands as "Come," "Heel," "Go," and "Stay." We asked Sergeant Pearce how he goes about instructing the dogs in these things.

"A dog obeys through habit," Sergeant Pearce explained. He nodded in the direction of a large German Shepherd who was quietly eyeing us. "King, there, has never heard a command, since his first day at the Fort, that he did not instantly obey. I saw to this at first by the use of a long choke-leash or rope.

"The first thing I taught him was response to the command 'Come.' As I gave the command, I pulled him close by means of the rope. Most dogs are eager to learn. King soon knew what was expected of him, and gladly cooperated.

"The second command I teach is 'Down.' As the command is given, I pull up with the leash, and press his flank down with my other hand.

"For the first few lessons it may be necessary for the trainer to assist the dog. After he understands all the commands thoroughly, and after obedience to them becomes a habit, only then has the time come to remove the leash.

"In civilian life, when a dog has done well with his lesson, I would pat him and tell him (though not too profusely) that he was a 'good dog!' He needs no other reward, nor do I ever punish for poor work.

"Here at the Fort we do not even pet or talk to the dogs after a lesson. Our work is not a game, but very serious business, which the dog soon senses.

"Most dogs are naturally affectionate, but if one of our dogs is petted, the effect is immediately noticeable in his work performance. After a while, the dog himself becomes aware of this rule, and is apt to nip a guard who attempts to pet him while on duty. He seems to know he is there on deadly serious business, and resents any familiarity while working.

"Another reason for the 'no petting' rule is that our dogs must not be allowed to form personal attachments, since they must be ready to work with any soldier, and not just one man.

"One of the chief duties performed by these dogs is that of sentry work. Their keen senses extend the eyes and ears of the human guard. The dogs are trained at night, since most of their work will be done in the night. Some of their instruction takes place under gunfire, to accustom them to actual



Ol' Man Mose mixed Newfoundland and Labrador Retriever, is harnessed to a cart containing 250 pounds of wire. Mose enjoys the task

conditions they will meet. In addition, the dogs have also learned many physical skills which tend to make them adaptable to other uses. They jump walls, leap from heights, and climb ladders to develop sure-footedness.

"These dogs may be used also in aero squadrons. There have been cases, in both France and England, when forged credentials and stolen uniforms have gained entrance for spies. Where an Army dog is on duty, that would be impossible. To these dogs, a civilian has a different odor than a soldier, and his own soldiers have a different odor from that of enemy soldiers.

"Some of the heavier animals, such as Ol' Man Mose, that large black Newfoundland and Labrador Retriever over there, learn to be draft animals. For centuries, his ancestors pulled milk carts. He's learned to pull a cart carrying a 250 pound load. This load could be either medical supplies, a reel of wire for communications, or a light field piece, such as a .50 caliber machine gun. There are rough, roadless places where he would be invaluable."

Mose was harnessed up. With a tail that never stopped wagging, he loped off. This was evidently his favorite sport.

"The hardest thing to teach our dogs is to attack. They first learn to attack a dummy. We slap him in the face with a part of the figure until he becomes annoyed. As he begins to bark at the dummy, or grab it with his teeth, we give the command, 'Get him!', and encourage him to fight it.

"When the dog learns to attack the figure at command, we substitute a man dressed in a padded suit, carrying a padded club and a burlap bag. The man tries to take the dog unawares, and slap him with the sack. When the dog grabs the sack, the man clubs him. Now the dog is properly resentful, and it becomes a fight in earnest. He must stay and fight, for I am holding his leash.

"In the first fight, the dog doesn't do so well. But he soon learns that if he can bite his assailant on the right arm, the fight is over, and he has won. So after that, all the dog's fighting is directed towards that purpose. At first we wear a special glove on the left hand, until the dog can distinguish between right and left.

"In actual combat, the dog's fastening himself to the right arm will serve to overcome the enemy, for the weight of the dog is enough to drag the man to the ground, and his bite on the arm will prevent his use of a weapon.

CHRISTIAN HERALD



Private James Raney is attacked by "Ruff the Raven." As the signal "Get him!" is given by the trainer, Ruff springs at the man, growling, barking and biting, until he fixes his teeth into the man's (heavily padded) arm



Ruff obeys the man he has just fought so viciously. It is a unique feature of the dogs' training that they are ready to attack or obey on command

"In our practice, the man constantly tries to kick the dog. As a result, our dogs cannot be kicked. From their hours of practice, they have learned to dodge with the blow.

"Would you like to try to kick one of the dogs, to demonstrate this?" we were asked.

We thanked him, but declined.

"Would you like to see how our dogs attack a man?" Sergeant Pearce inquired.

He brought out a large red Airedale for the fray. A soldier who had been watching our photographer was drafted for the role of "enemy."

The soldier donned a carefully padded suit, Sergeant Pearce gave the command, and the fight was on. Ruff slashed the suit with razor-sharp teeth before he succeeded in getting the man's right arm in his jaws. The fight lasted approximately five seconds. The dog was called off, still quivering with excitement. His trainer picked up the leash, told him to sit, then handed the leash to the man the dog had been fighting. He, in turn, gave a few commands to the dog, all of which received perfect obedience. It was a most unbelievable sight.

"Was that just an act on the part of the dog?" we asked. "Wasn't he really trying to tear the man up?"

"Indeed he was," answered the Sergeant. "He would have killed him, perhaps, if the fight had lasted long enough.

"Here you see that which is unique in their training. The dog is ready to attack or obey, on command. In all cases, he obeys the man who holds his leash. He could be turned on me. But he will not obey anyone who takes his leash without right to do so, but will, rather, attack him. How does he know the difference? Because, if I have the leash, and wish to give it to you, I will first tell the dog to sit down, by the command 'Down'. That is his signal that he may relax his vigilance; that everything is all right. The value of this can be seen when you remember that the sentries working with the dog have had no special training as far as working with their canine assistants goes. Should a dog begin to bristle at the approach of another, and the situation were not one that required violence, tests have shown that the most natural thing anyone would say to a dog, is 'Down'. So whenever we change guards, the command 'Down' is given, before the leash changes hands.

"Where our dogs have been used in actual sentry work, there has not been a single case of a successful illegal pass, nor has any sentry been attacked. Saboteurs cannot get within range without being detected by the dogs. In addition to having such remarkable acuity of the ear and nose, dogs can see two hundred yards on the blackest night, and also have good vision in fogs."

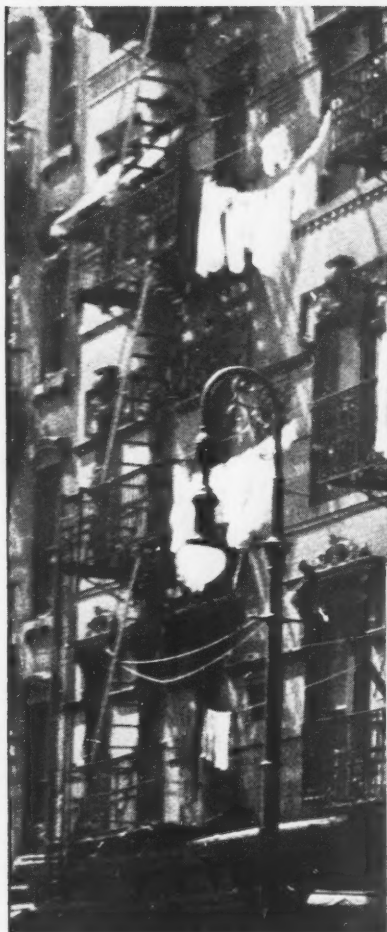
The dogs are all beautiful animals, and all beautifully clean. They are groomed daily by rubbing their fur first the wrong way, and then the right, with a dry scrubbing brush. They are fed raw beef, with plenty of fat on it, and very little in the way of grains or vegetables. There has not been a single case of illness in the camp.

"Don't these dogs ever grieve for their former homes and masters?" we asked.

"I believe everyone who has heard of the Command has asked that question," Major Miller smiled. "Only one dog has ever run home. Dogs are like children, in that they love responsibility. If for any reason a dog is left behind when the others go to work, he will indignantly chew his way out of his kennel to join the others and take over his duties. Their life involves both regularity and excitement. All in all, I think they like it."

The dogs wear the same kind of tags the men in service wear, with their name and "Fort MacArthur" on them. The name used is not their full registered name, but rather, the familiar one. Rin Tin Tin III becomes "Rin" to the Army. One mongrel known as Kaiser had to have his name changed to "Ky" before the soldiers could feel comfortable about working with him.

"How old are these dogs when you take them?" we inquired, noticing an older fellow. (Continued on page 51)



Hot and dingy tenements



where Mrs. Oliver lives

MRS. OLIVER sat quietly absorbed in thought in her small, dingy kitchen on New York's lower East Side. She sat staring blankly at a brick wall that rose within arm's reach of the room's only window. The window was open but no summer breeze came through into the stale, hot atmosphere of the kitchen. Mrs. Oliver's heavy, work-worn hands lay quietly in her lap, and in one of them she held a piece of paper. She was a small, dark woman, turning gray, with tired eyes and stooping shoulders. She sighed, and once more re-read the letter in her hand. She knew almost every word of the childish scrawl by heart.

Mont Lawn
July 15, 1942

dear mama.
it is wonderful up heer. wish you were heer to. there is a lot of trees and grass and flours and you can see the sky like you like to and the hutson river to. they feed us good and are good to us better than i thought and they dont make you do things like i was afraid of. today we played ball and our side won. i

Mrs. Oliver's Letter



By

Charles Downes

hit a 3 bagger and drove in 2 runs. you oughta herd them yell. you would like it hear to. the house we eat in they call fort plenty and you can have all you want to. wen i come hom i will tell you all about it. tell jimmy green i will write to him tomorrow. i am well and happy and hope you are the same. your son
John Oliver.

Mrs. Oliver folded her son's letter carefully and placed it in the large pocket of her gingham dress. It was the first letter he had ever written to her and she would always keep it. She stood up and went over to the kitchen sink. While washing her few dishes, her thoughts

wandered from the present to the past.

All her life she had worked hard, and had never been away from New York except once for a short week-end. That was on her honeymoon, the only interlude of real peace and happiness she had ever known. Her husband had taken her up the Hudson to his uncle's farm near Poughkeepsie. She would cherish the memories of that trip until she died: the spacious sky and rolling hills; the greenness of the grass, and the majesty of the great elm trees that shaded the old farm house; the clucking of the hens in the barnyard; the lowing of the cattle in the near-by orchard, and, the next day when it showered, the smell of the earth and the sound of the wind in the trees. . . . And the old people! They were good and wholesome, like their own homemade bread. . . . Her memories were more vivid to her than present actualities. And yet how far away they seemed!

Two years after that trip, a few months after Johnny had been born, her husband, a carpenter, had been killed by a fall at the construction job where he had been working. After that life was bitter, a dull routine of work, struggle and des-

peration. To give Johnny a chance had been her only thought. It seemed so hopeless in the slums. But she had worked and prayed and hoped.

Then one day Johnny had got into trouble. The young minister from the church had called on her. That had led to Johnny's first trip away from her, the journey to Mont Lawn. She missed him dreadfully, more than she would admit even to herself. But she was glad for his sake, gladder than he would ever know. She had told him stories about the country since he was a little fellow, and had filled him with something of her own deep longing for open sky and rolling hills, for the smell of the earth in the rain and the sound of the wind in the trees. Now he, too, would have memories to cherish in the long years ahead.

Leaving the kitchen, she walked into the semi-darkness of her narrow bedroom, a windowless cubby hole, like a closet. She put on her old straw hat, picked up her pocketbook and left the flat.

As she went down the dimly lighted, creaking stairway the mingled odors of boiling cabbage, fish and fried onions assailed her nostrils. Reaching the hot street, she paused for a moment and looked up and down the crowded thoroughfare. Women were leaning out of windows for a breath of air, men in their undershirts sat on the steps of all the tenement doorways, and swarms of dirty, ragged children ran and screamed in the roadway, dodging the clattering trucks and honking autos that passed through the street every few minutes. The dust and heat of the sultry July evening seemed like a weight.

As she walked down the street, she saw Johnny's chum, Jimmy Green, among the swarms of youngsters. She called to him. He walked toward her reluctantly. "I got a letter from Johnny," she told him. "He's going to write to you tomorrow."

"Yeah," he said, noncommittally. But his eyes brightened a little.

"He says it's wonderful up there," Mrs. Oliver continued. "Beautiful trees and grass and flowers."

Jimmy seemed unimpressed.

"He hit a three-bagger yesterday," Mrs. Oliver added quickly, "and his side won the ball game."

"Yeah?" Jimmy grinned. "He was always a good hitter."

Some of the boys called to him. He was needed in a game. "I gotta go," he shouted, and rushed off.

Mrs. Oliver went on down the street to the subway.

At the large office building where she worked she checked in with the night watchman and joined the other cleaning women who were getting their mops and pails and dusting cloths. For several hours she went through her usual routine from office to office, mopping floors and dusting furniture.

As she left the big law office in Room 1005, she took the pass key from her pocket. Unnoticed by Mrs. Oliver, Johnny's tightly folded letter clung to the key for a moment and then fell to the floor near the door inside the office. Mrs. Oliver switched off the lights and went on to the next office without being aware of her loss.

A short time later Mr. Carr, one of the partners of the law firm, who had been out of town, stopped off at his office to pick up his mail and place some precious papers in the safe before going home. As he switched on the lights his eye fell on Mrs. Oliver's letter. He picked it up and read it. One of the cleaning women must have dropped it he supposed.

With an odd expression, Mr. Carr walked into his private office, switched on his desk lamp and seated himself in his big, high-backed swivel chair. He was a large, florid man with heavy jowls,

a fringe of gray hair around his bald head, and good natured blue eyes that looked at you keenly through gold-rimmed spectacles. He re-read Mrs. Oliver's letter and then let his head rest on the high leather back of his upholstered chair absorbed in conflicting thoughts.

Mont Lawn. The Christian Herald Home for Children. Why hadn't he thought of it long ago? He owed it so much. He was ashamed of himself for his forgetfulness and ingratitude. His conscience smote him, and he made a clucking sound with his tongue. At the same time, clear but disconnected memories of his early life revolved like moving pictures in his mind.

How vivid some of those memories still were: the misery and loathsomeness of the slums; his first trip to Mont Lawn, where he had first learned that life could be something more than meanness, misery and filth. That trip had changed his life, had given him new hope and purpose. He remembered the cool, fragrant mornings that started with the raising of the flag; the hearty breakfast at Fort Plenty, the children's mess hall; the games and hikes and nature studies in field and wood; the spacious sky and rolling hills and the lordly Hudson flowing like a ribbon of gold in the distance.


(Continued on page 54)



Any one of these boys, with fresh clean clothes, paid for out of his mother's hard-earned wages, might be John Oliver. Can you pick him out?

THE FLAG SHOULD BE DISPLAYED IN EVERY CHURCH ACTIVITY TO REMIND ALL THAT CHRISTIAN MEN AND WOMEN ARE PROUD TO BE AMERICANS. THE TASK OF THE CHURCH WILL BE TO MAINTAIN THE MORAL SPIRIT OF THE NATION, NEVER TO ALLOW OUR CITIZENS TO FORGET THAT THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE IS BASED UPON WELL-DEFINED PRINCIPLES OF PERSPECTIVE AND BEHAVIOR

By RALPH SADLER
MEADOWCROFT

 NEW YORKERS enjoyed crisp wintry weather on Sunday, December 7. Many families got in their cars after dinner to take a ride into the country. I had to attend an evening service in a New Jersey suburb so a little before four we drove through the Holland Tunnel and out along the Pulaski skyway. The radio was turned on but had died away while under the tunnel. Then it sprang into life and a grim incredible voice was telling America that our nation had been violated. It was so startling, so unexpected that one could hardly believe it. A pause interrupted the voice and I looked over at my wife who was sitting with a far-away look in her eyes. We stared at one another and I blurted out "That means we are at war." She nodded and looked out again into the far distance. And the realization came that she was looking at the distant battlefields where American boys were to fight and fall and die because evil things were clutching at the throat of civilized humanity. She was thinking of the pain, the agony of hospitals and the anguish of women which was to come before we could drive a car again and listen only to music. But then I noticed something else. Her eyes were



What
MY
CHURCH
*is doing
to
maintain
morale*

soft with tears but her chin was hard and set for her face was a mirror of America, sad that bloody war was inevitable, compassionate for our loved ones who must suffer, but steely in the will that we shall not fail the high calling of those who are called to the defense of liberty and international decency.

So we continued on the way, passing many cars in which the occupants were still ignorant of the fateful hand which was even then writing their destiny. Our friends had not heard the news when we arrived and we sat with the radio as

a constant companion. By the time of evening service the news was becoming known and the congregation bowed in prayer for God's blessing upon our nation. Then we drove home into the bright-lit city, but over its tall fingers a thin pencil of light was searching the stars. It was practicing for a possible tomorrow.

At ten minutes past nine on Monday morning the first telephone call came in from a parishioner, offering extra help for the Church as we arranged to do our part in the great task ahead. By night the church program was adopted and several meetings were called to work out the details. And through the hours of that day the country was gearing up, in that most important of all departments, the soul. The amazement rapidly progressed to determination and that produced unity. Within a few hours of Pearl Harbor the words interventionist and isolationist disappeared and one title claimed us all—American. It seemed as if a new and vigorous spirit swept like a clean breeze through the over-heated corridors of our minds. By Monday noon when Mr. Roosevelt spoke for us we were proud to belong to our country and glad that we were reunited one to another, a nation indivisible with one spirit, one purpose and one job to complete.

During those first few days of war many clergymen and lay people, from Manhattan to the Pacific were thinking of the Church's task during the weeks

and months which will compose the history of America at war. Of course, the Church's everyday program will continue to function just as fully as ever. Indeed services of worship, social activities which bind individuals into wholesome community relationships will be increasingly valuable. Philanthropy will be more necessary for the grim danger of large social movements like a nation at war is that individuals are forgotten. Red Cross branches and other welfare organizations will be enlarged to accomplish two, three and four times the volume of work which is usually required. But the first thing the minister had to do was think out the distinctive purpose his Church must fulfill and I spent hours on Sunday night considering this most important question. Briefly the answer is summed up in one word, morale. For the preservation of morale is essential to the successful prosecution of the national will. Without it aeroplanes and tanks are useless accoutrements, the skill of a general staff is wasted planning and even a victory would be really a defeat.

Moreover, its maintenance is peculiarly the job of the Church. For morale is a spiritual condition and is dependent upon the inspiration and strengthening of those principles which are qualities of the spirit. If the churches failed in this task America would be a sick nation at the end of the conflict though victory resulted from the effort.

A sense of moral unity is now present. Regardless of our alignment as isolationists or interventionists we were not comfortable. Every loyal American admitted that Hitlerism is utterly opposed to our national way of life and that we repudiate it, root and branch. The isolationist denied the necessity of our involvement but no one has been able to deny the tremendous value of British resistance to the Axis for our own preparedness and future security. The interventionist not only admitted this value but felt America's neutrality was a policy of immoral refusal to take our full share of the task. The United States is the most powerful democracy upon earth. It smacked dangerously of cowardice to allow English, Yugoslavian, and Greek women and children to bear a burden in which we unquestionably possessed a large interest.

Our becoming one with these other defenders of a free civilization has taken the moral dilemma from the American mind. Now we are doing our full part, a part recognized by all. Senator Wheeler's quick reaction is as indicative of this moral unity as President Roosevelt's address to Congress upon the fateful session of Monday, December 8. We have the unity of being citizens of a nation which now takes its full part in the affairs of mankind.

But this vision and unity of rightness will not remain. As time goes by cracks will appear in its solid wall. Selfish interests of many kinds will reappear to

strain the national spirit. Super heroism from some individuals and groups, contrasting with slacking on the part of other individuals and groups will create uneven levels in national morale.

The task of the church will be to maintain the moral spirit of the nation, to never allow our citizens to forget that the American system is essentially a moral way of life, based upon certain well defined principles of perspective and behavior, and that a man is an American because he reflects the spirit of the nation. This more than anything else will preserve unity, for with vision the nation will stand secure.

Again, the Church must uphold the principle of America's purpose. The terrible danger of war is that one becomes as evil as those who start it. Incidents and outrages, defeats and setbacks stir primitive passions until principles disappear and victory becomes merely the animal desire to smash the foe. When that happens there is no pos-

THIS MONTH'S COVER

Our cover this month represents Greek Sponge fishermen at Tarpon Springs, Florida. The great Tarpon Springs Sponge Exchange is the largest in the world.

The fishing is done entirely by Greek divers, experts in that line. They are devout members of the Greek Orthodox Church, and no sponge boat sails without first being blessed by a Greek priest. The vessel, every member of the crew, and the cargo, must all receive the priest's blessing before they sail. Deck fixtures, engine, bunks, diving gear are sprinkled with the blessed water. That finished, the act of casting off is another ceremonial, performed by the captain himself. When all these ceremonies have been completed, at last the boat heads down the river, bound for the undersea gardens of that strange growth called sponges.

sibility of a real peace, but only a vengeful penal arrangement which guarantees the continuation of jealousy, lust and future wars. The actual purpose of America's conflict is not only to resist aggression but to determine the kind of world which shall follow the war. Mr. Roosevelt has stated it in definite terms. It depends largely upon the Church whether we shall fight Hitler by becoming Nazis or by remaining true to our own principle and destiny.

That principle is incorporated in the Four Freedoms, the eight point declaration of the Atlantic Conference and even more, in the traditional spirit of the American way of life exemplified in the preamble to the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, Lincoln's Second Inaugural and Gettysburg Address. All of these are the fruit of the humanitarian ideology of the Christian tradition. From that tradition they originated and receive their inspiration from its spirit. Thus the Church must continually remind America of that deep humanitarian spirit which flows from God and illustrate its practical applicability to the currents of social life.

Further the Church must keep the American mind upon the problem of the peace which all right thinking people desire to be permanent. Nor does this concentration upon peace hinder the war-effort. It is true that men fight for hatred and greed, but it is also true they fight even more determinedly for idealism and justice. The decisive conflicts are not those of exploitation and conquest but of liberty, the rights of man and the self-determination of nations. American morale will remain high as we remain consecrated to the principle of establishing a just and honorable peace. The war must be fought to provide the opportunity for such a peace but we must fight hating one thing more than Hitler or Japan—it is war itself with its colossal evils. Then a war-less world becomes an actual possibility.

Finally, morale requires the ministry of comfort and sympathy. As the months go by sorrow will enter many homes as men are wounded and killed. Men and women will travel distances away from home in the armed forces and nursing services leaving apprehension and loneliness in the hearts of those who remain behind. A problem of simple humanity of vast proportions will arise and morale will be aided by compassion. Citizens will continue to support the national effort even though broken in heart but they will give that support in fuller measure if they do not have to bear their individual burdens alone. It is simply not true that men work best when they are mechanical and without spirit. On the contrary, they work best as men in the full quality of humanity. That which maintains human spirit is valuable for morale and here the church is distinctly fitted to function. The atmosphere of a church building alone is helpful to just sit there for multitudes of people is to find comfort. The Mass to Catholics and Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to Protestants have tremendous value; while prayer is natural even to the unchurched. The Church is the most sympathetic organized group in the community for the principle of its existence is the culture of God directed humanness. And the minister is, with the doctor, the pastor of his community. He is paid a salary so that in addition to running his church and preaching sermons he can sit beside the community hearths and be a member of a hundred families which need him.

Having decided the purpose of the Church the next step was to plan practical means of fulfilling it. Obviously the first thing was to call the people together to pray. We did not wait until the following Sunday but planned a special service for Thursday morning and mailed a notice to all the members. Also we placed a notice on the church door inviting every American, regardless of creed or color, to join us. It was a service of the Holy Communion and across the

(Continued on page 49)



Marjorie's mother has a sense of humor

GROWING UP MOTHERS

*Old
and
Young*

By DOROTHY
CANFIELD
FISHER

AS THE passing years sweep one along, nobody is really surprised by gray hairs and grandchildren. Of course. But to become one of the "old folks," with nobody at all left in what has always been the "older generation"—that does occasionally take one's breath away. To have the younger and middle-aged kinsfolk turn to you to talk over intimate, puzzling personal relations, with the air of taking for granted that you are now so old you can't have any of your own—that's a little startling, until you remember how confidently you used to do just that with those who were the "older generation" to you.

But they are right. It is true that the passage of time, just long experience and observation of human life, do seem to have the settling effect on many murky human problems, which standing still has on a glass of roily water. The sediment slowly falls to the bottom, and the natural transparency of water reappears.

At least, that was my experience not long ago when, one after another, two kinswomen of mine, a mother and her married daughter, came separately to talk over with me what seemed to them an inexplicable shadow on their relationship. I felt—perhaps I was mistaken, see what you think—that with no effort on my part, just out of a longer experience of life, I saw right through the

shadows to the perfectly simple, perfectly avoidable causes of the difficulty. The mother is a woman of fifty, in excellent health, sensible, sane, full of good will. Since her son and daughter have grown up, married and gone away to homes of their own, she has devoted herself to what I have always thought a peculiarly fine form of welfare work. She is rather deaf, which hampers her in conventional social life, but neither she nor her husband (who delights in amateur carpentering in his leisure time) care a thing about playing bridge or going to parties, so this is no sorrow to them. Although their means are not large and she does all her own work, her housekeeping is of course much simplified now that she has only her husband to care for, and he away at his office all day. The hours free from homemaking, she now gives to the local hospital, located near her home. Not as a nurse, for she knows little about that profession, but as a "visiting friend" to patients who, without her, would have no friends to visit them. She spends four or five hours a day with the poorer patients. What does she do for them? What you do for a hospitalized brother or sister or son or daughter: she reads aloud to them, she writes letters for them, she talks over their troubles and anxieties; as they grow stronger she provides simple handiwork

to occupy their minds; she takes in an occasional bouquet of flowers from her home garden; she goes on errands for them; she sits by the bed as one of them sinks slowly into his last sleep, so that he closes his eyes on a friendly familiar face, and not on a blank wall; she sits in the waiting room with the haggard young father, devoured with anxiety about his wife, up in the delivery room; she is the one to shake his hand and wipe her own eyes in sympathetic joy when the busy nurse sticks her head in the door and sings out, "A boy. Everything Okay."

As you can see, she's a very nice person. And yet, when she goes to visit her married daughter, she rubs her the wrong way. Or something. She said she doesn't know *what* the trouble is. Marjorie, her daughter, is a fine woman too, and a good daughter. But over and over this happens: Marjorie writes her mother from the distant city where she now lives, "Do come to make us a visit. I want you to see how the children are growing. You won't know the baby."



Marjorie is someone else's wife and mother now

Her mother's heart is warmed by such an invitation. She arranges everything at home, takes out of her savings money enough to pay for the trip, has her hair done nicely, gets some new shoes, shortens (or lengthens) her skirts to be sure they are in fashion, and sets happily forth. She always comes back sooner than she planned, her pleasant face sober and bewildered. "I just get on Marjorie's nerves, somehow," she tells me sadly. "I try so hard not to be in the way too. I never even comment on the way she's running her home and bringing up her children, for fear she'll think I'm trying to boss her. I think she's doing a splendid job with her children—how much better her generation manages that than we did when we were young! But somehow whatever I do is wrong. Marjorie's face that looks so cheerful the day I get there, takes on little by little that dark troubled look—how well I know what that means, from watching her as a child. You remember those 'spells' she had when nothing anybody could do would suit her? Every day I'm there she gets more and more silent, more tense and irritable with the children—it makes me *sick* to think that I spoil life for her. But it's plain I do. When I'm there! The minute I get home, she begins writing those sweet affectionate letters again. And you know Mar-

jorie never pretends anything she doesn't feel. She must *feel* affectionate or she wouldn't write that way. Then why in the world. . . ?"

This into one of my ears. Into the other, Marjorie has often said in sad bewilderment, whenever I happen to see her, "I don't know what's the matter with me. I just love Moms. She's swell. But when she's around I get so gloomy, and sort of anxious, and unsettled, there's no living with me. The house looks awful. I'm tired all the time, and cross as two sticks! Why ever in the world. . . ?"

I thought I knew pretty well "why in the world"—but I couldn't think of how to say it, till chance put into my hand a concrete detail which it seemed to me might be the key to open the door to understanding for them. One time Marjorie told me honestly, "You mustn't think that Moms is bossy or critical or anything. She isn't. She never says a word to show what's in her mind. But I know her so well! I know what she's thinking from the very expression on her face. For instance—just to give you an idea—if there's one thing around a house that she simply despises, it's a table or a sofa set crossways of the corner of a room. She thinks that the furniture should all be set following the line of the floor-boards, or at right angles to it.

I've heard her say, many's the time, that a room with the furniture set on the bias fairly makes her seasick. Well, in our living room the only place we can put our davenport is across a corner. My husband loves it there because the light for reading is good. And anyhow, it's *our* house. Why shouldn't we have the sofa where we want it?

"Now Moms never mentions that. She doesn't have to! Every time her eyes fall on that davenport I know well enough what she's thinking, that it makes her seasick."

I had it! Just the example I needed. "Listen, Marjorie," I said, "talking with your mother the other day, I happened to ask her if you had kept that old davenport Uncle Elmer passed on to you. And do you know what she said? She thought for a minute and answered, 'I don't seem to remember anything about it. Marjorie *did* have it for a while, I'm sure. For I remember sitting on it on her sun porch once, with little Madge in my arms when she was a baby. But it's not on the sun porch now. They've got two new wicker chairs there. And if it is in the living room, I don't seem to have noticed it.' She apologized for her absence of mind. 'You see, my thoughts are so often on my hospital work in these years I *don't* notice things as I used to.'"

The astounded surprise on Marjorie's face would have done your heart good. She stared silently at me out of eyes as wide as saucers. "Well, for goodness sakes!" she exclaimed helplessly. "What do you know about that!"

"I'll tell you what I know about that," I said promptly. "I'll wager it was fifteen years ago you heard her say that about furniture-on-the-bias. What makes you think she still feels as she did then? How'd you like to have somebody assume that you are still simply crazy about roasted marshmallows as you were at twelve? And still considered dancing with a High School Senior the very top-notch of bliss as you did at sixteen? A mother is not an immovable, unchangeable object like a wheelbarrow, that you can leave for a year and find it just the same when you see it again. She's what you are, something living and growing, putting out new leaves, new branches, new flowers, new fruit. You try making a mental card catalogue of all the women your mother has been since you've known her. Your first memories of her were probably when you were five or six. She was then about as old as you are now—a young, untried, ignorant girl, struggling desperately to do her duty by her tremendous new responsibility for being the right thing to a husband—and to you and your brother. Call that 'Mother No. 1.' 'Mother No. 2' is perhaps the one you remember when you were twelve or thirteen years old, when she had just learned how to take care of you as a child, and lo and behold! you began to turn into a young woman,

(Continued on page 57)

DOORS OF DESTINY

By
Ralph W. Sockman

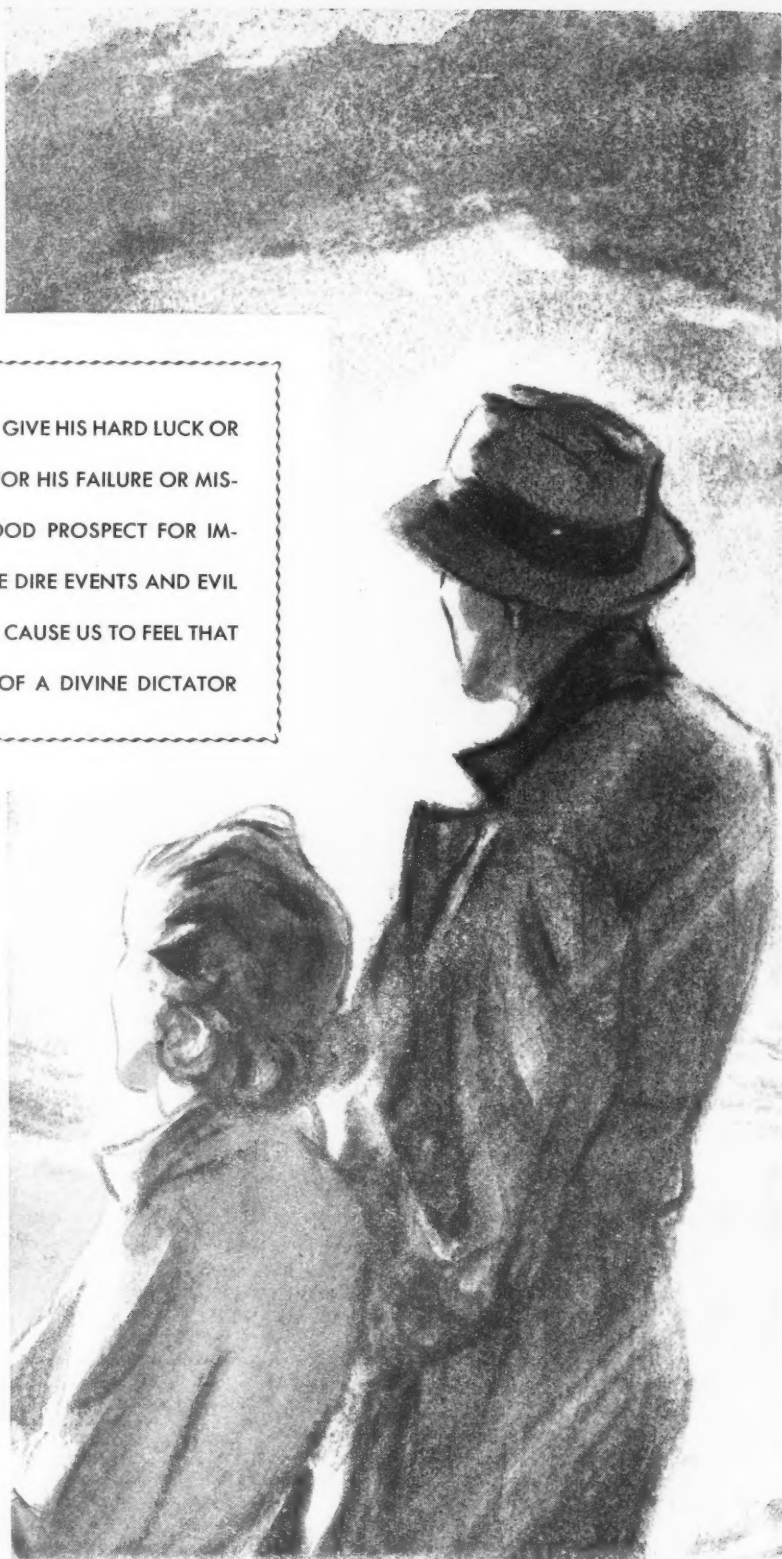
WHEN A PERSON BEGINS TO GIVE HIS HARD LUCK OR HIS BAD PARENTAGE AS THE ALIBI FOR HIS FAILURE OR MISCONDUCT, HE IS NOT A VERY GOOD PROSPECT FOR IMPROVEMENT. AND WOE IS US IF THE DIRE EVENTS AND EVIL TIMES ON WHICH WE HAVE FALLEN CAUSE US TO FEEL THAT WE ARE HELPLESS IN THE HANDS OF A DIVINE DICTATOR

SOME time ago a fine old gentleman of rich experience asked me this question: "What parts of the things which happen to us are caused by God and what parts are due to ourselves?"

Every thoughtful person has no doubt asked similar questions. How far do we ourselves bring on the events which befall us? Or how far are they due to causes beyond our control? That calamity which cut across our path—was it destined to be, or could we have avoided it? That opening which looms before us tomorrow—is it the leading of God or is it merely a place which we have made for ourselves? How much does destiny have to do with our lives?

In Nathaniel Hawthorne's notebook was found after his death the plot of a story which he never developed. It had to do with a person who considered himself the prime mover in certain remarkable events, but who in reality had not contributed in the least thereto, whereas another person had been the cause of the occurrences without ever suspecting it. If we could see beneath the surface of events, how surprised we should be to discover the causes and effects of our actions.

In the third chapter of Revelation there is a letter written to the ancient church at Philadelphia. It purports to come from God who says of himself that he "openeth and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth." Here speaks one who claims to control doors of destiny beyond the reach of man.



SERMON

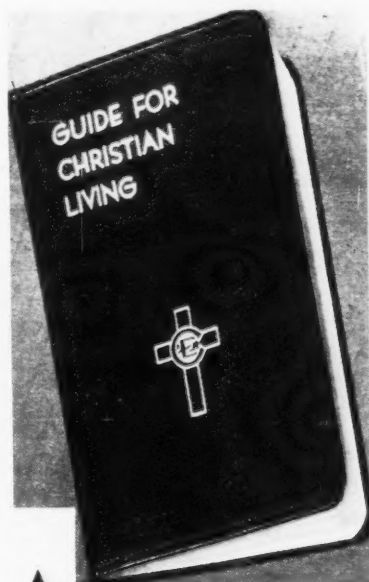
The idea of a Divine Doorkeeper, ruling and overruling the efforts of men, runs through Biblical history. We remember, for instance, that when Joseph's brethren sold him into Egypt, they considered the door to be closed upon him. But when Joseph had risen to power in Egypt and had saved his brothers' lives, he explained to them the reversal of his fortune thus: "As for you, ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good." And Joseph's case is but one of a multitude wherein God has thwarted men's evil intent. Yes, throughout the Bible we see doors of opportunity opening and closing, as if by a power beyond man's control.

And this idea of an overruling destiny is paralleled in other religious and racial traditions. The ancient Romans had a belief in three Fates. The Norse mythology also conceived of three Fates, called Norns. And the Orientals still make much of Kismet or Fate that plays such havoc with the plans of men. If we feel inclined to dismiss this belief in Fate or Destiny as belonging to mythology, we might listen to a spokesman of modern science, an eminent former professor at Columbia University, Dr. Frederic Petersen, who says that there are three sets of fates which affect the development of our lives. The first presides over our physical destinies, accidents, injuries, disasters, diseases, death, and the like. The second fate plays upon us through heredity. And the third fate is the racial and social environment in which our lot is cast.

Can we deny that these three sets of forces open and shut doors for us beyond our control? Consider the first—the forces which preside over our physical welfare. We may take every seemingly possible precaution to prevent accidents and yet accidents do occur, often through no fault of the persons injured. Jesus on one occasion referred to the eighteen persons on whom the Tower of Siloam fell and reminded his hearers that the victims were not sinners above the other citizens of Jerusalem. Disease too may often come to those who seem to have broken no more rules of health than their neighbors. Recently in a nice little Pennsylvania hotel I found on the wall of my room a bit of friendly greeting and advice. It was a card carrying the statement that thirty-six out of every one hundred persons now alive will die of preventable diseases before they reach their sixty-sixth year. Then it proceeded to give some fifteen rules whereby life could be prolonged beyond that sixty-sixth year. They were practical homely rules, such as: "Worry less, work more; Hurry less, read more; Smoke less, breathe more; Eat less, chew more; Grumble less, praise more." Good advice they were indeed, ending with this statement: "The above rules if carefully followed should carry one well into the eighties." And yet we know that many who try faithfully to follow those rules

will never reach the four-score milestone. There are doors to our physical welfare which seem to be operated by Him that "openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth."

Nor can we deny the second set of fates which affect us through heredity. A person has no control over his grandfather's conduct before his own birth. Yet the sour grapes which the grandfathers and fathers eat set the children's teeth on edge, and the sins of the parents are visited on their children unto the third and fourth generation.



A red-headed top sergeant with a New Testament in his hand approached a Chaplain with the words: "Can you tell me how to read it?" Because we think it is important that every man in the Service keep in close touch with his God, Christian Herald through the Chaplains of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps is helping to give every man a copy of a book that will be one of his closest companions—

GUIDE FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING

a pocket size book of devotional helps.

The first finished copy of this little book came to my desk this morning and we think you, too, would like to own one. It contains Familiar Passages from Old and New Testament; Prayer, What is it? When, Where and How to Pray? Prayers for many occasions; The Apostles' Creed; Christian Hymns (words); Devotional Practices under difficulties. Everything!

We will send you a copy of GUIDE FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING, postpaid for 50c.

CHRISTIAN HERALD BOOK DEPT.
419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

Enclosed is for copies of
Guide for Christian Living.

Name.....

Address.....

Also very real is the third set of fateful forces, those which play upon us through our racial and social environment. With all our boasted democracy and equality of opportunity, the boy born with a black skin faces certain handicaps which he did not bring on himself. The lad reared in the slum district with the street for his playground, has obstacles to hurdle which do not lie in the path of a youth born in a godly home and a clean neighborhood. In a number of *Harper's Magazine* about two years ago is an article under the caption "Born in Twenty-One." The writer deals with the unusually large crop of youth born in 1921, just after the World War, and points out the maze of difficulties which beset those who came into the world at that time. These difficulties find expression in the following lines written by my own son William some six years ago when he was seventeen. In the Class Poem at the Hill School he wrote:

"Our opening eyes have looked upon
The fires that consumed the lost generation,
And on each new horizon we discern
Old Chaos, wagging shaggy head,
And hear his laugh amid a bloody dawn.
We see, as you saw not, our fathers, in
your childhood
That by each man the ghost of failure
walks,
And that this ghost shall plead the better
case
Before life's arbiter.
We have been born, our Fathers, in a
time
When Progress means but wild experiment,
The symptom of despair."

Ah, who can gainsay the fact that thoughtful youth reared in the last decade feel themselves confronted by closed doors which were open to us, their fathers? And do not we who are older, sometimes feel that destiny has dealt us a hard blow in this last quarter century, packed with two wars and an unprecedented depression? True as it is that the world's present difficulties are due to the sins of men, nevertheless many an innocent individual will be caught in the suffering. We do seem to face doors which a higher power beyond our control "openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth."

And now in view of all this, what shall we say? Shall we, like Hamlet, bemoan the fact that we are born into times which are "out of joint?" Shall we become fatalists, viewing ourselves as victims of chance, of heredity, or environment? When a person begins to give his hard luck or his bad parentage or his tough situation as the alibis for his failure or misconduct, he is not a very good prospect for improvement. And woe is us if the dire events and evil times on which we have fallen cause us to feel that we are helpless (Continued on page 58)



Beyond the Purple Mountains



By
MARIETTA CARTER

Conclusion



SHE found she did not have the strength to mount, and when she felt the touch of Bird's strong body she leaned against her and sobbed out her relief and thankfulness on her faithful shoulder. She stepped into the water to wade downstream, but her feet kept slipping on the slick stones, and she repeatedly fell into the water, until by the time she reached the giant tree on the bank, she hadn't a dry thread left. She sat down and wiped the blood from her face, braided her hair, and wrung the water from her skirt and stockings, then feeling some stronger, she mounted and let Bird pick her way back to the main road. Once out in the open, she struck a gentle gallop and soon covered the three miles to the Bar Circle ranch.

As she rode up, two horsemen came out of the barn, "Who goes there?" Bert shouted.

"It's Miss Gray, and I want to see you," she answered.

"Why, gosh alive, woman! What are you doing here?"

"Well, I accidentally learned that the gang was taking out a bunch of steers on the Idaho trail tonight, so I watched for them and saw Lige and Slim with ten or twelve head. I saw them at the ford above Hi's on that old deer trail. He is in with them. I heard Lige say they have stolen fifty this year."

"Gosh amighty! We were on their trail—just starting out. But we thought they were starting about two o'clock. You go in and stay here tonight, and Harry and I'll get busy."

"Harry! Is that Harry? What are you

doing here?" she cried in amazement.

He lighted a match and drawing back his coat, displayed his star: the badge of a deputy sheriff. With a gleaming smile, "You'll trust me now, won't you?" Just then, in the dim light, he caught a glimpse of her scratched and blood-stained face, and cried out, "My heavens Darling! What has happened to you?"

"Oh it was only the thorn bushes," she answered.

Bert said, "I'd better get plenty of rope," and he went to the barn.

Harry caressingly drew her to him and tenderly wiped her face with his handkerchief, repeating again and again, "My dear, brave girl, I'm so proud of you."

She clung to him, saying, "I'm so thankful to have you back again, but I'm afraid for you tonight. You must be very careful, for I couldn't bear to lose you now."

Bert returned with a big coil of rope and Harry said, "Go in here and rest till morning and I'll send you word as soon as possible."

"No, I must go on home and get ready for school."

"Don't you dare try to teach today; you must rest," he said as they hurried away.

She rode on home, but felt too tired to unsaddle Bird, and threw the rein over a post and dropped upon the bed. With conflicting emotions of joy at Harry's innocence, and fear for his safety, she could not go to sleep.

About eight o'clock, Chuck, a young man from Rainbow End, who was not considered very bright, rode down to bring a message from Harry. He said, "Miss Gray, Harry wanted I should come down to tell you everything is all right. Harry and Bert nabbed Slim and Lige drivin' a dozen steers over into Idayho. I guess they're in jail by now. Walt vanished from view, an' a bunch with a big coil of rope are out lookin' for him high an' low. He's a gone goose if they catch him, fer they'll hang him up to the first tree they find. It was too much fer the ole man, an' he's in bed with a stroke or somethin'."

She thanked him for bringing the message and asked him to go down and tell the children there would be no school that day.

She spent a quiet, restful day, endeavoring to relax and gain her usual composure for school work the next day. While feeling relieved at the positive assurance of Harry's integrity, the thought of Walter's guilt and his dark future weighed heavily upon her mind. As dusk began to fall, she sat down on the bench in the front yard.

Suddenly a long plaintive cry pierced the air. It seemed to come from a point

near the cabin and she started up, thinking a child was in distress. It was almost immediately followed by another prolonged, agonizing howl, and she looked up at the bluff across the road. Standing on the highest point, clearly outlined against the sky, stood a lone coyote. He was facing the timbered hills, with his head thrust forward, as if trying to penetrate the denseness of the forest, and listening for an answer to his plaintive call for a mate. Again the long, weird call resounded across the canyon above the lonely, little cabin. With overwhelming poignancy, a picture of Walter flashed into her mind. She saw him—a lonely, hunted man; an exile without home or friends; a love-starved heart, calling for dear companionship and a home. Filled with sympathetic loneliness, and compassion for him, she sobbed aloud her sorrow, until darkness fell, and the pleading cries of the lonely wolf died away in the distance. . . .

With the information she had given them at Bar Circle, Bert and Harry rode down past Hiram's, where the hounds barked loudly at the sound of hoofbeats at that unusual hour of the night. They



galloped as rapidly as possible in the narrow trail, until they thought they must be nearing the bunch of driven steers, then rode more cautiously, listening intently. Finally, a short time before daybreak, they saw a gleam of light through the trees. They dismounted and leading their horses, approached near enough to see a tiny campfire. Lige was smoking by the fire, while Slim with his back to them, was boiling a can of coffee. The horses were nibbling at the brush nearby, and most of the cattle were lying down in a small opening just beyond. Dropping their bridle reins, they stepped forward with guns leveled at the two men by the fire.

In a loud voice Bert commanded, "Hands up." Both men reached for their guns, but hesitated when they saw the two guns pointed at their heads. "Don't move or I'll shoot," Bert said. "Now keep 'em up and move up together and Harry will unload you."

They did as commanded, and Harry clamped handcuffs on both men, and then took their guns and knives, and searched their pockets for other weapons. He helped them mount their horses and then tied their feet securely. He then tied the bridles of the two horses together. He and Bert each drank a cup of steaming coffee, and stamped out the fire.

Then mounting, he led the horses and Bert followed.

When they passed Hiram's house, the dogs seemed to sense something very unusual, and nearly went wild. Hiram appeared, with a lantern held high above his head and shouted, "What's all this?"

Bert answered, "We've caught two of 'em and we will get the rest later."

He staggered back into his house and dropped into his chair. A few minutes later Walter came down from the attic, and said, "Well, I guess the game is up! Do you want to try to get away with me?"

"No, there's no use: I'm all spent. Save yourself if you can." His face was a chalky white and he leaned back against the chair.

Walter sat for five long minutes, looking at the white face, and still not seeing it, then he arose, and placing his hand over the still heart for a moment, he went to a small bookcase, moved it, and from a small drawer at the back, he took a big roll of bills and slipped them into an inside pocket, muttering, "It is only my share." He carefully replaced the desk and went out, closing the door softly behind him.

Then getting his horse from the thicket behind the barn, he rode slowly up the hill. His shoulders drooped and his head bent low: a picture of complete defeat and despair. He rode slowly to the junction of the road, then, after a long, lingering look in the direction of Rainbow End ranch: the only home he had ever known, he turned his horse's head to the northeast, and urging him into a swift gallop, he headed toward the rugged breaks of the Snake River. . . .

When Harry called a few days later, Mary Ellen expressed her relief that the mystery had been cleared, and said, "Harry, tell me why you kept me in such suspense. Your actions were hard to understand, and so many were beginning to suspect you. It seems as if you might have confided in me; it would have spared me so much anxiety and heartache."

"I did want to explain to you, Mary Ellen, oh, so much! But George Bodin, the District Attorney, asked me not to tell anyone at all. Carl and I were acting as detectives, sort of 'plain clothes men' as it were. George had decided to clean up the gang once for all, and he appointed Carl and me to work secretly, with Jim and Bert. But you really broke the case, and you are going to get the reward."

That thought had never entered her mind, and she gasped, "Me! Why should I get it? Bert and you captured them."

"Yes, but you made it possible, and it has broken

up the gang, which is really what the reward was for. It has already been awarded to you, and is in the bank at your disposal. The trial will be only a matter of routine, and will soon be over. Carl and you are the principal witnesses. The boys will be sent up for a long term, and Walt, of course, is out of the scene and may never be caught."

She said, "I hope he may never be caught. He should have a chance to begin again."

Harry did not answer. Presently he said, "The round-up will be over in another week and then only four weeks till Thanksgiving Day—What then?" Taking her hands in his, his grave, questioning eyes searching hers.

She dropped her eyes and answered, "I am ready."

She asked Edith to substitute for her in school when she went in as a witness before the court. After the trial she talked with the District Attorney and told him she felt it was not fair for her to accept all the reward; that she would accept half of it, if they would give the other half to the three deputies who effected the capture, and to Chuck, who gave the inside information. He consented, in case it proved agreeable to the court, and felt sure it would be.

As they sat by the little cook stove in the cabin that November evening making their plans for the immediate future, the old radiance came back into his face and, unconsciously, was reflected in hers.

Smiling happily, she laid her hand on his, saying, "You are going to have an opportunity that few men have: that is a chance to make happy the two women you love most." He waited with inquiring eyes. "You see Grandma's heart's desire is to be back in the Valley that she loves, and mine is to have you know my father, and to give him a chance to know you—his splendid son. Since the reward has unexpectedly come to us, I would like to use a part of it for a wedding trip to the Valley. We could take her on through to Aunt Ellen's and spend the rest of the time at my old home. Now isn't that a perfect plan?"

(Continued on page 45)



By

NED CADY

IN THESE TIMES, WHEN WASTE MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS IS IN SUCH DEMAND FOR WAR PURPOSES, JUNK OF EVERY SORT IS READILY SALABLE, AND CHURCHES SHOULD NOT OVERLOOK THE MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES OF WASTE TIN, RAGS, WASTE PAPER, AND ALL OTHER WASTE MATERIALS.

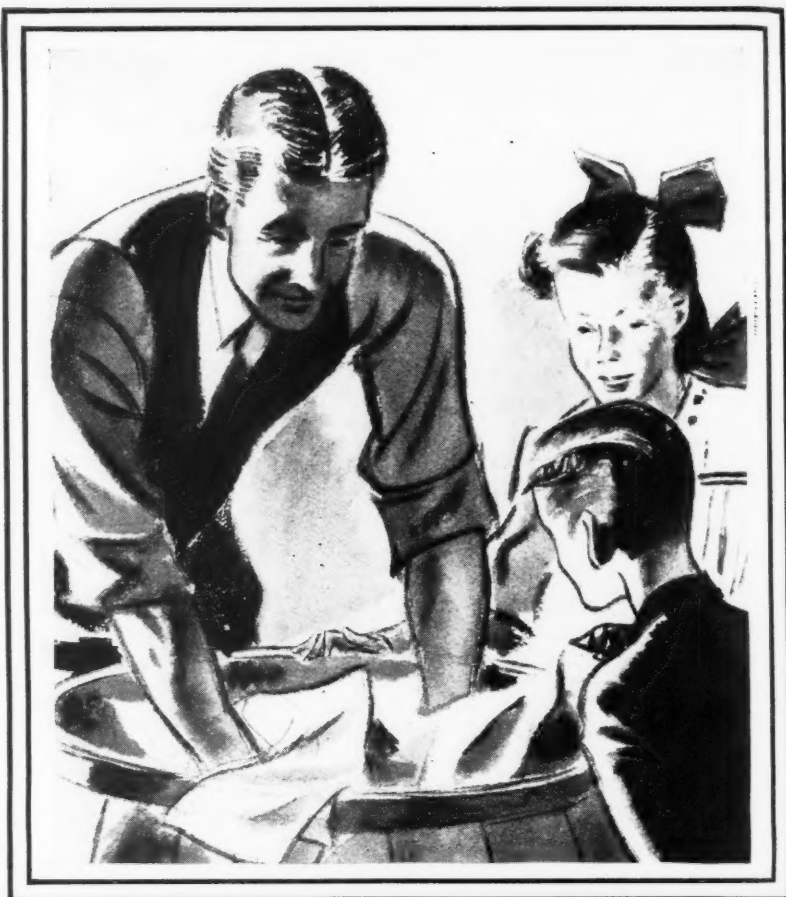
STICK a pin beside the name of the activity in your church for which a little money would come in handy. Write down the names of a few leaders who are willing to do a little work if the work is fun. Include a few folks of the common sense executive type. Mix well with studies of your church and its community.

This is the recipe for making money out of the piles of old paper, coils of old rope, bundles of rags, odd lots of rusty iron and other worn out items which are to be found in nearly every cellar, back yard and barn.

There is more than fun and money in the old junk piles. The industries of the country need that junk. The government wants it to be collected and sold through the regular channels of the junk trade. If you do not sell your junk now, you may not be able to get that new roof, felt rug, washing machine or what not which you will want next year. Junk is needed for national defense, too. Good junk salesmanship is good citizenship.

You need the dealer to tell you what to collect and how much to get for it. He can tell you how to make a little more by sorting, too. No two communities are exactly alike in these matters. Freight rates, the nearness of industries which use various kinds of junk, and similar factors, are different for almost every town. Learn about your town and you will avoid headaches.

The method of collecting junk depends upon how much money you want to make, your type of community—naturally things are done differently in the middles of big cities than in farm districts—and the amount of fun which you wish to mix with the work. Here



There is money in JUNK PILES

are a few plans. You may want to combine the best features of several.

The Salvage Lot. Find an empty lot or an old shed and let all church supporters bring their junk there. Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and other volunteer bands can make collections. When enough has been collected, sorting can be done. The sorting should be under the supervision of the junk dealer, by labor supplied by him, or by persons who need the work and a little pay, or by volunteers. The dealer pays spot cash.

The Weekly Collection. Printed or hand-painted signs with the name of the church on them, are supplied to members and friends. On a given day of each

week, trucks of the dealer go about the streets of the community. Folks who have junk ready on that day, hang out these signs where the drivers can see them. The drivers sign receipts at each house, weighing the junk on the spot and roughly classifying it so the receipts can be accurate. Payments are made direct to the committee treasurer by the dealer.

The Salvage Bee. On an appointed day the church families and friends bring bundles of junk to the salvage lot, or to a barn or some other gathering place. A picnic supper is served, the price of admission being a bundle of junk. Old clothes must be worn. All pitch in and

CHRISTIAN HERALD

sort the junk as instructed by the dealer.

The Junket. On an appointed day each family lays out the junk which it thinks saleable. A salvage committee goes from home to home, making suggestions for classifying and sorting, and rejecting what cannot be sold. Each family joins the committee after its own stuff has been inspected, so an ever larger group troops along as the session goes on. Songs are sung. Refreshments are served at designated points en route. In this way each family learns from all the others, and each successive Junket will produce more saleable junk than its predecessors.

The Scrapicnic. A church community picnic is arranged for a suitable date and spot. Before leaving home, each family puts its junk in some easily accessible spot around the house. Farmers and others having trucks come to the picnic in them. The women and old folks prepare the picnic lunch and get all ready for playing games, while the men get aboard the trucks and go out to collect the junk. Most of the junk can be taken directly to the junk dealer's yard for quick weighing and rough classifying. The head of the family which gave the most valuable collection is crowned king for the day. The woman whose family gave the most scrap rags becomes queen. The donor of the funniest bit or collection is court jester. Prizes are awarded and games are played.

The Scrapageant. To be used when telling how the Salvage Bee, the Junket or any other collection method is to be operated. A young man dressed up in bits of old newspaper recites: "Yesterday you could not wait to find out what I had to tell you. Today you are ready to burn me. But because you have saved me for the junk man, tomorrow I will come back to you as part of the new roof for your house." And a young lady, dressed in tatters of old clothes, recites: "Yesterday I was the latest style, the desire of every shopper. Today you were going to throw me out. But because you are passing me on, tomorrow I will come back to you as part of your linoleum carpet and you shall walk on me and admire my beauty for years and years. You put me through the wringer yesterday, and tomorrow you will mop me, but years after you have forgotten me you still will be washing me." Other characters will depict the uses of other scrap, and show why it should be saved and sold. The speeches can be made up by the characters themselves, or can be composed in advance by some church member who has creative talent.

Here are some hints on what to collect.

Paper usually is the foundation of every scrap campaign. And sorting can make paper worth more. Mixed papers, just as they come from the waste baskets, bring only the lowest prices.

Newspapers, if the rotogravure sections are removed, can be worth up to \$2.00 more per ton than mixed papers.

Some magazines can be worth from \$14.00 to \$15.00 more per ton than mixed papers. But you cannot tell which are the high-priced junk ones unless your junk dealer tells you. The values of their contents and the sizes of their circulation do not govern, but the kinds of paper on which it was most convenient to print is what fixes the junk value.

Corrugated and other Cartons, if in good shape, may bring more for returning to their original users than for grinding up into more fiber board.

If not in good shape, they may need

be easier. Old rope sells for two cents per pound in some communities, and hundreds of pounds of it are hanging in barns or lying on private junk heaps. Old mattresses can bring one cent per pound and more. Felt hats, feathers, anything which is fibrous has its value.

Iron and Steel scrap can be worth one half cent per pound or more. Higher prices can be had for the alloy steel parts of old automobiles, farm machines and the like. Pay no attention to how rusty a part may be; if it is clean iron free of tin plating it has its sales value.

Other metals such as brass, copper, aluminum and lead, are needed badly right now. Old tires and rubber are worth while in some communities.

With item after item, the value of the scrap depends upon how much of it is gathered together in one place, how well it is sorted, and so on. This is why a whole church community acting together can get much more for its junk than its families as individuals could.

The hard part about junk selling is, it requires planning and common sense. First things must be done first, or less money will be made than the effort deserves. And the very first thing to do, is to have the executive members of your committee find an honest junk man to advise you.

Honest junk men can be found, in spite of rumors to the contrary. There is no business in which honesty is so much the best policy, for the honest dealer gets the best stuff from his suppliers and the best prices from his customers. But there also is no business in which the temptations to dishonesty are greater, for most of those who sell junk do not know the

values of junk. Find an honest dealer; your community has at least one.

A scrap campaign can be no end of fun. And it can make money; \$1.00 per family is the very least which is to be expected if the campaign is run right. Furthermore, the campaign can be repeated again and again, getting better every time. But the very first step is to seek out an honest junk dealer and work with him. The campaign will save him enough on his ordinary expenses and will make him enough money to warrant his giving you the best of service. And when the dealer takes over most of the trouble, the church effort provides more fun with far more money.

So do not overlook the money-making possibilities of collecting and selling junk. At this time especially, all kinds of junk are in demand—tin cans, all kinds of scrap tin and other metals, rags, waste paper—all can be readily sold, owing to the demand caused by the war and our feverish preparations for it.



CHURCH

MONEY

HERE IS THE RECIPE FOR MAKING MONEY FOR
YOUR CHURCH IN WARTIME AND AIDING NATIONAL
DEFENSE IN A PRACTICAL AND INTERESTING WAY

sorting into Kraft and Jute ones. In one eastern market recently, Kraft brought \$27.00 per ton, Jute only \$16.00 per ton, while the mixed or unsorted brought about \$18.00. They are easy to tell apart; the Kraft when torn shows an even light brown color but the Jute is grayish white.

Rags, if sold as mixed rags, should bring about three cents per pound. But it is possible to sort rags into more than twenty different kinds, and some kinds are worth up to twenty-seven cents per pound. Soft woolen rags, such as old sweaters, may bring nine cents per pound while hard woolen suits with linings are worth only two. White cotton rags which are strong, large and absorbent enough for wiping oil from machinery, are called "wipers" and may be worth more than the mixed rag price. Get the advice of your junk dealer on how to sort rags.

Burlap Bags are undergoing such a shortage that the government wants printing left off from them so re-use will



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

SEPTEMBER 1942

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1

LIFE'S CHANGES

"THEY ALL SHALL WAX OLD AS DOTH A GARMENT."

READ HEBREWS 1:10-14

SEPTEMBER marks the waning year. But without the changing seasons, life would grow monotonous. It has been said, "Each season is relished because it is different from its predecessor. . . . A life of perfect calm, perfect rest, unchanging scenes would soon become unbearable." That is rather a novel thought. We fear life's changes? But God has willed them. And amid the changing, there is the changeless. Christ is the same, yesterday, today, and forever. And with Him as our Saviour and Friend, nothing can affright or dismay. So let us accept the changing world serenely, relying in all trust and confidence upon the changeless Christ.

For the changeless goodness laid up for us in Thy heart, O Lord, we bless Thee. Help us to put our confidence in Thee today. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

WORRY NOT!

"HUMBLE YOURSELVES, THEREFORE UNDER THE MIGHTY HAND OF GOD . . . CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM."

READ 1 PETER 5:6-11

SOMETIMES we worry ourselves unduly about things we cannot understand. We worry even more about things which are not worth worrying about. For example, a class was asked, "If it takes twenty men eight hours to mow a field, how long would it take seventeen men to mow the same field?" That, like some of life's harassing problems, might take considerable effort to solve. Yet the answer is plain. It would not take any time at all, for the field having been already mown, what was there left to do? Trust God with those small worries that fret.

Lead us into that quiet trust in Thee, dear Father, in which stress and strain have no place. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3

SCATTERING SUNSHINE

"YOUR HEART SHALL REJOICE."

READ JOHN 16:19-33

THANK God for the friend who leaves sunshine behind him. An unknown relates that of a friend, "He was with me twenty minutes, chuckling gaily while he stayed, o'er the memory of some silly little blunder he had made. He reminded me that tulips must be planted in the fall. Calamity and tragedy he mentioned not at all. I thought it rather curious, when he had come and gone. He must have had some tale of woe—but didn't pass it on."

Fill our hearts with such joy in Thee, O Saviour, that wherever we go, we may gladden other souls. To the praise of Thy name. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

SHARING THE PROJECT

"LABORERS TOGETHER WITH GOD."

READ 1 CORINTHIANS 3:1-9

A MASON, chiseling at a block of stone, was asked what he was making. He replied that he did not know, because he had not seen the plans. He was just working away, doing what he was told, shaping that stone according to his instructions. Evidently he had little interest in his work. But that is not so with us. We see the vision of the completed purpose of God. We may be assigned a small task. Yet it is an intrinsic part of the whole. Let us do our best today, whatever we are called to do—and do it for God.

Grant us the understanding heart and the seeing eye, O God. So shall we glorify Thee. Through Jesus our Lord, Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5

THE SECRET OF FAILURE

"I AM TEMPTED OF GOD."

READ JAMES 1:8-17

WHEN we fall into sin, when we fail of our best, we generally seek some

excuse. Charles H. Watts, the well-known writer, explains: "All of us who have not been orderly in our lives, have used perfectly good excuses and alibis as to the reason. But the fact of the matter is. . . something has failed in our life that should not have failed. The reason it failed is because we did not have our hand on the lever that regulates daily procedure." We were not on our guard, or took undue risks. Christ's path is always safe.

Deliver us from carelessness in the pursuit of our highest life. So shall we be kept from dishonoring Thy name. Through Christ, Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6

KNOW THE BOOK

"THY LAW DO I LOVE."

READ PSALM 119:161-168

SOME clever person has discovered an easy way to know how many books there are in the Old Testament. The first word has three letters, the second, nine—so thirty-nine books. For the New Testament, multiply the number of letters. Three multiplied by nine, gives twenty-seven. The two totals give the books of the Bible, namely sixty-six. Yet it is much more vital to know the books themselves. Start by reading the Gospels, one chapter a day, and it will surprise you how readily the contents can be mastered. Try regular and systematic reading.

Create within us a desire to know Thee more truly, as we may by knowing Thy Word better. Through Jesus Christ, Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7

THE HERITAGE OF LABOR

"I HAVE GIVEN YOU A LAND."

READ JOSHUA 24:11-17

WHAT a debt we owe to those who have gone before us. It is hard to appraise what labor has accomplished. Not so long ago, speaking relatively, where our great cities stand was uninhabited country; where our farms dot the landscape, was just virgin soil.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

where our highways run were only trails—and not always those; and where our railroads link city, town, and village, were the spreading prairies. The debt is enormous. Yet we can contribute our part to the true wealth of our beloved country, and to the enrichment of the race as we do our best in God's clear sight.

Touch our eyes that we may see life's opportunities, our hearts that we may feel the glow of Thy divine purpose. So shall our labor not be in vain. Through Christ. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8

THE DEMANDS OF DUTY

"WHY ABIDEST THOU AMONG THE SHEEPFOLDS?"

READ JUDGES 5:1-16

THERE are demands on one's time and strength which are valid. There are other demands which invalidate the personal because they are born of the Supreme. Paris, the son of the king of Troy, declined to help his country. When a messenger was sent to find out why he had remained behind, while his brave kinsmen were in the field, he feigned madness. But when we resist the Spirit's impulse to help others, when we decline to follow Christ, then we have almost as little reason. Why? Because we are not our own, but Christ's, and His service must be ours. Let Him dwell in us.

Save us from becoming engrossed in our own pursuits, for Thou, O Christ, hast need of us. Draw us into true discipleship through Thy grace, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9

PETTY CARPING

"WHY BEHOLDEST THOU THE MOTE?"

READ MATTHEW 7:1-8

WE ALL hate it, yet we all do it. We dislike people who criticize us and find fault; yet many of us indulge in that pleasant exercise of pointing out other people's mistakes. Someone asks, "Why does a woman say she has been out shopping when she has not bought a thing?" To which the retort is, "Why does a man say he has been fishing when he has not caught anything?" Yet, as we well know, the harmony of home, the happiness of friendship's circle, are often ruined by petty carping about the trifling. Try Christ's way.

O Thou who art our guide in the way of life, help us to copy Thine example in all things. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SEPTEMBER 1942

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

JUSTIFIABLE COVETOUSNESS

"COVET EARNESTLY THE BEST GIFTS."

READ I CORINTHIANS 12:21-31

WHILE covetousness is condemned when it comes to envying other people and what they have, we can covet life's enrichment and have the divine blessing thereon. Marcus Aurelius has some brave words on this. "Think not so much of what thou hast not, as of what thou hast. But of the things which thou hast, select the best, and reflect how eagerly they would have been sought if thou hadst them not."

May we set our heart in gratitude on the gifts we enjoy, and in earnest desire for those which Thou wouldst make ours, through faith. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

MAKE BELIEVE?

"ENDURE HARDSHIP AS A GOOD SOLDIER."

READ II TIMOTHY 2:1-13

SOME years ago, a replica of Columbus's ship was built. This was sailed from Spain by the exact route which the intrepid mariner followed. The first land touched was where Columbus set foot. And with the plainest fare and the poorest accommodation, the voyagers sought to endure what those pioneers had to face. All that was pure make-believe. They could not know the uncertainty, the fear of failure, which were inseparable from that first journey. When we are called to hardship and sacrifice for Christ's sake, however, let us take it seriously, and do our best.

Strengthen us by Thy grace, dear Lord. Fill us with Thy Spirit. So shall our life and service glorify Thy name.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

THE BEAUTY AROUND US

"RICHLY ALL THINGS TO ENJOY."

READ I TIMOTHY 6:11-17

NO ONE can walk forth through the countryside, in these fall days, without a thought of Carruth's words: "A haze on the far horizon, the infinite tender sky, the rich, ripe tints of the cornfield, and the wild geese sailing high; and all over upland and lowland the charm of the goldenrod—some of us call it autumn, and others call it God." That is indeed suggestive. With bountiful hand God supplies our common needs. Yet He also adds the fair scenes of earth, the love of dear ones, and all these He crowns with Christ, our Saviour.

Give us, O Father, the open eye, the

responsive spirit, the thankful heart. So shall we glorify Thee in Christ Jesus.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

LIFE'S PERPLEXITIES

"YE HAVE NEED OF PATIENCE."

READ HEBREWS 10:32-39

LIFE is strangely puzzling sometimes for the Christian heart. But it is even more puzzling for the non-Christian. What mystifies us now will one day be made plain. We were asked who was Tahsom Fensjerof. Even when we were told he was a president of the United States that did not help. But the patience solved the problem. Our friend had jumbled the letters a trifle, but when rearranged they spelled Thomas Jefferson! So patience and faith, dear heart. God will make all things plain.

"Not now, but in the coming years, it may be in the better land, we'll read the meaning of our tears, and there, sometime, we'll understand."

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

DANGER POINTS

"PRESERVE ME FROM TROUBLE."

READ PSALM 32:1-8

DRIVING your automobile by night, you may come to a sharp curve, a railroad crossing, a perilous intersection. Yet there are warning signs. They are not illuminated of themselves, but are so constructed that the headlights make them gleam brightly in the darkness. God has given us the means by which we may be saved from sinful snares and subtle dangers. The inner light of conscience illumines the danger sign, and the obedient are safe. Yet just as the headlights must be burning to reveal the warning, so the light of the soul must be kept bright by prayer.

Save us, O God, from self-sufficiency and carelessness about the safeguards of our peace. So shall life redound to Thy glory.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

A CHALLENGE

"INASMUCH AS YE DID IT—DID IT NOT?"

READ MATTHEW 25:31-40

DR. BARNARDO, the friend of destitute boys, found a homeless lad in London. After he had fed the boy, he was amazed to learn that there were hundreds more like him. Barnardo could hardly believe it. But the boy volunteered to show him where these waifs slept, under the arches of bridges, in

(Continued on page 41)



Religion in EDUCATION

WHAT is the stumbling block to education in religion in the common schools and State universities? It is the false assumption that it cannot be done and at the same time keep the Church and State legally separate. If you ask almost any man or woman anywhere in America about religious instruction of children in the public schools, the answer is quickly volunteered that it is illegal and unconstitutional and that it can be done only at the cost of sacrificing our legal principle of religious freedom. Nothing can be done about it. This finality is aggravated, too, by a second false assumption that education is one thing and religion quite another. Education is something to be attended to by educators, in schools, separated from religion, which is something conducted by ministers, in churches. That practice, which has been followed in America for but two short generations has tended powerfully to make religion and the self-discipline which religion makes possible unimportant in education. And what is unimportant in general education becomes an unimportant concern of life after a very few generations. A statement, therefore, of our historical background is pertinent to the conclusions reached in this report that something can be done legally about teaching religion in the public schools. In fact, it seems from our history it is essential to the preservation of that self-discipline of people which was presupposed in our principles of self-government.

By 1790 in our country the separation of Church and State was legally effective, generally speaking. After that date there were only four States that extended state aid to "established churches," and that lasted only a few years. Even these States recognized free churches.

From the beginning, and for 100 years after 1790, our common schools were themselves religious institutions, in the reasons for their foundations, in the manner of presenting the materials of education and in their whole philosophy and purpose. Yet our common schools were public schools.

They were supported by contributions, by tuition and by voluntary assessment in the earliest times. Ordinary taxation

By Ralph W. Gwinn

MR. GWINN, who is a Trustee of the International Council of Religious Education, has, from time to time, written for publication and made reports to that Association, on the legal rights of school boards to carry on education in religion in the public schools and colleges. In this article he makes some observations on dismissed time from the school for instruction by church organizations outside of the public schools. What is more, he cites the historic background of the American way of life, which makes it necessary that we should, wherever the educational process is carried on, make religious disciplines and the making of our religious concepts the central theme of that indispensable process

• • •

supported some of the common schools even before the legal separation of Church and State. Their fundamental purpose was religious instruction, both before and after the legal separation and both before and after taxes supported the schools.

The common school took its name from the fact that it was organized to teach those concepts commonly accepted by all religious denominations, not from the fact that it was a school for the "common people," although of course it was that also. There is nothing in our fundamental law which presupposes that it is necessary or desirable for the State to favor no belief in God and the Moral Law in order to achieve religious freedom. That is a European theory. The exact opposite was assumed at the beginning of religious freedom here, and for a long time thereafter. In fact, belief in God and in self-discipline under His laws was the very basis of our political freedom itself. The Bible was commonly accepted as the revelation of God and His laws governing human conduct, and the Bible could be used without offending against the principles of religious freedom of any sect, because the Bible was used in common by all our churches of different denominations. It was not regarded as sectarian. There was no suggestion in any law case that the Bible might be regarded as a sectarian book until after 1870. It was the one Reader from which all pupils learned to read, down to 1790. After that it was the foundation on which Noah Webster's and later McGuffey's graded Readers were composed.

The overwhelming majority of our founding fathers, and those who came after them for two hundred years, had a religious philosophy of life. It was natural, therefore, that the philosophy of education, on which the common school was founded, should be religious. In fact, the right to learn to read and understand the Bible was the "religious freedom" which most of our ancestors came to America to seek. All of our colleges down to recent times were organized and endowed to teach the youth religious disciplines according to the American conception of the good life. No State and no Church cared to stop them from learning to read the Bible and understanding it for themselves.

A consideration that should be especially noted is that while the common schools were religious organizations, they were in no sense church organizations. These schools sprang from a spontaneous desire of the people of various creeds that all children should learn to know right and wrong as revealed in the Scriptures before they took their places as adult members of the communities. Early in colonial life, communities were formed here that could not be united in a common church, because of sectarian differences. They did unite, however, in forming common schools. The school boards consisted of members from different churches. These schools were no less religious institutions because they were not controlled by any church. They were controlled by religious communities.

The early American felt very deeply that every child, because he was made in the image of God, had a right to be taught to read and write and cypher (Continued on page 46)

(Continued from page 39)

alleys and doorways. What looked like a heap of rags, in every case, was a boy. That is how the great remedial work began. We may not achieve that, but how about helping some one soul, cheering some one heart, blessing some one life for Christ's sake? We can do a lot.

Touch our hearts with compassion for the unhappy and unfortunate around us. So shall we express our love to Thee through them. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

"THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE."
READ PSALM 118:14-25

TO START the day in the right spirit, with that contact with the unseen which prayer gives, means much. If the golfer does not get a good drive from the tee, he finds himself in a mess of trouble. If the athlete does not get set, ready for the starting signal, he stands a good chance of losing the race. So start the day well. With high resolve to use this new day to God's glory, to mark it with some kindly deed, to crown it with some task honestly faced—that makes it plain: a good start means a worthy finish.

Fill our hearts with courage and hope for today. Sufficient shall be Thy grace. Help us to trust Thee, through Christ Jesus. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17

"THE INWARD MAN IS RENEWED."
READ II CORINTHIANS 4:11-18

WHEN we start counting up our handicaps and grow discouraged, it might be well to remember that both Nelson and Napoleon were relatively small men. Alexander the Great, despite his grand-sounding name, was a hunchback. Aesop, the weaver of such thrilling romances, was deformed. Milton was blind. Beethoven was deaf, as was also Edison. While Robert Louis Stevenson could say that for eighteen years he had never known a day's health. How do we face life? Cravenly—or courageously? Victory comes through Christ. Prayer means power.

O Thou who knowest our limitations, help us to know also Thy love. So through Christ shall we triumph over self and circumstances. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18

"THOU, LORD, HAST NOT FORSAKEN THEM."
READ PSALM 9:1-11

AN OLD legend tells of the death of Hippolytus. The goddess, Artemis, came to the dying man. But when she saw the marks of death upon his face, and heard the rattle in his throat, she gathered up her robes and fled. His devotion to her cause did not warrant her in staying by his side in his hour of need. Compare that with the unflinching companionship

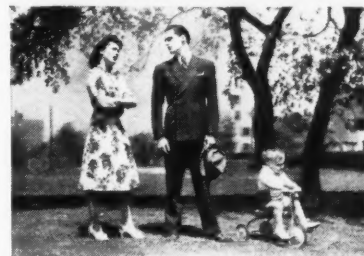
(Continued on page 59)

"A Little Lord Fauntleroy! That's what you're turning him into!"



1. When Joe said *that*, I was upset. But what hurt even more was when he added something about my "fancy college ideas." You see, I went to college and Joe didn't. We'd never let it come between us, until this time

he'd decided I was spoiling young Jimmy. "I suppose," he went on, "you studied scientific child raising. Sissy raising, I'd call it, with all these special folderols you get! Special soap, special powder...and now a special laxative!"



2. I tried to keep my temper. "College has nothing to do with it," I said. "Your sister's a nurse and she's the one who told me that a child's delicate system *needs* special care. She said you don't give a child adult foods..."



3. "Because a baby's insides are more sensitive, more easily upset. And what's true of foods is true of a laxative. Sis said to give Jimmy a laxative that's made especially for children—Fletcher's Castoria."



4. "A doctor she worked for approved Fletcher's Castoria because it's so gentle and mild...safe, yet effective. And because it isn't apt to cause griping or upset digestion. But look...let's stop and ask our druggist."



5. The druggist told us more about Fletcher's Castoria. He said that it works almost naturally in from 8 to 12 hours, so it can be given at night and won't interfere with sleep. Then he suggested the money-saving Family Size.

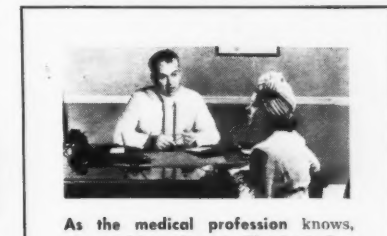


6. And what convinced Joe completely was the way Jimmy took Fletcher's Castoria. No fuss, no struggle. Jimmy loved the taste. "You're a smart girl," said Joe with a smile, "even if you did go to college!"

Always take a laxative as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't apt to disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.



Combine cooked lima beans with shredded salmon. Mix in chopped pickles and diced cucumber and blend with French dressing for a main course luncheon salad




The legumes—their names are legion



Individual servings of the lima bean feast

The Bean Family STEPS OUT

By CLEMENTINE
PADDLEFORD

 BEAN pots relegated to top pantry shelf are coming down and into use again. The government has ordered beans out of tin cans for the war's duration. Dried beans can be prepared at home and economically. Dried beans will keep in perfect condition and almost forever in a cool, dry place, in a tight bag or can to shut out dust, bugs and mice. Dried beans pack well, ship well. So why give them can space when tin is the crying need of the nation? But even before tin can rationing home baked beans were returning to favor. Economy in part had dictated the move but nutrition is an equally important factor.

Legumes are the richest source of vegetable protein. At the same time these dried nubby things, including the dried beans of a dozen kinds and split peas and lentils, are all high in minerals, iron particularly, and a good source of the B vitamins. Legumes are the world's most acceptable meat substitute, coming the nearest to meat, eggs, milk and cheese as body builders. That's why they are so good as a main dish now and then.

And virtuous as it may seem to serve the legumes, there's yet a better reason. Their cookery has developed into a fine

art through the years. No one who knows the legumes need ever be bored. Any one of the dozens of kinds will serve as a point of departure for something new for a hearty dish dinner. Their names are legion. Among the beans are the lima, the baby lima, navy beans, the kidney, both the red and the white, yellow eye and black eye, pea beans, the bold black turtles, the western pintos, the great northern, the cranberry, the white marrow and the odd garbanza, wrinkled like a cashew nut.

Lentils are raised in limited quantities in this country, but the bulk of these used come from Chili, but before the war a considerable quantity was brought in from the Mediterranean basin. Two kinds of lentils are important in commerce, the French and the Egyptian. The French lentils vary in color from yellow-grey to dark brown. The Egyptian lentils are a bright orange.

Don't overlook the dried peas. Again variety—black-eyed peas, whole yellow peas, green split peas, yellow split peas.

A surprising number of these legumes will be found on your local grocer's shelf—and two items are always in plenty. From New York's Park Avenue to the chuck kitchen of the western plains—California limas and the navy beans hold forth. You know the navy beans. But do you know the many uses and the nut-sweet quality of the California

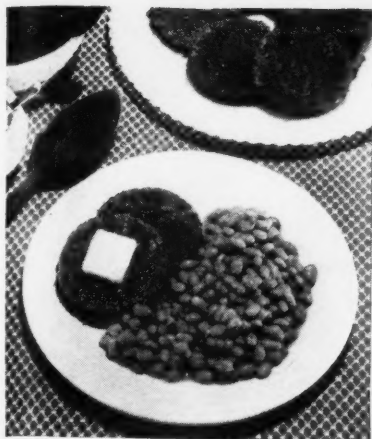


Lima turnover, crisp and brown, each serving prepared individually.

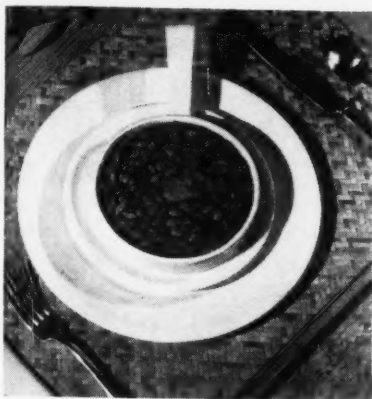
limas? These are shipped to every state in the Union, both the large lima and the baby, the tiny bean a different variety, by the way. Limas are a very special kind of bean, differing from other members of the bean family in cultural requirements. They need a certain kind of soil and are particular about the weather. Certain parts of California suit their temperament exactly and from these limited areas come practically all of the dried limas which find their way to American tables.

Virtually the entire California lima crop is marketed in dry form. One good reason is that limas are most nutritious when dried. Only when fully developed on the plant do they attain their maximum food value and flavor. There is a decided economy advantage too in marketing the limas dried. Harvesting costs are less. Plants are simply pulled, sun dried and threshed, and since the moisture is out there is a tremendous saving

CHRISTIAN HERALD



Boston baked beans, a truly American dish. The old favorite has a new-found flavor served with all-bran brown bread.



Serve a bean bowl supper to fill up the crowd.

in freight costs. Each pound shipped represents approximately three pounds of concentrated food.

Star the limas in a main dish at your next money-making church supper. How about this lima ham loaf or the fat turnover; or serve a lima spaghetti feast. Few foods in the economy class are so distinctly flavored, so tempting to the appetite as plump California lima beans. And surprise, they are easy to prepare. Put them to soak in cold water in early morning. Then an hour before dinner, drain, cover with boiling water and cook slowly until tender, about 30 minutes, add salt just before the beans are removed from the heat. If the limas are to be used in other dishes, soak them over night to cook in the early morning then use them as you wish in casseroles, creamed dishes, croquettes, loaves or meat combinations. For home meals a good idea is to cook up a pound or two of limas at one time and store in the refrigerator to be ready for various dishes as needed.

There is no more truly American dish than baked beans. Records from the first New England colonists tell us about the Indian custom of baking dried beans in a hole in the ground. Maple sugar and certainly mustard and salt pork was the

(Continued on page 44)

Kate Smith swaps stories with Mr. Angell of Erieau, Ont.

THE THOMAS ANGELLS of Erieau, Ont., have a son in Canada's Royal Air Force. One day Mrs. Angell decided to make a cake for his birthday.

Mr. Angell writes: "When my wife went to get the brand of baking powder she has used for years, it was minus. Then suddenly she remembered she had a can of Calumet put away and, Miss Smith, she tried it. When I came home she said, 'Tom, just lift that cake!'

"And I honestly say, it was so light I made the remark that it will not take much postage to send it!

"We asked my son what he thought of the cake, and he said it was grand. The other boys also sang its praises. Calumet will be in the Angells' cupboard from now on!"



"IF YOU THINK Calumet makes good cakes," writes back Kate, "tell Mrs. Angell to try it in her hot breads, too. They'll turn out soft and airy as clouds!

"You see, Calumet acts *twice*—once in the mixing, and then again in the oven—and that gives you biscuits and muffins light enough to melt in your mouth!

"Speaking of muffins, I've got a new sugarless recipe that's simply grand. I'll send it along so that Mrs. Angell can give your son a hot breakfast treat next time he's on leave!"

★ Listen to "KATE SMITH SPEAKS," C B S Network

BRAN MUFFINS OR GEMS

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| ½ cup water or milk | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup Whole Bran Shreds | 1 egg, well beaten |
| 1 cup sifted flour | ¼ cup molasses or honey |
| 3 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder | 3 tablespoons melted shortening |

Pour water over bran and let stand 5 minutes. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg, molasses or honey, and shortening; add to bran mixture, mixing well. Add flour, beating only enough to dampen all flour. Bake in greased muffin or gem pans in hot oven (425° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Makes 12 muffins or gems.



FRUITED BRAN GEMS. Add 1 cup raisins or finely cut prunes to flour mixture.

(All measurements are level.)



CALUMET
THE DOUBLE-ACTING
BAKING POWDER

(Continued from page 43)

USE KERR MASON JARS and CAPS
...for all your home canning. Easy and quick...they are better. Demand KERR MASON "Self-Sealing" Jars and Caps...millions of satisfied homemakers do. KERR MASON CAPS FIT ALL MASON JARS...**"SELF-SEALING"**...No Rubber Rings Needed

FREE "MODERN HOMEMAKER" • 24 pages......recipes, instructions, 100 Victory Canning labels. *Send for yours NOW!*

KERR MASON JAR CO.
120 Title Insurance Bldg. • Los Angeles, Calif.

Kerr MASON JARS and CAPS
Always Dependable

Earn MORE Money This Christmas
with our "Bible Text Special"—50 beautiful Christmas folders imprinted with name and choice of Bible verse. Sells for only \$1.20. Nothing else like it. Christians appreciate. Liberal commission. Also, our complete line, Greeting Cards, "Sunshine" plaques, Calendars, Bible Games, Novelties, etc., pays good profit to yourself or your organization. Send for returnable samples, and free Display Packet on "Bible Verse Special." (Our large agent's Book and Bible catalog included free on request.) Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today.

C. W. Boyer, 2101 Windsor Rd., Dept. CH-9, Dayton, Ohio

EXTRA MONEY for Yourself, Club or Church

SELL Christmas CARDS

BIGGEST PROFITS with America's finest 21-folder \$1 Christmas assortments. Also unexcelled Religious Scripture Text, Etching, Birthday, Every Day and Gift Wrapping assortments, Personal, Samples on approval. Robinson Cards, Dept. 214, Clinton, Mass.

Make PILLOW CASES, SCARVES, VANITY SET

BEAUTIFUL, NEW LADY-IN-CROCHET

MAKE A COMPLETE SET

Easy TO EMBROIDER and CROCHET

Embroidery Floss, Crochet Cotton, Instructions Included

No. 732—The newest, most appealing and unique design of years. Beautify your bedroom with this novel, charming set. Easy to embroider. Skirt and edging to be crocheted in simple stitches in choice of Pink or Blue. Choice of Pillowcases, 42x32 in., hemstitched and stamped on fine tubing; Scarf, 18x36 in.; Scarf, 18x45 in.; or Vanity Set, each article hemstitched on fine white art cloth. Your choice of any of these articles, with everything to complete, \$1.00 postpaid. Make the entire 4 piece set, only \$4.00. Order by number and state article wanted. Satisfaction assured or money back.

FREDERICK HERSCHNER CO.
308 S. FRANKLIN STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Choice OF EACH ARTICLE \$1.00 POST PAID FOUR PIECE ENSEMBLE ONLY \$4.00

Pilgrim mothers' improvement on this Indian fare. While baked beans are indigenous to New England, they belong by adoption to all America. Even down East opinions vary as to the relative merits of various beans. Some say pea beans, others vote for navy. Soldier beans too have their following as do a host of others. So, too, the cooks differ in their manner of seasoning. However, it can be said without fear of contradiction that soaking the beans overnight and boiling them first is a necessary step toward the perfected dish. Then comes seasoning to your taste. But no bean ever had better flavor than those layered with salt pork and molasses, an onion buried in the bottom of the pot, a bay leaf hidden here and there, a sprinkling of English mustard now and again. Black pepper? Yes. And to top it all a gashed piece of pork stuck into the beans until just even with the top. Here's a recipe that has gone to New England church suppers since the first community meal.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS

3 quarts navy beans	1/2 cup brown sugar
1/4 cup salt	2 pounds salt pork or
1 tablespoon mustard	bacon
1 teaspoon pepper	1 quart tomato puree,
1/4 cup molasses	concentrated
1/4 cup vinegar	2 cups water

Pick over the beans; wash and cover with cold water. Let soak over night. In the morning drain the beans; cover with boiling water and cook until the beans are tender. Mix the seasonings together; add the molasses, brown sugar, vinegar, tomato puree and water. Mix thoroughly with the beans. Cut salt pork or bacon into 1-inch cubes. Pour beans into baking pans or bean pots. Sink cubes of fat into beans. Bake very slowly in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 2 to 3 hours, or until beans are well flavored and browned. Add more water if necessary during the cooking. Yield: 50 servings.

ALL-BRAN BROWN BREAD

1 cup all-bran	1/2 cup sugar
1 cup sour milk or buttermilk	1 cup flour
1/2 cup raisins	1 teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon molasses	1/2 teaspoon salt

Combine all-bran, milk, raisins, molasses and sugar. Sift flour with soda and salt. Add to first mixture, stirring until flour disappears. Pour batter into greased cans; cover tightly and steam for 3 hours. Yield: 2 loaves (3 inches in diameter x inches).

LIMA AND HAM LOAF

2 quarts cooked dried limas	3 tablespoons minced onion
1 quart ground ham	1/2 cup melted butter
2 cups chili sauce or catsup	2 quarts cracker crumbs
16 eggs, beaten	1 1/2 tablespoons salt
	1 teaspoon pepper

Rub limas through a coarse strainer. Add ham, chili sauce, eggs, pepper, salt, minced onion, butter and cracker crumbs. Shape into a loaf, place in a buttered pan in a moderate oven (360° F.) and bake for 30 minutes, basting occasionally with melted butter. Serve with brown gravy. Yield: 50 servings.

LIMA TURNOVER

3 pounds dried lima beans	2 cups finely chopped onions
5 quarts chopped cooked potatoes	2 tablespoons salt (approximate)
2 1/2 quarts chopped cooked carrots	1 teaspoon black pepper (approximate)

DO Your PART CAN NOW!

Look Ahead!...Can next winter's food NOW! USE KERR MASON JARS and CAPS...they are easy, quick and sure. Kerr Mason Caps fit All Mason Jars. No rubber rings needed.

FREE...**"MODERN HOMEMAKER"**...24 pages recipes...instructions...100 Victory Labels. Write today.

KERR MASON JAR CO.
121 Title Insurance Bldg.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Buy KERR MASON Today!

SERVICE HONOR ROLL

A beautiful roll for the Church furnished in National colors—framed and glazed. Removable name cards. Made in two sizes. Priced within the reach of every Church. A patriotic necessity! Also flags—U. S. and Church. All sizes—low prices.

Write for details and prices.

Also request Free copy of our New Fall Catalog of Church and Sunday School supplies.

WM. H. DIETZ, Dept. 51, 10 S. Wabash, Chicago

"A REMINDER TO PRAY"—FOR THE BOYS IN SERVICE

A beautiful roll for the Church furnished in National colors—framed and glazed. Removable name cards. Made in two sizes. Priced within the reach of every Church. A patriotic necessity! Also flags—U. S. and Church. All sizes—low prices.

Write for details and prices.

Also request Free copy of our New Fall Catalog of Church and Sunday School supplies.

WM. H. DIETZ, Dept. 51, 10 S. Wabash, Chicago

Christian Greeting Cards

For Sale or for Personal Use

New, attractive CHRISTMAS and EVERY DAY Greetings with worthwhile sentiments, many with Bible Texts—in great variety of artistic settings—the type of Greetings Christian people are looking for. Cards that are different—yet found in stores—boxed and Unboxed—good profit—No investment necessary. Catalog and Sales Plan on request.

FEASE GREETING CARDS, Inc.
264 Laurel St. Dept. H Buffalo, N. Y.

MAKE EXTRA CASH QUICKLY

Money For You Every Day! Take orders for Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, 50 for \$1. Amazing sellers! Show other big values—24 Christmas Card Assortment, Religious Etchings, Gift Wrappings, all \$1 sellers. Big Deluxe Personal Line. No experience needed. Special plan for clubs, churches. Write today for FREE SAMPLES.

WETMORE & SUGDEN, INC., Dept. 363
740 Monroe Avenue Rochester, N. Y.

10 Fast Selling New Box Assortments

Sell Personal Christmas Cards WITH NAME 50¢

Wash, pick over and soak beans over night in water to cover. Drain, cover with cold water, bring to boiling point and simmer until tender. Drain again and mash. Mix other ingredients in lightly, seasoning to taste. Cook to order, one cup at a time. Shape into a round flat pancake on a hot greased griddle and brown well. Fold over and serve as an omelet. Yield: 50 portions.

LIMA SPAGHETTI FEAST

3 pounds dried lima beans	5 cups chopped onions
10 pounds thin spaghetti	2 pounds fat
2 No. 10 cans tomatoes	1 tablespoon salt
	1 teaspoon pepper

Wash, pick over and put beans to soak in water to cover, over night. Drain, cover with cold water and simmer until tender. Cook spaghetti until tender, and drain. Mix with heated tomatoes. Sauté onions in fat until pale brown and add to spaghetti. Stir in lima beans. Bake in casserole until tomatoes are almost absorbed. Yield: 50 portions.

Ever since Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, lentils have been the

food of the poor and like so many foods that belong to the poor, lentils give health and strength. Lentils in cooking are treated like dried split peas. That is they need to be soaked overnight in plenty of water, then cooked the next day in clean water to cover. The long soaking and change in water helps to prevent the digestive disturbances so often associated with dried legumes.

CASSEROLE OF LENTILS

4 quarts lentils	1½ pounds bacon
salt	8 cans condensed tomato soup
pepper	4 cups water
2 quarts minced onion	

Wash and pick over lentils. Soak overnight. Drain and cover with fresh water. Simmer until almost tender. Drain and season. Place half in greased casserole. Add half the onions, 16 strips of diced bacon and half the soup mixed with water. Add remaining lentils and soup, then mix onions with top lentils. Dot with bacon bits. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour or until lentils are very tender. Remove cover and brown bacon. Yield: 48 portions.

MONEY invested in War Savings Bonds is safe.



Money invested in War Savings Bonds grows.

Money invested in War Savings Bonds is redeemable when needed.

Money invested in War Savings Bonds means freedom for America.

Money invested in War Savings Bonds means liberation for all the enslaved peoples of the world.

(Continued from page 35)

"Yes, Dear, and your father deserves this happiness. I am glad it came to him."

"Oh yes surely, I am glad too. I wouldn't keep him from it for the world," he said, thinking of the great happiness that had come into his own life.

They made their plans to conform to Grandma's; and on the day before Thanksgiving the old lady bade farewell to her old home, where she had spent more than twenty happy, useful years, and lovingly turned it over to Harry and Mary Ellen with her blessing. Early in the morning Jimmy drove them into town, where they arranged for the final proofs on Mary Ellen's homestead.

Jimmy drove on to Joseph to bring Pansy down on Thanksgiving morning. At eleven o'clock as the church bells were ringing out a call for thanksgiving, they stood in Bessie's parlor, before the kind old Quaker minister who had known and loved Harry ever since he was a lad of fifteen, and he pronounced them man and wife.

After the ceremony, and congratulations had been extended, Grandma said,

"I'm happier to-day than I've ever been since Pa went away. I'm proud to turn my old home over to Mary Ellen, fer I know she'll keep it as well as I did an' maybe better, an' I'm happy to give my boy to her too, fer she's as good as he is, an' I know she'll make him happy. An' I am givin' them a hundred sheep fer a wedding present, an' I hope the number will double every year."

Before they told her goodbye the next morning she said, "Children, I've sold the old home to you because I wanted you to be in it an' take care of it, but I'm just givin' you the best part of it; the spirit of love and kindness to everybody that's allus been in it and hovered over it, an' I know you two will allus keep it there. That's what made me so happy while I was in it."

They showed cheerful faces, but it was with sad and heavy hearts that they bade her an affectionate farewell.

Elder Gray met them at the little railroad station, with outstretched arms. After Mary Ellen had greeted him and then old Doll, the faithful old family horse as far back as she could remember, he helped them into the commodious old

(Continued on page 46)

SAVE UP TO 1/2
on *Lovely Broadloom*
RUGS

Send us Your
OLD RUGS
and Clothing
- WE DO THE REST

IT'S ALL SO EASY! Your materials are picked up at your door at our expense by fast Freight or Express and rushed to the Olson Factory where we shred, merge, sterilize and reclaim the good seasoned wool and other materials in old rugs, carpets, clothing, blankets, etc. (Don't hesitate to send worn materials of all kinds and colors.) Then we bleach, respin, redye and reweave.

In One Week (and at a wonderful saving) you can have colorful, modern, deep-textured **BROADLOOM RUGS** that are woven **Seamless and Reversible** for double the wear and luxury. The correct size for every room—**Any Width up to 16 ft. by Any Length**—many sizes not offered elsewhere!

YOUR CHOICE of all the up-to-date colors and patterns: 61 Early American, 18th Century floral, Oriental, Texture and Leaf designs. Solid colors, soft Tweed blends, dainty ovals.

OLSON FACTORY TO-YOU!

We Guarantee to satisfy or refund money and pay for your materials. You risk nothing by a trial. *Our 68th year.* Over two million customers. We have no agents. Order direct from factory.

Write Today for America's Greatest Money-Saving Rug Book—40 pages of Rugs and model rooms in full color.



FREE
Book in Colors
26 Model Rooms

MAIL THIS COUPON
or a 1c Post Card

OLSON RUG CO.

Chicago New York S. Francisco

2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Dept. N-38

Gentlemen: Mail your new Olson Rug Book Free to:

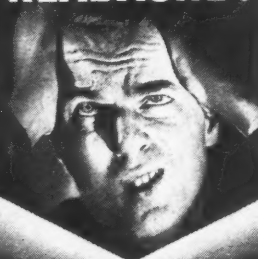
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....STATE.....

© 1942
RNC

HEADACHE?



try **ANACIN**



for **FAST
RELIEF!**



Rx Prepared like
a doctor's prescription

Why suffer with a headache? Do this—take two Anacin tablets with water. Then notice how the four ingredients, combined like a doctor's prescription, help each other to produce excellent results.

Be prepared. Order a convenient pocket-size tin of 12 or 30 Anacin tablets or an economy bottle of 50 or 100. Use according to directions. Your money will be refunded if you are not completely satisfied.

★ Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps ★

THE ANACIN COMPANY
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

(Continued from page 45)

buggy, and drove up to the big house on the hill. Polly met them at the door with a shining face, and everything about the place seemed just the same.

Seated before the big fireplace, Mary Ellen between her two most loved ones, and each one holding one of her hands, smiled happily into their faces, declaring herself the most fortunate of women. After a short conversation on homely, everyday affairs, she turned to her father. "How are things running in the old home, Father?"

"Oh very well, very well indeed, as far as the machinery is concerned. You know Polly is capable and thoughtful, and thinks of many things for my comfort, but nothing can ever fill the void that was made when my little girl flew from the old home nest. I doubt if I could have endured it, if it had not been for your cheerful, weekly letters; they made you seem so close."

Long, happy days were spent under the old home-roof, and Mary Ellen left her father and Harry to enjoy and learn to know each other better on several afternoons when she visited with Mother Drake and other old friends. At last they felt compelled to leave for their own wait-

ing home.

Christmas eve, just a month from their wedding day, they arrived in Enterprise. They spent another happy Christmas with Clint and Bessie, and when Jimmy came with the big bobsled, they were glad to start on the homeward trek. They walked up the path to the familiar old house. The windows gleaming in the evening sun, smiled a welcome, and as they stepped upon the porch, Hunter, the big gray cat, rubbed against their feet and purred. Each silent room spoke mutely of Grandma's gentle presence—but she was not there.

Silently they walked through each room, then out through the garden, and on up the orchard path. A great white rabbit bounded across the slope of the hill. They walked on up to the high flat above, and over to the big pine tree, and there with the gentle sheep grazing about them, they stood hand in hand, and looked at the peaceful homestead below them, then to the pale blue hills beyond—their hills; and they could see still beyond—far, far down the long vista of the future, and what they saw was grand and beautiful.

And with this we leave Mary Ellen, happy in her home, in the love of a good husband.

The End

(Continued from page 40)

so that, as he grew to maturity, he could understand God's will for himself. This is the reason that the common school was often established first in a new community and the churches came afterward. Adults might worship (for awhile) without a church. But children would not learn to read unless they learned at the appropriate age.

As it happened, because the commonly accepted concepts of God's nature and God's will were taught in the same classroom to the children of Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists, Catholics, Quakers, Jews, hate and intolerance arising out of sectarian differences in religious worship were never transplanted here, although they were prevailing sentiments in so many places in Europe both before and during the time when this country was being settled. By the common public school we laid the foundations for a common culture, a common philosophy of life with common notions of right and wrong, without having any common public church, to control the instruction by political means.

We cannot over-emphasize that, until the last few decades, our people did not regard the common school education above outlined as endangering, or encroaching upon, the legal principle of the separation of Church and State. Until long after the separation was legally and practically complete, as above outlined, education proceeded as it had before on the supposition, not only in the common schools but in the colleges generally, that God and His laws were the essential central theme to be learned in all educational institutions. During all this time, our churches of the different denominations increased in numbers and in forms of worship. The churches as such were not regarded as educational institutions then any more than they are now. The schools

were the educational institutions then as they are today. And what is more important, the schools were then as clearly regarded as religious institutions as they are now clearly regarded as having nothing to do with religion. Yet all the time our fundamental laws have remained the same. The change, therefore, by which we have recently excluded religion from education, was not forced upon us by law.

It has crept upon us as a consequence of our imitating the procedure by which religious peace was achieved on the continent of Europe. Religious peace was achieved there by the separation of religious instruction from general education, not by the separation of Church and State.

Confusion comes from the mistaken idea that the teaching of common religious concepts in school is the same as conducting worship in a school or in a sectarian church. Neither sectarian worship nor sectarian teaching can legally be supported by taxation. But a religious enterprise can be, so long as it does not prefer one church over another.

The legal separation of Church and State was accomplished in America by three constitutional prohibitions (stated below) which have been embodied in our Federal and State constitutions. Except for one State, the constitutional law that established religious freedom here about 1790 is still the constitutional law today. It provides:

1. No legislation shall be passed which abridges the free exercise of a religion;
2. No religious test (meaning primarily sectarian or denominational test) shall be used in selecting public officials;
3. The taxing power shall not be used to support any church organizations.

These simple provisions have remained

from the beginning to the present time our fundamental or constitutional law. This is all we have, and all we have ever had. We may now, under the same laws, have religion in our schools whenever we think it is important enough, important as our forefathers thought.

The idea that the separation of Church and State requires the separation of the common elements in religion, held by all churches alike, from our education, should startle us, as it would have startled our forefathers even less than a hundred years ago. Their view was that the elemental religious concepts were so essential in our common notion of right living and the self-discipline which religion cultivates was so necessary to a free and orderly society, that we might as well propose to practice numbers without training in mathematical concepts as to practice right living in a free society without training in religious concepts.

As a matter of fact, the institutions of government which our forefathers established for us were carefully designed for a people who did not need to have their actions constantly supervised. Government was restricted to suit the capacity of all kinds of people to be free from political government, including Democracy. The idea is that freedom is not gained through government of any kind but by the people being fit through character to be let alone. They may be left free to form and operate their own churches, their own colleges, their own business enterprises, under their own natural leadership. That is what freedom means in the traditional American sense.

Our forefathers knew their history. They knew the great masters down the ages who had taught the benefit of self-government and the evil of dependence on the State and the exercise of its political power. Most important of all, they knew their Bible and the teaching of the Master that the kingdom of God on earth was in the minds and hearts of the citizens and the teaching that the self discipline of a free people, who do their duty voluntarily and not by command of government only, was the hope of the world.

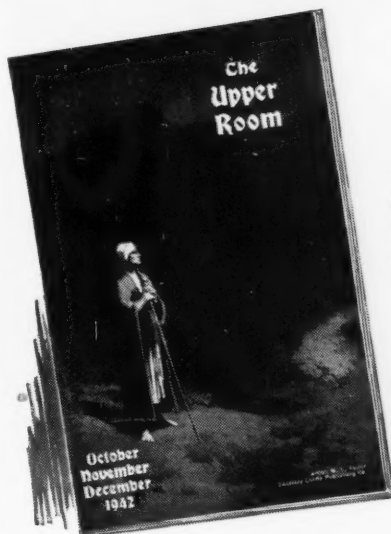
We boast of our freedom as though it had its roots in our form of government which we call Democracy. But government, whether it be Democracy or not, is only a system of man-made laws and controls. Our faith in Democracy is child-like. We trust our government as the source of our freedom and mistrust our politicians. Yet government is nothing but politics.

Shall our freedom consist of what the professional politicians allow us? This will be the case unless there is a widespread spontaneous active sense of individual responsibility for right living and right leadership in practical politics. If we do not have this, the political boss is inevitable. He acts where the high-minded citizen lets his political duties go by default.

This is a direct result of a weak sense of duty. A sense of duty comes from religion. The separation of religion from education took out the essential prod to the conscience. This can be demonstrated in any college community.

Measured in terms of politics, certainly the higher and more widespread our

(Continued on page 48)



The Daily Devotional Guide of 1,350,000 People

So effective is The Upper Room in strengthening and developing the religious life of those who read it regularly, that it has now reached an average circulation of 1,350,000 copies per issue.

That such a large number of individuals find The Upper Room an invaluable source of inspiration, comfort and strength for their daily lives is not surprising, since its meditations represent a cross-section of the devotional thought of the world.

Today, in the stress of war, The Upper Room is proving doubly valuable in turning to Christ the hearts and minds of men and women torn by war's emotions.

If you have not discovered its unique aid, try it now! The Upper Room is sold, in quantities of ten or more copies, mailed to one address, at 5 cents per copy, postpaid, and may be sent on consignment with privilege of returning unused and unsold copies. Individual yearly subscriptions, 30 cents, postpaid; foreign, 40 cents. Four years, \$1.00; foreign, \$1.35. Order the October, November, December issue TODAY!

Note: Special envelopes for remailing The Upper Room to boys in the Army and Navy furnished at \$1.00 per 100.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO

THE UPPER ROOM

166 Eighth Ave., N. Nashville, Tenn.

For HEADACHE do this to Quickly Relieve the Pain

Relief starts in a few Minutes
using this Fast-acting way



At the first sign of headache or pain of neuralgia, take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a glass of water. Repeat in an hour if desired.

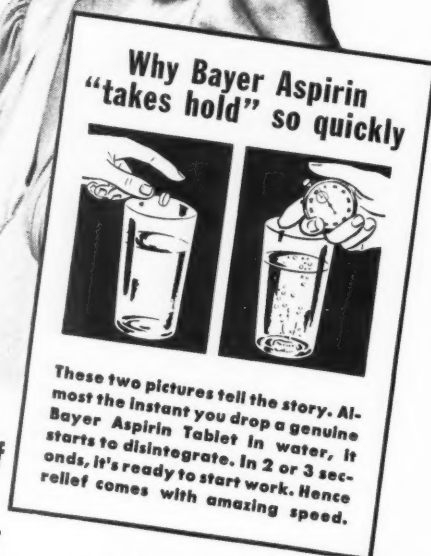
**Try this Fast Relief
that Millions Use
NOW ONLY 1¢ A TABLET**

The speed with which a headache, or the pain of neuritis or neuralgia can be relieved with Bayer Aspirin, is a wonderful thing to experience. Instantly you take it, it starts going to work. In a few minutes time, even a severe headache can be relieved. Thus saving your whole day.

You get this remarkably quick relief because Bayer Aspirin starts to disintegrate as soon as it touches moisture. Hence it is ready to go to work almost instantly. Rated one of the quickest methods of relieving such pain science has yet discovered, people on all sides are using it today.

Anyone can afford it. For real Bayer Aspirin costs only one cent a tablet today. A few pennies worth relieves a headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain.

But, be sure you get the real fast-



acting Bayer article when you buy. Get it by always asking for it by its full name — "Bayer Aspirin". Never ask for "aspirin" alone. Now packed in new easy-opening tins, all you do is press the red dot on the lid and it snaps open automatically.



If Pain Persists See Your Doctor
Your doctor is the only one who should advise you about persistent pain. Let him find the cause of such pain and treat it.

15¢

FOR 12 TABLETS
2 FULL DOZEN
25¢



(Continued from page 47)

modern secular education goes, the thinner is the sense of duty of the common man and the more negligent the natural leadership becomes, the weaker is the will to sacrifice, the more ignorant are men and women in respect to the activities necessary to make and keep a sound State. The modern day mistrusted practical politician sees this and takes advantage of it. Unless the idea of God the author of the Moral Law is taught as belonging with the other everyday ideas of life, the idea that there is a higher law that persons obey because they believe it is right, and not from compulsion, tends to fade from the consciousness of the people. They fail in their duty.

That our drift toward this state of affairs may be regarded as the cumulative effect of the exclusion of religion from common, general education and the leaving of its teaching as a special function of the churches tends to be confirmed by the experiences of Europe in this respect.

On the continent of Europe quite generally for a century and a half, religion has been excluded from common general education, high and low. The people neither govern themselves nor do they produce unselfish leadership against the encroachments of government.

A people who believe in no higher law than the law of the State are incapable of self-discipline. They have no rules of right by which they may discipline themselves.

Belief in a higher law is sustained by general education in the elemental religious concepts as everyday realities. And these may not consist of moral precepts alone. If the idea of God as author of the Moral Law, which is the basic concept behind the various creeds of every church, is something to be silent about in school, the child is apt to assume that God is an outworn psychological delusion. If God is a delusion, then naturally the idea of a higher law is also a delusion.

If our children are not to be led to believe that the idea of a higher law is a delusion, our schools must fulfill their traditional mission.

(a) It is constitutional to teach in the public schools any and all materials which may contain and explain commonly accepted religious concepts which are not presented in such a manner as to prefer the doctrines of one church over those of another.

A permissive statute enabling such instruction, we believe, will be upheld everywhere as constitutional. By such simple permissive legislation, statutes that are designed to restrict education in State-supported schools and colleges to "secular" and irreligious materials should be overcome.

(b) Permissive legislation to provide for "the release of children" from the regular sessions of the public schools, for religious education conducted by the churches, is likewise constitutional.

The challenge of modern education is that it remove the confusion that has "confounded with the cultus or form of worship of a particular sect" the very substance itself, which is our commonly accepted religious thought—the basis at once of our culture and of our freedom.

(Continued from page 29)

Holy Table we draped the flag, for we were dedicating our country and ourselves to preserving those principles of liberty and human dignity which God has entrusted to our keeping. The flag hung outside the church and will do so every day to remind all who pass that Christian men and women are proud to be Americans. And before the altar the stars and stripes stand in twenty-four hour vigil. A special booklet of "prayers for use in wartime" was compiled and mailed to every parishioner to guide them in their private devotions. Each Sunday we pray for our country and its leaders, for the armed forces and those who minister to them and for all who fight against oppression.

The Christian pulpit is a mighty moulder of morale and every preacher is feeling the profound responsibility of his task. My own pulpit has not and will not be used to damn Hitler and his satellites. Its office is an infinitely greater one and always positive. For it must proclaim

meet two days a week, with plans for further effort in the future as it was needed. Increasing numbers of women have been turning out each work day to do their bit. The Red Cross appeal for funds, which was made in November has now become a constant item on the books of the treasurer, and every week money is forwarded from members to national headquarters.

A room in the Parish House has been assigned to the air-raid wardens of the area. Every week this group of 150 volunteers have been meeting in this room. Many of them are not members of any church, others are members of a synagogue but through this action they have all felt the interest of the church in the welfare of the community. Incidentally, the church ushers worked out plans of what to do with the congregation if a raid occurred during divine worship. The people will be led out through three exits to near-by apartments where they will go up to places of safety. This movement will be carried out while the choir sing "O God our help in ages past" and such

A GOOD SUMMER

Through the thoughtfulness and generosity of its friends, Mont Lawn has had a good summer: our work for the children of the city's tenements has been something of which you and we can be proud. The most exciting part of our work has been watching the increased interest and contributions of the children throughout the whole United States. Little children in Vacation Bible Classes, S. S. groups, Christian Endeavorers, Missionary classes, Junior Boys and Girls, have either worked to raise money or made sacrifices so that they could help the less fortunate children of the city's poor. A healthy sign for the future America.

Thanks, kind friends of little children, may you know the joy your gifts brought to others.

If you do not know about our bank that promotes saving during the year, drop us a postal.

CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME
419-4th Avenue, New York City

Christ who died and lives again that men may not behave like swine but reflect the righteousness and justice of the eternal God. We are not pacifists; on the contrary, we are the followers of Him who rides the white horse and out of whose mouth proceeds the sharp two-edged sword of truth. So the sermons declare the sacred cause of Christ and His kingdom for which a man can consider no sacrifice too great. But the pulpit must not be absorbed with the national job. Each individual in the congregation is a personality with needs, problems and spiritual difficulties which must not be neglected. So I have not concentrated upon a single subject but have carried on the sermons which were scheduled before December 7. There is power in continuing on these lines. It reminds preacher and people that our faith is not an hysterical outburst, but abides in times of peace and war.

The second step was a call to the Parish Council upon which every organization of my church is represented. The Red Cross chapter which had met in its work room every week since 1917, was enlarged to

well-known hymns and several doctors in the congregation are ready to assist timid souls. Finally the choir will leave the church for their "shelter" and the clergy will then go to the three places to maintain the spirit of the people. After the all-clear is sounded the congregation will return to the church for a short service of prayer before going home.

The third step was to adjust the educational program of the various organizations. The several women's groups, the men's club and the young people are discussing the causes of the war, the principles for which we fight, the task of the church during the conflict and the Christian program for the world when peace at length returns.

Thus one church is trying to carry on. We know that dark days are ahead, days of sacrifice and sorrow; but we are confident that as a nation and as Christians we are doing God's work and by His guidance, we shall not fail. Americans are a privileged people. We are not required to choose between the Cross and the flag. Our Cross and flag stand side by side before the altar of the true God.

Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?

Sherwin Cody's remarkable invention has enabled more than 100,000 people to correct their mistakes in English. Only 15 minutes a day required to improve your speech and writing.

MANY persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some spell "calendar," "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how often "who" is used for "whom," and how frequently the simplest words are mispronounced. Few know whether to spell certain words with one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," or with "ie" or "ei." Most persons use only common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.



SHERWIN CODY

Wonderful New Invention

For many years Mr. Cody studied the problem of creating instinctive habits of using good English. After countless experiments he finally invented a simple method by which you can acquire a better command of the English language in only 15 minutes a day. Now you can stop making the mistakes which have been hurting you. Mr. Cody's students have secured more improvement in five weeks than previously had been obtained by other pupils in two years!

Learn by Habit—Not by Rules

Under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Finally the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by calling to your attention constantly only the mistakes you yourself make.

One of the wonderful things about Mr. Cody's course is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. You can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more. The drudgery and work of copying have been ended by Mr. Cody! You concentrate always on your own mistakes until it becomes "second nature" to speak and write correctly.

FREE—Book on English

A new book explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable method is ready. If you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling, punctuation, pronunciation, or if you cannot instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this new free book, "How You Can Master Good English—in 15 Minutes a Day," will prove a revelation to you. Send the coupon or a letter or postal card for it now. No agent will call. SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 309 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
309 Searle Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, without any obligation on my part, your new free book, "How You Can Master Good English—in 15 Minutes a Day."

Name..... Please print plainly

Address.....

☐ If 18 years or under check here for Booklet A



At Last! The Supreme song book you have long awaited. For every service—every need.

TABERNACLE HYMNS NUMBER FOUR

Has more features and advantages than any comparable book. Get a sample copy—see its many new songs and old favorites, its vigorous choruses, instrumental numbers, and its strong Scripture readings.

Waterproof cloth binding, only \$55. a hundred, not prepaid. Bristol paper \$35. a hundred.

SEND FOR RETURNABLE SAMPLE

For returnable sample, write name and address in margin, clip and mail.

**TABERNACLE
Publishing Company**

344-L 2 North Waller Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Earn
EXTRA
MONEY
QUICK

Sell PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Easy to take orders for these super-values! Gorgeous design Christmas Cards, 50 for \$1 with name. Extra profits with \$1 Box Assortments of Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings, others. Get Samples on approval.

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 604
160 N. Washington Street Boston, Mass.

NAME
IMPRINTED
**50 FOR
1.00**

MORE Beautiful MONUMENTS

The monument you select will be more beautiful and stay more beautiful, if you have your dealer carve it in Georgia Marble—the durable marble selected for America's most famous memorials. For assistance in the selection of an appropriate design, write today for a free copy of our booklet "Personality in Memorials" to Department R

**THE GEORGIA MARBLE COMPANY
TATE, GEORGIA**



GEORGIA MARBLE



NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING



The Raft, by Robert Trumbull. (205 pp., Henry Holt and Company, \$2.50.) Of the incredible adventure of three Navy fliers who through thirty-four days were adrift in the southern Pacific, Vice-president Wallace has said, "The story that generations of Americans will be telling their children to illustrate man's ability to master any fate." Here is the most remarkable book that has appeared on either side of the Atlantic since the beginning of the war. Written by a newspaper man in the language of bomber pilot Harold Dixon, it is stark realism, and more than any secular volume ever coming to my hands, it confirms and exalts man's faith in a personal God. Here is a best seller in any country.

Heroes of the Bible, by Olive Beaupré Miller, John A. Dickson Publication, (542 pp., \$3.95). Here is a book of adventure stories from the greatest adventure book of the ages—and it is equally attractive to the young and the old. It can be used by parents and Sunday School teachers to develop children's interest in the Bible and to enrich his Sunday School lessons. But, also, it is an unsurpassed source library for Sunday School teachers and for Biblical students. The "Heroes" are the immortals of their time and immortal in all time. The illustrations are beautiful and help make this volume first in its field.

A Personal Philosophy for War Time, by James L. Mursell. (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$2.00.) In the same field, it is definitely a finer book than "How to Win Friends and Influence People." I like it very much. For these times it is the most stimulating, helpful, little volume that has yet been written—and for any time, one of the most directly helpful books I have read. I commend it to every man entering the service of his country and to everyone who is interested in such a man.

For My Great Folly, by Thomas B. Costain. (504 pp., G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$2.75.) The title of this novel is a fair statement of the author's own achievement. No historical novel in years has proportions so great. It is panoramic and vital; at once true history and brave romance. This period has never been overdone and no previous book has written its episodes so well. England of the early seventeenth century is painted upon a bloody canvas with wide horizons. The love story is exquisite.

Signed with Their Honor, by James Aldridge. (392 pp., Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50.) This story with its oaths deleted appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

I regret that they remain in the book. They add nothing to what is otherwise the greatest novel of the war. Here is heroic writing and the panorama of incredible courage and sacrifice. The poignancy of the love story and the tragedy of the glorious finale have seldom been surpassed.

Assignment in Brittany, by Helen MacInnes. (373 pp., Little, Brown & Co., \$2.50.) This novel achieves real greatness. It is a psychological study that plumbs the depths of every human emotion. It is a hero tale for an heroic age. Love grows into the proportions of sacrificial greatness and patriotism becomes the worship of a devotee.

No Coffin for the Corpse, by Clayton Rawson. (280 pp., Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00.) One of the best detective stories of this or any other year.

Happiness Road, by Alice Hegan Rice. (115 pp., D. Appleton-Century Co., \$1.50.) It is altogether fitting that Alice Hegan Rice of "The Cabbage Patch" should leave this lovely book as her last testament to the multitude that always waited eagerly for her next volume.

All the Trumpets Sounded, by W. G. Hardy. (501 pp., Coward McCann, \$2.75.) In this volume Moses takes his place as a figure of romance, an altogether human and intriguing story. He is a man of passions at the heart of a passionate civilization. He is betrayed and becomes the conqueror of his betrayer. For me the first book within the book, "Prince of Egypt," is the greatest of the three. I believe the distinguished author would have done well had he followed more closely the Old Testament mood and text, but he has achieved a tremendous thing.

Japan Rides the Tiger, by Willard Price. (228 pp., John Day, \$2.50.) A first-hand, thrilling account of the fanatical Japanese drive for world dominion. Here one learns that the Japanese not only claim divinity for their emperor but also for themselves, and for their islands. They are determined to rule the world. Even the formula of Hitler is less absolute.

Long Adventure, the Story of Winston Churchill, by Hildegard Hawthorne. (346 pp., Appleton-Century, \$2.50.) There have been many books about England's War Captain. In these pages we see the human side. Little known incidents from his family life, out of his youth and from all other periods are presented. It is exceedingly well done.

(Continued from page 15)

were forbidden, for instance, by the Viennese police to take part in a congress there. We had no idea how we could manage to get a delegate through, and it was very important that we should. Then came the sudden inspiration. We invited to Vienna a prominent Paris personage, whom the Chancellor would have to receive. I accompanied the visitor to the chancery, and waited in the anteroom during the audience. Suddenly the door opened; Schuschnigg himself was standing there, asking me to step in. When I came face to face with him, he said: "You want to attend the Peace Congress with a delegation. Go ahead. If I weren't Chancellor, I'd go myself." And then he added, as if thinking aloud: "If it's not too late already."

That was 1936.

Then there was the time several boys and girls had to take a rather long journey, and we could not raise the necessary money. The whole project was endangered until a young man came forward with an offer from his father, a taxi-driver, to take the party as far as Paris. So they drove to Paris and back, through Austria, Switzerland and France, eight people packed closely together in a Viennese taxi. The journey, despite the discomfort, was made in good spirits and with much laughter. The indestructible courage and idealism of these youngsters was wonderful to behold.

How much idealism, courage, work and hope could be seen during the twenty years just gone, among the youthful masses of Europe! Even in that moment when the last remnants of freedom in the countries of Europe were wiped out by the bloody terror, the youth of Europe continued to fight, a desperate, lost battle in the dark. No leader, no fluttering flags fired their courage; no weapons gave them strength. Their goal? The economic and social reformation of Europe. The nationalistic slogans, that for almost a hundred years have poisoned the very air of Europe, have been silenced. The Dutch democrat hates the Dutch Nazis, but not the German anti-Nazi. For the first time perhaps in modern history, the testament of the ten million unknown soldiers of the World War: Freedom and Progress, is being really understood today.

The millions of young people who are daily and hourly risking their life and liberty are not doing it simply to drive the foreign invader out of their country. They are not doing it to restore old relationships to the positions of power held at the outbreak of this war. They are fighting not for a temporary betterment, but for the ultimate good. They have not forgotten that yesterday nurtured the seeds of today's evil. They must plough the field again, deeply this time, that along with the noxious weeds of today they may destroy completely the seedlings of future unhealthy grounds.

The underground battle the youth of Europe is giving Hitler and his aides is no less heroic than open battle on the field of slaughter.

Many of my young people in Switzerland, Sweden and Hungary are still using every possible means of keeping up contact with their friends in Germany and

(Continued on page 52)

He's Young and Hopeful Today ... Provide for His Tomorrow-NOW!



A grand boy! Think how his whole future life will be influenced as he regularly receives a check from the American Bible Society! The American Bible Society Annuity Agreement has never failed in 100 years to pay its holders the agreed upon return. And when you guard and influence this young man through the years, isn't it a stirring thought to realize that you are taking part in the increasingly important work of making the Holy Bible more widely available throughout the world? Let us send you "A Gift That Lives"—a booklet that tells how this Plan will work for you!



MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

American Bible Society, Bible House, New York, N. Y.
Please send me, without obligation, your booklet CH-69 entitled "A Gift That Lives"

Name _____
Address _____ Denomination _____
City _____ State _____

Sunday-school lesson helps

on the Uniform Lessons

SIMPLE . . . PRACTICAL . . . INSPIRING

Union lesson helps and story papers are Bible-centered, undenominational, easy to teach and interesting to study. Prepared especially for the small and medium size school with helps for each age group. Backed by 123 years of experience. Write for free specimens

American Sunday-School Union
1816 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

SELL Religious CHRISTMAS CARDS
EARN EXTRA CASH

SAMPLE BOX ON APPROVAL

Greeting cards are great morale builders. Let us cheer the men in the service this year and others with religious cards that reverberate the true Christmas. Represent our Big Line of Box Assortments and make largest profits by giving greater values of our Scripture Text Christmas and Everyday Assortments: 50 for \$1.50 for \$1.25, and 25 for \$1 lines with name imprinted. Be sure to carry our **BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS**, for there is a growing demand for these and our other religious items. Full information sent with large \$1 box on approval. Send no money. Rush request today. Churches and clubs use this opportunity to raise money for your treasury.

LAWRENCE E. STROBEL & CO., Dept. RS-5
257 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., or 111 E. 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

FILM DEVELOPED

Outstanding pictures because individual attention given EACH NEGATIVE. No mass production methods. Roll developed and 8 guaranteed prints only 25c. 8 beautiful full size 4x6 enlargements 13c. Immediate service. Write for mailing bags. **MINICAM PHOTO LABS., Dept. 81, LaCrosse, Wisc.**

Burpee's DAFFODILS
3 bulbs 10¢

Best colors, all kinds of Daffodils, mixed. Guaranteed to bloom. Special: 3 Bulbs 10¢; 32 for \$1; 100, \$3; postpaid.

Write Fall Bulb Book FREE. W. Albee Burpee Co.,
127 Burpee Building, Philadelphia, Pa.—or—Clinton, Iowa

FREE Book of Sunday School Needs

★ We have the supplies you need for every day in the Sunday School year: visual aids of all sorts, hand-work material, attendance aids, gifts and awards, Bibles, Testaments, Bible art materials, child evangelism supplies, including the latest in flannelgraph figures and accessories...everything to meet the new pedagogical trends in Church and Sunday School.

★ Send for Your Copy Today

★ Our complete line is presented in a big 100-page FREE book...an encyclopedia of ideas, original material and quality supplies. Pastors, Superintendents, Sunday School Workers—Write for it Today!

Address Dept. HC
THE SCRIPTURE PRESS, INC.
800 N. Clark Street Chicago, Ill.

still \$250
for a fine single room with bath

\$3.50 to \$7.00 Double
1000 ROOMS • 1000 BATHS
Write for Maps and Booklet
George H. Newton—Manager

Prince George Hotel
14 East 28th St.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

5,000 CHRISTIAN WORKERS WANTED

to sell Bibles, Testaments, good books, new Krystal Plax or velvet scripture mottoes, scripture calendars, greeting cards. Good commission. Send for free catalog and price list.

GEORGE W. NOBLE, THE CHRISTIAN CO.
Dept. 95, 542 S. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.



"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Matthew 25:40

SAVE THE CHILDREN

and receive a

GUARANTEED LIFE INCOME

Opportunity for Giving:

Your gift will help the Save the Children Federation to carry on its work of feeding, clothing and serving needy children in neglected rural areas of our country as well as meeting war-time needs overseas.

Security While Living:

At the same time you receive a life income from an annuity, that is safe, dependable and regular and guaranteed by an old line legal reserve insurance company.

Write for information on tax advantages of Annuities. Booklet C.



SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

Dep't of Annuities,
One Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I am interested in learning more about your Annuity Plan. Without obligation kindly send me Booklet C.

Name.....

Address.....

Date of birth.....

Earn Money Easily

SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Show the complete Christmas Card Line. Large selection of Personal Name-Imprinted Folders—appealing series. Amazing values sell for \$1.00.

10 EXCLUSIVE BOX ASSORTMENTS

Make additional profits with "Jones Art Box"

21 Christmas Folders—all new, original. Sells for \$1.00. Can be imprinted. Other money-making

assortments: Gift Wraps, Religious, Everyday, others. Deluxe Personal Christmas Cards. Tell us which lines interest you. Write today sure.

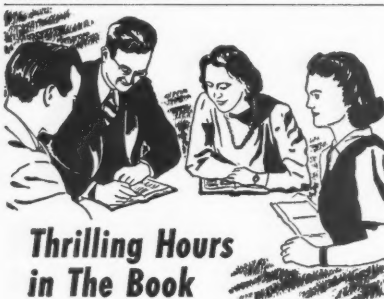
JANES ART STUDIOS, 1225 Clifford, Dept. 279, Rochester, N. Y.

50 FOR \$

WITH NAME

SAMPLES

on Approval



Thrilling Hours in The Book

...CLASS BIBLE STUDY

Study the world's best seller with your friends in your church or home through a Moody Bible correspondence course. Organize a class.

The Moody class plan provides textbooks, free grading of examinations, and a diploma for each member completing the work.

Half-price to members of a class of ten or more. Free enrollment to leader if entered by Sept. 30, 1942. Send today for free folder on how to organize.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL



Dept. M-803

(Continued from page 51)

the occupied territories. The French groups in unoccupied areas are doing the same thing. The news that did reach us, up until America entered the war, was very encouraging.

The same young men in Stockholm who used to help German, Austrian and Czech refugees, have become active again. During 1938-39, when these refugees were in danger of being turned over to the Nazis, they helped them out of Sweden and over the mountains of Norway toward escape to England.

The same groups who gave the French police details concerning the activities of the Paris "Brown House" and the German Library of Information on the Boulevard St. Germain are now bringing news and refugees over the boundary lines.

The same Czech Sokols who in 1938 were soldiers, ready to die for the freedom of their country, are saboteurs today, leading the work of lessening the industrial production capacity of Europe. The means they make use of are often fantastic, with each day offering new opportunities to their ingenuity.

The underground war conducted by these millions divides itself into two phases: physical and intellectual. Students still work for the enlightenment of the masses. They provide the illegal pamphlets, newspapers and news bulletins. The workers and peasants carry this war into the factories and out on the land.

The first methods used to slow down Nazi war production—putting sand in machines and sugar into tanks of gasoline—are no longer practicable. The workman who does these things is too easily apprehended. The practice of setting fire to ripe fields of grain or granaries filled to the roof is also too dangerous—though it's still being done; witness the death-sentences against saboteurs continually reported in the Nazi press. It is much more difficult to catch the fellow who has planted a bomb in a sewer, a bomb which a few hours later destroys the roadway and shatters buildings nearby. It is no easier to find the perpetrator of a flood caused by the dynamiting of a dam, small, unimportant and temporarily unguarded. But the flood undermines long stretches of an arterial highway, disrupting vital transportation.

It is a mistake to think that resistance to Hitler is slackening with the passing of time. It is, on the contrary, daily gaining in strength and organized effectiveness. As want and despair increase, so also does the number of those who take part in this struggle. The less a man has to lose, the more careless he is about risking his life; above all the young person whose impulses have not yet been tempered by experience.

On a certain day every reader of the Nazi-controlled "Le Soir" in Brussels will find among the pages a copy of the illegal, anti-Nazi "Libre Belgique." Nobody knows who put it there.

One night, at a given hour, in several districts of Paris great wooden double crosses burst into flame simultaneously: Lothringian crosses, symbol of De Gaulle. No one knows who placed them there, who set fire to them.

In a little town of Jugo-Slavia a young man appears at the office of the German commandant and declares he knows the hiding place of a guerrilla band. Please give him German soldiers. He will lead them there. No one ever sees the young man or the soldiers again. The latter have disappeared, and the guerrillas have their weapons for the fight against the Nazis.

Incidents like these happen every day, in a thousand places throughout Europe. The agents are young, inexhaustibly active. Cauldrons exploding in factories, machinery battered (often in the face of certain death to the worker), offenses against black-out regulations—all these are the order of the day. One knows that light in a window, in France, Belgium or Holland or other occupied territory, means death—death through bombs or shooting. Still it shines, this light. Nazi troops of occupation are driven into a state of desperation: pin-pricks are theirs, or heavy blows, and always icy aversion on all sides. No one understands German; everyone is deaf when addressed by a Nazi. Nazidom's friends are nowhere safe with their lives. The Nazi reign of terror is frightful. But the answering terror is making itself felt, distinctly, effectively.

All these young people of whom I have been speaking have attained a spiritual stature far above that of their personal life and fate. They feel the strength of their role in the tremendous sweep of the drama of world history. "Do you believe," a young Swiss girl asked me, "that Hitler and National Socialism are an accident? Of course not. The old order resisted all and every change; in an age of automatic machines, planes and radios it sought to remain just as it had been in the peasant Middle Ages. Hitler is the blasting-powder. History is not interested in individual destiny." She has gone into Germany countless times since Hitler came to power in 1933, to help rescue men and money and materials, and she spoke for most of her generation.

In the last war the slogans were Democracy and the Self-Determination of Nations. After a few months the masses at home and the soldiers at the front understood quite clearly that they were not defending their countries from attack, but they were fighting for the freedom of all peoples. Political democracy won—and no one thought of economic democracy. The League of Nations was founded, but no executive powers delegated to it. Afraid of radicalism the nations remained standing in the middle of the road. In other words, the nations themselves barred their own way to a peaceful future, for the youth of the world is the future of the world.

Hitler declared before he achieved power: "We need the mood of despair." And so he created the psychosis of despair in Germany. He made the youth of Germany believe that Germany was suffering from the Treaty of Versailles. Skillfully he hid the fact that during those years of 1932 and 1933, twelve million people in prosperous America were unemployed and hungry, and that the whole world was groaning under the effects of the economic crisis. We cannot forget, either, that once Germany was on the way to progress, and the German "Wan-

dervogel" "was a romantic revolt against hide-bound conventions, etiquette, snobbery, the sterility of education and the stuffiness of middle-class respectability." Equally unforgettable is the answer of a young German representative of the "Free German Youth Movement" to a young man who stood for the Pan Germanic Idea, during the first World War: "We do not want to belong to your world at all. We do not intend to sacrifice ourselves for your crimes . . ."

Once in Hungary I met a group of Hitler youth who were marching vigorously down the valley of the Danube. I was eager to talk to their young Fuehrer, and hopeful of getting some satisfying explanations from him. I thought the fact that we were on neutral ground would loosen his tongue. And so I asked him how it was possible that young and intelligent Germans could throw away the teachings of their great poets and thinkers and without a murmur or gesture of protest accept the leadership of an uneducated terrorist. Whereupon the young man answered: "The Germans have been so weakened by the dictates of Versailles that they can't allow themselves the luxury of thinking for themselves now."

Perhaps this young Nazi was among the million victims who died a tormented death on the icy battlefields of Russia. Perhaps he was one of the many who, benumbed and helpless as they awaited death, awoke for a brief final moment to look once more at the bright truth which had seemed such a luxury.

How was it possible, though, that Hitler could strip a whole people, above all the youth, of every great ideal and turn them into a horde of bloody murderers?

Before the astonished eyes of these young people black became white, white black, good evil, and evil, good. When the enchantment had gone far enough—in the spring of 1933—came brutal power, to which no limits were set. The German "veterans of the future war" received their uniforms and weapons. The trap into which they had fallen closed over them. Mr. Goering said at that time: "Henceforth the step of the Potsdam Grenadiers is the step of the German people." And the limping Minister of Propaganda, Dr. Joseph Paul Goebbels, added: "We are Prussians even when we are Bavarians or Wuerttembergers; wherever we are, there is Prussia."

If we want to understand fully this "Weltanschauung," this philosophy, we must before all else recognize the fact that it is not new. Only the extent of its workings is broader.

At this moment all Europe quivers under the axe of the Nazi executioner. The young generation is dying, in German concentration and work camps, and at the hands of German soldiers, degraded into murderers. The horror of 1914 is once more come to pass, a hundred, a thousandfold. No decent man is sure of his liberty, his life. These youths, however, in the forefront of this fight, though they are outnumbered, fall with the dream of freedom and happiness in their hearts. They fight desperately in the dark, and no tombstones mark their graves. And yet each one feels as did Giordano Bruno, in the year 1600, when he was sentenced to death: "I realize, Gentlemen, it is you who tremble, not I!"



a Song
in the
Heart

In our sunset years how wonderful to enjoy the "peace that passeth understanding" . . . to have the time and income to enjoy a fuller, richer life! The Moody Annuity plan has made this possible for thousands of happy annuitants. Under this simple plan their funds are being used to train young men and women for Christian service while they themselves receive regular checks—checks that will continue for the rest of their lives.

If you want to give to the Lord's work as well as enjoy financial security, investigate the Moody Annuity plan.

Yes, please tell me all about Moody Annuities. Dept. H-703

☐ Also send booklet A. I am under 20.

Name _____

Street _____

City & state _____

MOODY BIBLE INSTITUTE • 153 INSTITUTE PLACE • CHICAGO

The Most Unique and Representative Hymnal ever Published

Christianity In Song

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
RICHARD MAXWELL

ASSISTED BY
WILLIAM WIRGES

Contains all the Old and New Favorites of Church, Radio, Home and School.—Suitable and complete for any sect, creed or congregation, soloist, choir or music lover in the home.

Includes such world-wide favorites as "The Old Rugged Cross" and is the only hymnal containing the National Negro Hymn, "Lift Every Voice and Sing."

Among the best of radio's theme hymns included are "My Creed" by Richard Maxwell, "If I Have Wounded" by Edward McHugh, "Evening Prayer" (Ford Sunday Evening Hour) and "America Back to God" (W.J.R. Favorite).

Presents an unusually wide category of hymns for all occasions: Seasonal and Special Occasions, Morning and Evening Songs, Question and Answer Songs, Special Solos, Choir Suggestions, Children's Songs, Youth Songs, Responses and Amens.



SPECIAL
Introductory Offer

\$1.00

Clip this handy order blank and mail today!

EDWARD B. MARKS MUSIC CORPORATION

RCA BUILDING • RADIO CITY • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me.....Copies of Christianity In Song at \$1.00 Each.

SHIP TO:

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Send C.O.D.

☐ Money Order Enclosed

**Toilet
Germs
Beware**



Here comes Sani-Flush!

Every application of Sani-Flush cleans away unsanitary film and incrustations where toilet germs lurk. It flushes away a cause of toilet odors. You don't have to scrub. No messy work. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week to keep toilet bowls glistening-clean and above suspicion.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto radiators thoroughly.) **When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is absolutely safe in all toilet connections and auto cooling systems.** Sold everywhere in two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

SEND and SELL Greeting Cards with **TRUE CHRISTIAN SENTIMENTS**

Our Box of 24 Deluxe Scripture Text Christmas Folders is without doubt the best value on the market. A \$1.75 value. Our Companion Box of 18 Scripture Text Folders for Birthdays, Sick, Sympathy, etc., sells readily at \$1.00. All have envelopes to match. As a Sample offer we will send either of the above Assortments for \$1.00. Two or more Boxes \$10.00 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Organized groups earn funds. No experience needed. Profit up to 100%. Sell our complete Line of 12 Box Assortments; also over 300 Books and Bibles. We suggest you order early this year. **SHEPHERD'S TOWN CARD CO., Shepherdstown, Pa., Box 29**

MATERNITY

LANE BRYANT Maternity clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of your maternity period—and after baby comes as well. Designed to conceal your condition and to provide ample room for expansion. Latest styles in Dresses and Corsets. Also apparel for baby. Send the coupon today for your **FREE** Book.

**STYLE BOOK
FREE**



Lane Bryant
DEPT 257 - 752 E MARKET ST
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Mail **FREE** Maternity Style Book in plain wrapper.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....State.....

(Continued from page 25)

"At least fourteen months old," replied the Sergeant. "But don't you believe that old one about not teaching an old dog new tricks. We find it's just as easy to teach an older dog, and sometimes easier, because he's less inclined to be silly."

The dogs were originally recruited at Victory House, erected for the sale of defense bonds in a small park in downtown Los Angeles.

The only owner to see his dog after it has been given to the Army is Pat, the gardener at Fort MacArthur. Sometimes Pat may just happen to walk by when the dog that was his is out sunning. If a lesson is not in progress, the dog runs to his former master and greets him in the manner of all dogs, whether civilian or soldier, with the appropriate jumpings up and barking and whining. Then he resumes his former dignity and with an "It was nice seeing you, old fellow, and I hope you'll get around again soon" manner, goes back to his business.

When a dog is offered to the Command, Sergeant Pearce looks him over, talks to him, and observes how he reacts to the environment. Neither an irritable or nervous dog can be accepted, nor yet a dull, complacent one. They cannot use a vicious animal, though any dog they take must be easily provoked.

If Pearce decides that a given dog is unusually intelligent, healthy, and alert, and has all the normal reactions to the environment, the dog is accepted.

Dog owners giving their animals to their country seem to fall into two classes. They are either intensely patriotic and are sacrificing what is usually their dearest possession and friend; or they have some grievance against their dog, such as biting the mailman or eating too much. In some cases they just grew too big for the apartment. The unwanted dog is apt to make the best recruit, for the much-loved dog has often received so much affection that he can never learn to be sufficiently war-like or suspicious of human nature.

However, some of these dogs were formerly show animals, such as Ruff the Raven, the red Airedale with seventeen champions in his background, and Rin Tin Tin III, beautiful grandson of the illustrious motion picture dog of a few years past.

Others, just as valuable to the Army, are cross-breeds, such as Newfoundland crossed with Labrador Retriever, or Ger-

man Shepherd crossed with Alaskan Husky. The majority are German Shepherds and Doberman Pinschers. There is one Collie, and a few Schnauzers.

One cooperative citizen brought his Boston Terrier. He explained, "I thought everyone was supposed to bring his dog down to register."

Here is one place in the world where the mongrel comes into his own. Some of the most magnificent of the dogs are of quite uncertain ancestry, but wonderful health and intelligence.

Started in September of last year, the Command is still in the experimental stage. It seems probable that it will be expanded and extended, using more dogs and taking over more varied duties, as the capabilities of the dogs become more known.

Says Major Miller, who is in charge of gun batteries at the Fort, "I don't believe we fully realize yet the tremendous possibilities there are in the use of the dogs."

"Letters have poured in from all over the country from people who have heard of the Canine Command, and who wished to offer their pet for National Defense."

"Please tell these people that their offers are appreciated, but that there are many more dogs already listed than we can possibly use. You know, I believe we could raise an army of 30,000 dogs in thirty days, if we could use them."

"Seriously speaking, however, I believe the dogs have a definite place in defense at home. Your dog, kept at home, can play a useful civilian role as protector during blackouts, and as a morale maintainer."

"I hope some day we can tell the full story of the work these dogs are doing. But for now we shall merely sum it up by saying that they have become an important arm in our war effort. The dog has always been man's friend and assistant, and once more we see him in his time-honored role."

"I'm not sure how much or how little these animals understand of the part they're playing in the fight for the preservation of democracy, but it might surprise us. It is certain that they know they nightly go to meet the enemy, and that they know they train every day to defeat him."

"Though they've never heard of Pearl Harbor, our dogs have earned the right to be numbered among Uncle Sam's best soldiers."

(Continued from page 27)

He recalled the good dinners of meat and potatoes, and vegetables he had never known and all the milk he could drink and lots of ice cream on Sundays. There was always plenty of play and things to play with. He had learned to swim in the Mont Lawn swimming pool. And every youngster had his own bed with clean sheets and had learned how to make it up. He thought of the Children's Chapel with its lovely stained glass windows. Indoors in bad weather counsellors read wonderful stories—which aroused his first true interest in the magic of good books. There had been plenty of fun there! Plenty of everything for kids at Mount Lawn. . . .

But was there? He wondered. There wasn't enough time and he doubted whether there was ever enough money. Mr. Carr sniffed. There was never enough money in places like that. There were too many people like himself in the world. Selfish people, ungrateful people. . . . people who forget. He took a kind of pleasure in making himself out blacker than he was. But the mood passed. People weren't so bad, really. Mostly forgetful. That could cause trouble and woe enough though.

"Father in Heaven, forgive me," he said in a hoarse whisper.

He decided he'd make up for his years of neglect. Again his thoughts drifted off into the past, and he remembered the old clergyman who had sent him to Mont

Lawn, who had helped him in his school work and who had made it possible for him to study law. The fine old man had been dead a good many years. . . .

As Mr. Carr sat musing in his office, Mrs. Oliver on the floor below suddenly discovered she had lost her letter. Hurdledly, she retraced her steps, going back through all the offices she had cleaned. She wondered how she could have been so careless. She was afraid she had swept it up and emptied it into the bags of waste paper. If so it would be hopeless, but she would try. . . .

On the tenth floor, she saw the light in 1005. Could she have left it on? She felt sure she had switched off all the lights. Maybe one of the tenants had come in. She hesitated, but decided to go into the office. Her desire to find Johnny's letter was stronger than her usual caution.

Mr. Carr saw her enter. He surmised what she was after. So he called out to reassure her. "Come in," he said. "Did you lose something?"

"Yes, sir," Mrs. Oliver said. "A letter. A letter from my little boy."

"Are you Mrs. Oliver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here's your letter, right here," Mr. Carr said. He chuckled as if he enjoyed it. "I found it on the floor when I came in. And with it I found something . . . something more valuable than you probably would have any idea of. I mean, er . . . Well, you see, Mrs. Oliver, I went to Mont Lawn myself when I was a boy. It changed my whole life. Mont Lawn gave me new hope and a purpose in life. It's the finest place any youngster could go to, especially a boy like, er, like your son, John. Like that myself a good many years ago."

"Unfortunately, in the course of a busy life, I haven't remembered it as often as I should. But your letter, this letter from your son. . . . It seems incredible . . . almost miraculous. . . . That letter from Mont Lawn has changed me, done me a world of good. Done Mont Lawn good, too, I hope. I'm going to send a substantial check, as much as I can, tomorrow as a debt of gratitude. I'm going up there again. I'm going to talk to my friends and associates about it, too. I should have done it years ago. But I didn't, more's the pity. I'll make up for it, by George! Mont Lawn deserves it!"

"And as for you, Mrs. Oliver, I'm deeply obliged to you for losing your letter. I want you to bring Johnny in to see me when he gets back. I want to talk with him. Maybe we can do each other a lot of good."

Mr. Carr took out his wallet. "Here's my card, Mrs. Oliver. I'm very serious about this. I want you to bring Johnny in to see me when he comes back. I think we'll hit it off. And in the meantime, you'll do me a great favor if you'll take this five dollar bill and buy him the best dinner a mother can cook the night he gets home." He pressed the money and her letter into her hand.

The doors closed, and Mrs. Oliver turned away with tears in her eyes and new hope in her heart. In the descending elevator, Mr. Carr felt an elation he had seldom known before, because it was accompanied by a sense of peace that suffused his whole being.

Want to Earn Money?

ONE of the easier ways to earn money is to sell a product already made popular in a market which you know. CHRISTIAN HERALD'S HOME CALENDAR is well known to church people and the services it renders has made it popular and useful. It takes no clever sales talk—all you need is a sample on which to take your orders. You can purchase your copy of the calendar at once for 25c.

The quantity prices are:
25 for \$5.75 100 for \$16.00
50 for 9.00 250 for 37.00
300 for \$43.00

100 Calendars in foreign language—\$18.00

The regular advertised selling price is 25c each—foreign 35c (Swedish, German, Norwegian, Italian and Spanish).

Printed in beautiful colors, illustrated with Bible subjects. Many people cut and mount the pictures and use them in their Sunday

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Earnings of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. The Army and Navy need hundreds trained in massage. Write for Anatomy Charts and booklet—They're FREE.

THE College of Swedish Massage
30 E. Adams St., Dept. 665, Chicago

A Reminder! Write for Your

LILLENAS MUSIC

Songs for Every Church Need

Solos Duets Quartets and Trios

CATALOG

2923-C Troost
Kansas City, Mo.

LILLENAS PUB. CO.

Special FREE Offer

100 Ways to Improve Your Sunday School Teaching
(See Inside Back Cover)

DAVID C. COOK PUBLISHING CO.

DEPT. CH9

ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Send me 100 WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHING, which you offer FREE, postage prepaid, with an order for your lesson helps and story papers which our Sunday School is not now using. The attached order totals \$1.00 or more as specified in your offer. Please send the following starting with the

quarter issues.

My position is: ☐ Superintendent ☐ Treasurer ☐ Secretary ☐ Pastor

Name of Church

Charge to

My Name is

Local Address

City State

NOTE: This teacher training course can be obtained without a periodical order merely by sending in your request with \$1.00 in cash, check, or money order.



THE CALENDAR IS 9 1/2 x 16, printed in full color—a wall decoration of many services.

School work. Each calendar page carries Daily Scripture Verses; Home Daily Bible Readings; International S. S. Lessons; there's a page of Household Helps, Biblical information, etc. Also preceding and succeeding calendar on each page.

Your market is:

9/42

every Protestant Home will want more than one.

CHRISTIAN HERALD ASS'N
419 Fourth Ave., New York

Enclosed is. please send.

to

at

NEW WRITERS NEEDED

Free

New writers needed to re-write ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Splendid opportunity to "break into" fascinating writing field. May bring you up to \$5.00 per hour spare time. Experience unnecessary. Write today for FREE details. NO OBLIGATION. Postcard will do. Comfort Writer's Service, Dept. FU-137, St. Louis, Mo.

OUT-OF-PRINT and Hard-to-Find Books

supplied; Also family and town histories, magazine back numbers, etc. All subjects, all languages. Send us your list of wants—no obligation. We report promptly. Lowest prices.

(Religious Books a Specialty)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. 419, New York City
(We also Buy Old Books and Magazines)

"Bonds of Blessings"

Twice blessed is the gift that meets your needs for income and the need of others for help and comfort. Like the cruse of oil that did not fail.



IN A SALVATION ARMY INCOME GIFT CONTRACT (ANNUITY)

You invest your money with the satisfying assurance that in addition to bringing you good returns, it spreads blessings. These "Bonds of Blessings" have—

- High interest yield—up to 8%, according to age.



For Full Particulars
Mail Coupon Below

THE SALVATION ARMY, Extension Dept.,
Territorial Secretary, CH-92,
111 West Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send full information on a Salvation Army Income Gift Contract.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Date of Birth.....

CHRISTMAS CARDS
THAT HONOR CHRIST

EXTRA CASH FOR CHURCH PEOPLE

Sell Christmas cards that express the true significance of Christmas. 21 exceptionally beautiful folders with scripture texts to sell for \$1—all triumphs of greeting card artistry. **Special cards for men in military service.** Earn additional big profits with our sensational imprinted lines of 50 and 25 for \$1 with name. Big line of Box Assortments, Christmas Wrappings, Art-Wood Plaques, Scripture Texts, Calendars, Bible Story Books, **BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.** Sell the fastest money making line and give the biggest values. Rush request for box on approval and Free Catalog of Religious Specialties. Write at once.

NATIONAL ART STUDIOS, Dept. R-904
Douglas Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., or 111 E. 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Don't Miss THE STORY OF THE SCOFIELD REFERENCE BIBLE

a series of six fascinating articles by
DR. ARNO C. GAEBELEIN
starting in the September issue of
MOODY MONTHLY

Dr. Gaebelin, the only surviving member of the original seven contributing editors of the great Scofield Reference Bible, tells interesting stories, illustrated with valuable photographs.



Free
Bible Study Edition of the
Scofield Reference Bible

Given with each new subscription of Moody Monthly for 2 years at \$3.00. Think of it . . . you save \$2.50 by this combination! Good in U. S. A. only. SEND \$3.00 CASH today to Dept. H-1003

MOODY MONTHLY
153 INSTITUTE PLACE • CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from page 18)

and provided it with a permanent home in the Mayo Civic Auditorium. In 1934 the National Executive Committee of the American Legion cited the surgeons "for distinguished service to our sick and disabled comrades and to humanity in general."

The citation was bestowed on Dr. Will and Dr. Charlie at a state celebration at Rochester on August 8, 1934. National leaders in medicine, law, government, commerce and politics journeyed to Rochester to honor the Mayos. The chief address was delivered by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Speaking directly to the brothers, the President said: "For fifty years you have given tireless, skillful and unselfish service here in this state and city. These fifty years, the span of your medical service, have covered probably the most remarkable period in the history of science. You have seen practically all of modern medicine and surgery come into being. . . .

"You whom we honor today have rendered the highest form of patriotic service during the battles of the World War, but even more than that you deserve the nation's thanks for the national service that you have rendered throughout your lives."

In their personal relationships, the brothers worked as a skilled team, without discord or desire for advantage over the other. As one of their early associates expressed it, "They were different but they agreed on everything. There was no part of envy or jealousy in them. Each wanted the other to have the greatest share in wealth and fame. Either would have died for the other."

Dr. Charlie's chief pride was his 3000-acre farm called Mayowood. When a stranger on a train once asked him what his occupation was, he replied, "A Minnesota farmer." Dr. Will, asked a similar question, said he was "C. H. Mayo's elder brother."

On the observance of his seventieth birthday, Dr. Will paid one of his finest compliments to his brother. "Charlie has stimulated me by precept and example and our association has been unique not only in the love and confidence we have for each other but in having made an opportunity for two men to work as one and to share equally such rewards as have come," he told a large audience.

"With due regard to the statement of the truth, Charles H. Mayo is not only the best clinical surgeon I have ever known but he has that essential attribute of the true gentleman—consideration for others."

Dr. Charlie admired the business acumen of his brother and always gave him full power to handle joint financial affairs. "Will can't make a mistake," he frequently said.

The family lives of the surgeons was marked by complete harmony. Both doctors worked daily from seven o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon. They said they could keep up this pace for many years because their homes provided them with the comforts they needed.

Dr. Will's family consisted of his wife, Hattie, and two daughters. Three children died in infancy. Eight children, two of

whom died when young, were born to Dr. and Mrs. Charlie. Two of them, Joseph G. and Charles W., followed their father's footsteps toward medical careers and the hope was entertained that another team of Mayo brothers would take the place of Will and Charlie. Joseph, after he became a Clinic doctor, was killed in a motoring accident. His brother, Charles, is now the only Mayo carrying on the family name at the Clinic, where he is a surgeon of growing repute.

The question was often raised why the Mayos remained in Rochester, a country town far from a metropolis, when they could have picked any large city in the nation for the site of their clinic.

"One reason why they stayed is that they knew the value of old-fashioned friendships," an associate explained. "Will and Charlie were men who kept old friends and who wanted to keep them. They married their wives here. This was home. The land where the clinic stands was bought by the old doctor and it never went out of the Mayo hands. Their roots struck deep."

The brothers had their own answer. "Why should we go to a large city when we had in Rochester all the work we could attend to?" they asked. And for the work they did there they were honored by al-

SOLUTION

God does not ask of you to make a way—
For what can bare hands do amid the
thorns?—

He asks that all the footsteps of this day
Be walked with Him. O, weary soul, who
mourns

The evils that have gashed, the foes that
stalk,

God's but a step of faith from where you
walk!

—Kenneth Anderson

most every land in the world. Dr. Charlie had citations from more than 160 groups, organizations and governments while Dr. Will was honored by more than fifty.

When they reached seventy, they retired from practice. Yet they stepped out with certain reluctance. Shortly before quitting the job, Dr. Charlie looked at a motto that hung in his office. It was a gift from Thomas Lipton and read:

"There is no fun like work."

"I've always liked that motto, for I believe in it," Dr. Charlie said. "To be without work is almost to be without life."

Dr. Charlie died in May, 1939, after contracting pneumonia while in Chicago. His death at the age of seventy-three was a severe blow to Dr. Will, who was recovering from an ulcer operation. He failed rapidly after Charlie's death and passed away in July, 1939, at the age of seventy-eight.

It was an early decision of the three Doctors Mayo—William Worrall, Will and Charlie—that they would care without discrimination for all classes of people, the poor as well as the rich, without regard to color or creed.

On that ideal they founded an institution that stands today as one of the brilliants in an opaque world. A trio of country doctors, possessing a love for their fellow men, made a little country town "the miracle of the prairie," and "the wonder of the west."

(Continued from page 31)

scaring the wits out of her with more anxious heart-searchings as to whether she was doing the right thing by you. 'Mother No. 3' was maybe the woman she was during the years of your engagement, when she was between utter happiness that you had found a fine mate, and utter despair for fear she had somehow failed in preparing you to make a success out of marriage. And 'Mother No. 4' is the woman she now is, the tension of those intimate responsibilities loosened, you and your brother getting on finely in your own homes. For her, of course, that's the happy proof of her pudding, since it shows that she did do a pretty good job with you. And now the whole foreground of her life is this new help given to those poor sick folks in the hospital. Honestly, Marjorie, you're a smart girl, you've got the sense you were born with, how can you think that she's still back in the 'Mother No. 2' phase, stewing about where a sofa is put? Your mother keeps on growing up, just like any decent human being."

And then—just as I used to see the other older generation do—the next time Marjorie's mother came to talk over her unsatisfactory visits with her daughter, I brought out the very same argument. "Listen, why don't you leave Marjorie alone for a while, to harden up the new shell she's growing over her new growing-up personality in her new way of life?" "I do leave her alone! I never say a single..."

"I know, I know all that. You never say a word. But just the sight of you, stepping around a room, brings up to her mind a complex of conscious and unconscious associations in her mind of the fitful, unstable, emotional kid she was when she was an adolescent. And that makes her feel more fitful, unstable and emotional than she really is, nowadays. You know her too well as she was then, but not well enough as she is now. Let a shadow come over her face, you instantly remember the 'gloomy spells' she had as a girl. You forget she is no longer a high-strung child, but a woman learning self-control for the sake of those dependent on her. With the memory of how she acted as a youngster, you look anxiously at her, your expectation of breakers ahead showing plainly in your face. That look stirs up in her all sorts of old associations which are just getting decently buried under her new adult mastery of herself."

"Would you have me never go to visit my own daughter? When she keeps inviting me to?"

"No, of course I wouldn't. I'm just suggesting a temporary break and change to let Marjorie settle down in her new personality. You can keep in touch with her by letters. And visits are all right in this phase, if you make them short. You need time, too, to get used to her having a new personality so that, unconsciously, you don't think of her as the inexperienced, ignorant girl you hovered over so many years. She's just finding her way around a big turn in the road. And listen, so are you! You need time, as much as she does, to settle into a new personality. You are moving out (as everybody should, when he gets older) from a life made up

(Continued on page 58)

Did you get your copy of Dr. Sheldon's Scrap Book?

Beautifully bound in silk moiré (size 8½ x 11) with 225 pages of stories, articles, sermons and some poems written by Charles M. Sheldon, the author of *In His Steps*.

For many years Dr. Sheldon has been Christian Herald's most popular writer; beloved by all who know him and read his books, we have celebrated his 85th birthday by making a scrap book of his favorite writings.

There is a Foreword by Dr. Poling for he knows "Charles" well; there's a letter of thanks to those who sent Dr. Sheldon

birthday greetings. And a photograph of Dr. Sheldon that can be removed for framing.

Dr. Sheldon's Scrap Book will give you comfort and pleasure; you will find yourself chuckling over some of his experiences. If you have not already ordered your copy, you will want to do so today. Price: \$2.98.

Please send me.....copies of Dr. Sheldon's Scrap Book for which I enclose

\$.....

Name.....

Address.....

CHRISTIAN HERALD

419 FOURTH AVE.,

NEW YORK

GOD'S LOVE WILL NEVER BE RATIONED



BIBLETONE RECORDS bring to your Home and Church, gems from the Bible. God's priceless promises, inspiring Faith, Hope and Courage, are authentically recorded with a background of soft organ music. Here is what Gabriel Courier, Christian Herald's News Editor says: "... Done in a beautifully resonant voice... your editor has heard these records and recommends them without reservation."

Many letters testify to the blessings which these records are bringing to shut-ins and others. Enthusiastically commended by such religious leaders as Dr. Jesse M. Bader, Dr. Francis C. Stiller and others.

Album A—Psalms—Lord's Prayer—God's Love

Album B—Courage—God's Law—God's Promises

Authorized King James Version used throughout

Make excellent gifts for Boys at camp or on duty. May be used on regular home phonograph.

Priced at \$3.75 per Album ★ Both Albums \$7.25 — Single Record \$1.25 postpaid

ASK TO HEAR Bibletone AT YOUR DEALER—or ORDER DIRECT 1472 BROADWAY N.Y.C.

MAKE BIG MONEY



Sell 1942 "Sunshine Line"

Christmas Cards

Fast-Selling Money-Makers!

Generous profits on our 23 boxed assortments. Many other gift items. Never before have we offered such a superb line. **Christ-Honoring Cards** in great demand. "Sunshine Line" is the leader in beautiful designs and inspirational sentiments, with or without Scripture texts—50 cent and \$1.00 box assortments. Also **three Personal Name assortments**, gift wrappings, **Triumphant Life** calendars and other items will earn you easy Christmas money. Mail card today for approval sample offer. Don't delay! Be first in your community.

TRIUMPHANT ART PUBLISHERS
Dept. D-25, Anderson, Ind. or Sacramento, Calif.

10 BARGAIN ASSORTMENTS
FREE GIFT OFFER
Sensational "LEADER" assortment, 21 gorgeous Christmas folders: COSTS YOU as low as 50¢—SELLS FOR \$1.00—NAME IMPRINTED WORTH \$3.00 Other BARGAIN assortments. Also 50 Christmas cards imprinted with name for \$1.00. Write today for sample "LEADER" assortment ON APPROVAL and TWO PORTFOLIOS LOW PRICED IMPRINT CARDS, also FREE gift offers.
SILVER SWAN STUDIOS INC. 320 FIFTH AVENUE Dept. 35 New York

High School Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years
Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma. Credit for H.S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. High school education is very important for advancement in business and industry and socially. Don't be handicapped all your life. Be a High School graduate. Start your training now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.
American School, Dpt. H-625, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

For Bible-centered departmentally-graded interest-compelling study material turn to

The All Bible Graded Series of Sunday School Lessons

Start with the new Sunday School year October 1. Call your teaching staff together NOW, give them samples of the ALL BIBLE manuals, and get started at once.

This popular series of Sunday School Lessons is designed to win and hold the pupils. As the fastest growing Sunday School lesson series in America, it has already solved the problem for thousands of churches.

• Safeguard the future of your church by building up your Sunday School TODAY! Tomorrow may be too late.



The Lessons of TODAY Make Them Church Members of Tomorrow

Mail the Coupon for FREE Samples

THE SCRIPTURE PRESS, Inc., Dept. CH-8R
800 N. CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen: Please send me FREE Compendium of 780 lessons of the ALL BIBLE GRADED SERIES. Also sample copies (previous quarters) of Lesson Manuals for..... Dept. Enclosed 10¢ toward mailing cost.

I am ☐ Supt. ☐ Director of Christian Education ☐ Teacher
☐ Pastor of..... Church
☐ Check for sample Church School Promoter, Enclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Pastor's Name..... Address.....

Supt..... Address.....



When writing to advertisers please mention CHRISTIAN HERALD.

(Continued from page 57)



STOUT WOMEN STYLE BOOK FREE

WHY pay a penalty in appearance and price just because you're stout? Mail coupon for FREE Style Book showing hundreds of lovely styles proportioned to make YOU look slimmer, smarter, more charming. At LOW prices that will open your eyes!

Look at this charming dress of Woven Cotton Plaid! Many other dress styles ranging from \$1.98 to \$16.95. Coats as low as \$6.95. Also suits, slacks, hats, hose, underwear, blankets, curtains and bedspreads, all low priced.

Mail coupon today for your FREE copy of our Style Book.



Lane Bryant
NEW YORK INDIANAPOLIS
752 E. MARKET ST. • INDIANAPOLIS, IND. DEPT. 252

LANE BRYANT, Department 252
752 E. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Please rush me FREE Style Book.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

If you wish to receive also our Style Book for Expectant Mothers, please check here ☐

Sell America's Most Complete CHRISTMAS CARD LINE

MAKE EASY EXTRA MONEY
Good pay for your spare or full time.
Show friends and others amazing variety of gorgeous Christmas Assortments and Personal Greeting Cards. Exclusive EMBOSSED Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards—50 for only \$11 Big cash profits for you. Also 21 Christmas Card Assortment, Gift Wrappings, Etchings, many others. No experience needed. Sales are quick and easy. Get Samples on approval NOW! Artistic Card Co., 180 Way, Elmira, N.Y.

Embossed CARDS WITH NAME \$50 FOR \$1
11 BOX ASSORTMENTS PERSONAL STATIONERY

FREE GROCERIES

Show and Sell to Friends!
SEND NO MONEY! Rush name and address for big Assortment of FOODS, GROCERIES, SOAPS, etc., full size packages, worth \$5.00. Yours FREE! Show to friends and neighbors. Take orders for more than 200 quality Home Necessities at bargain prices. Earn big profits, full or spare time. No experience needed. Write for FREE \$5.00 Assortment of Products NOW. ZANOL, 5126 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

50 CHRISTMAS CARDS \$1 FREE WITH SENDER'S NAME \$1 SAMPLES

Take orders galore. "Super Value Victory Line." 20 Beautiful Designs 50 for \$1. to 25 for \$1.25. Name Imprinted. Sell Nationally Famous 21 Christmas Folders \$1. Coats \$6. Worth \$2.85. Exclusive, Novel, Patriotic, Expensive Sheer-Sheens, Tips, Folia, Glitter, Exquisite Etchings, Gift Wraps, Religious, Everyday, 55 Engravings—Personal, Business, 21 Ass't on approval. FREE SAMPLES. Super Value, Personal Line. No Investment. Start Today. SUNSHINE ART STUDIOS, 115 Fulton St., Dept. CH, New York City

WE PAY YOU \$5 FOR SELLING TEN \$1 BOXES
50 beautiful assorted Christmas cards with or without name imprinted. Sell for \$1. Your profit line. It costs nothing to try. Write today. CHEERFUL CARD CO., Dept. B-3, WHITE PLAINS, N.Y.

only of your family ties, into a bigger circle of human relationships. Marjorie No. 1, your daughter, is developing into Marjorie No. 2 and No. 3—somebody else's wife and mother. And you too are becoming something you haven't been before. And Marjorie doesn't realize this yet, any more than you do. She still thinks of you as focusing all your attention on her, on your family, just as you used to. She needs time to forget you as a hovering younger mother, and realize that you are not now thinking of her and her welfare all the time."

I hesitated for a moment here, wondering if I dared go on. And then remembering the calmly ruthless truth-telling of an old great-aunt of mine which had often been such good and salutary, although bitter, medicine in my fumbling youth, I reflected that if the older generation didn't tell the truth, nobody else was apt to care enough to do it. So I said flatly and plainly, "There's one more thing you mustn't forget. It is something Marjorie is too young to know. But, whether you have ever consciously thought of it or not, you can't have lived to be fifty without having learned that it is perfectly possible to love people warmly without much liking them. You can feel the truest devoted affection for somebody and still—such is the mystery of our human nature—enjoy a picnic better without having him around. Cousin Lena now, you know how we always counted on her for help in times of trouble. But you must remember how irritated we got with her for not wiping off that drop of moisture on the end of her nose, and for telling those old family stories over and over. We loved her. But we didn't like her very well. And there's no use pretending that we did."

"Now as long as our children are living at home, still a part of the family and so a part of us, we and they have to make out as best we can with loving each other, whether we really like each other or not. But when they are grown-ups, out on their own—well, a mother and her grown-up

daughter are no longer part of each other. They are two different women. There's pretty sure to be real love between them (if they've been reasonably decent folks) on which they can absolutely count. But nothing makes it sure that they are also going to like each other's personalities enough to enjoy sharing daily life with each other. Maybe they will. If so, that's as good luck as anybody can hope for. All to the good. But if not, why, that's not anybody's fault. And no tragedy either, unless they try to arrange their lives on the pretense that something is so which isn't so. Nobody can possibly tell, except you and Marjorie, whether, as you each settle down into being the women you now are, you are going to enjoy washing dishes together better than separately, whether it is more fun, or the opposite, to bathe the baby, one on each side of the little tub. I haven't the least idea about that. Knowing you and Marjorie, I am dead sure that you will always love each other dearly. And that's enough for anybody to be church-thankful about."

Marjorie's mother reflected in silence on all this. She is a reasonable woman and obviously she was, as objectively as she could, trying to see how much truth there was in what her older generation was saying. Finally she brought out this objection, "But why do I have this trouble with visiting Marjorie, when neither my husband nor I have any strained relations with our son? Henry never gets nervous and uneasy this way when we visit at his home."

"If your husband went to Henry's office with him, every morning, when he goes to work, and stayed right with him all day, listening to everything he says over the telephone, sitting close by during every business conversation, there in the room when he dictates his letters—even if he never said a single. . . ."

Marjorie's mother is not only reasonable. She also has a sense of humor. At the picture I drew, "Henry would be fit to be tied!" she cried out, laughing till she had to wipe from her eyes tears that were not all of mirth.

(Continued from page 33)

pawns in the hands of a divine dictator.

But when we turn back to this letter in the Book of Revelation, we are saved from any such fantastic view. Let us look at it again. The Divine Doorkeeper who says "I am he that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth," goes on to say to the little church at Philadelphia: "I know thy works: . . . for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name . . . Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation." Here then is no blind destiny, no unfeeling fate, no heartless mechanism running the wheels of the universe. Here is a Divine Doorkeeper who has his eye on the human beings who stand before the doors. Here is a God who takes notice and takes care.

The Divine Doorkeeper makes mention of three traits which he observes in those early Christians and which guide him in the operation of the doors. The first is their strength. They were not what we would call today a strong church as meas-

ured by numbers and resources. Nor were they a company of strong men, in the sense of being socially powerful or personally prominent. The divine measure of their strength was different from the world's, especially at this moment. We live in the era of "the strong man," when men bow down before the big, bullying figures who ride rough-shod over the rights of others, the dictators who shake the world with their armies, the supreme egoists who assume that they are competent and called to regulate the lives of ordinary folk.

But the strength which God noted in those early Christians at Philadelphia was of a different quality. Theirs was not the roaring strength of the rushing locomotive, but rather the silent tensile strength of the steel rail which supports the train. Theirs was not the strength which knocks down, but that which stands up to life, the quiet fortitude which stands when there is nothing to do but stand and take it. Theirs was the strength like that of Beethoven, who when overtaken by deafness fortified his spirit to endure it and cried: "I will blunt the sword of fate."

Or like that of Helen Keller, born with eye-gate and ear-gate closed, thereby seemingly destined to a meager fraction of life, but inverting the fraction, to make the denominator of her deficiencies into the numerator of her achievements, and so becoming one of the truly great figures of our generation.

Ah yes, when the doors close in front of us and the way is blocked, have we the strength to stand, and having done all, to stand? That was the sort of strength God noted in those early Christians at Philadelphia.

And a second trait which He observed in them was their fidelity. They had kept His word. They had not only kept their faith in God; but what is more fundamental, they had kept faith with God. When disasters close our roads we talk about how hard it is to keep our faith. But before we speak of losing faith in God let us be sure that we keep faith with God. When it is hard to believe in the goodness of God, we can at least be loyal to the goodness we know. When we cannot see any divine purpose in the chaos of events, we can at least do the duty nearest to us.

Frederick W. Robertson of Brighton has been considered by many as the most helpful preacher of the English-speaking world. Yet Robertson went through a midnight of the soul when he doubted all his beliefs in God and the meaning of life. Of that experience he said later: "I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scatheless; it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand simple landmarks of morality * * *"

Yes, before we allow these dark days to make us lose faith in God, let us be sure that we are keeping faith with God. That fidelity is a quality which the Divine Doorkeeper noted in those who stand before the closed doors.

And along with their strength and fidelity God took notice of a third trait in those early Christians, namely their patience. A closed door is a severe test of patience. We fret at frustration. We impatient moderns lose our temper if we miss even one section of a revolving door. It is therefore increasingly hard for us to keep our patience when we have to

wait upon God's doors, for with the Lord a day may be as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. The divine doors operate, as it were, by a time lock. In my office is a small safe which can be opened at any time by anyone who knows the combination; but in the bank across the street from my church, the great safe in the vault opens only when the appointed time has elapsed. Similarly, little compensations may come quickly, but the richest values of life await the opening of God's time locks.

Hear then how the Divine Doorkeeper ends His letter to the little church of early Christians: "I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it." He had seen their strength of fortitude, their fidelity, their patience. And when men can keep those qualities in the face of closed doors, then God does open a door which no man can shut. This is not to say that if we wait long enough, obstacles will remove themselves; but it is to say that if we stand up to our obstacles bravely, faithfully and patiently, God will open a door. It may be in a direction different from that which we had planned, but remember, God's ways are higher than our ways and His thoughts higher than our thoughts. In God's good time a door does open to those who walk with Him.

About a year and a half ago there passed away that gallant veteran of the cross, Sir Wilfred Grenfell. Never shall I forget the breakfast conversation I had with him during the summer at Lake Mohonk. With glowing face he told of his experiences. As a young doctor in London he dropped in quite casually at a meeting conducted by Dwight L. Moody. Was it chance or destiny? Whatever it was, it set Grenfell's mind on a new trail, which led eventually to Labrador, to the healing of countless fisherfolk in the frozen north, to the firing of the imagination among the youth in America and England, to world service and immortal fame. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell saw many doors closed during the course of his career. But the Divine Doorkeeper kept watch of his fortitude, his fidelity and his patience. And eventually doors did open. When I saw him last, with his gay smile and gallant spirit, it was clear he was facing an open door. And now he has gone through.

(Continued from page 41)

of the Christ. In life, with all its trials, as well as in death, He will never forsake or fail those who are faithful to Him.

"Swift to its close ebbs our life's little day . . . Change and decay in all around I see. O Thou, who changest not, abide with me." Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19

"O TASTE AND SEE THAT THE LORD IS GOOD."

READ PSALM 34:1-10

IT IS possible to cut a cube of salt and another of sugar so that no one knows which is which. But the taste decides it immediately. Greenland is not green, but is largely icebound, but for one strip near the sea. Iceland is

not truly a land of ice, for two-fifths is quite fertile. And when we think God's ways are strict, the path of discipleship hard, the Christian life dull and difficult—the test is to try what our Father has planned. In Him are our peace and happiness. But only by experience can the joy of His salvation be found.

Save us from that worldly wisdom which puts the word of man before Thy word, O God. Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

"WHAT PROFIT SHOULD WE HAVE?"

READ JOB 21:1-15

A LITTLE girl, taken to the church service for the first time, found it a trifle hard to sit through it. Her aunt asked her afterward if she were tired.



50 Years Old—Sells First Story 4 Months Before Completing Course

"For thirty years I floundered in and out of various pursuits, vainly seeking one which would be satisfactory. With my enrollment in N.I.A. the quest of years ended. The sale of my first feature article to Indianapolis Star, four months before I completed the course, thrilled and inspired me. Thanks to N.I.A., I sit on top of the world—at fifty."—Helen C. Tyrell, Bourbon, Ind.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business affairs, social matters, domestic science, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for \$25, \$50, and \$100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. (Founded 1925)

WAR MAKES WRITERS

Every war has launched or marked the turning point in the careers of innumerable great authors, such as Laurence Stallings, Willa Cather, Ernest Hemingway, Edna Ferber, Irvin S. Cobb, Fannie Hurst. This war may be your golden opportunity to express yourself. Send today for your N.I.A. Writing Aptitude Test.

Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Avenue, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Christian Herald, September.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
Address _____
(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 24P592

Copyright 1941 Newspaper Institute of America

Join the TRACT-OF-THE-MONTH Club

One of the most practical, generous tract plans ever offered. For only \$1.00 a year you receive 25 new tracts monthly, samples of new unusual tracts and booklets, bi-monthly paper. With \$2.00 subscription for 50 tracts, a double-compartment tract holder sent free. Join now! Write Dept. C.H.

Tract-of-the-Month Club, 322 W. Washington, Chicago

Sell Christmas Cards

Start Making Money at Once

PERSONAL IMPRINTED CARDS including three 50-for-\$1.00 lines and two 25-for-\$1.00 lines.

BOX ASSORTMENTS including our outstanding Blue Ribbon assortment. Gift Wrappings, Etchings, and Religious assortments. Write at once

CHAS. A. BELZ CO.

1711 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE A DANGER SIGNAL

Often associated with Hardening of the Arteries, a Stroke, Paralysis, Heart Trouble, Kidney Disease, and other grave complications. Resultful treating methods of the Ball Clinic have proven dependable for nearly a quarter of a century. Send for FREE Blood Pressure Book—today. No obligation. Ball Clinic, Dept. 7460, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

ASTHMA WRITE FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER!

If you suffer from Asthma Paroxysms, from coughs, gasping, wheezing—write quick for daring FREE TRIAL OFFER of amazing relief. Inquiries from so-called "hopeless" cases especially invited. Write. NACOR, 938-J State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Cash Reward **SHOW NEW CHRISTMAS CARDS**
Take orders in spare time for our attractive, different Christmas Cards. Make extra income weekly. Show beautiful \$1 Box 21 Christmas Folders to friends, others. Make up to 60¢ profit per box. Other Christmas Novelties, Everyday, Gift Wrappings, Religious, Etchings. Fast sellers. Christmas Cards with name, 50 for \$1. SAMPLES on approval. Chas. C. Schuler Co., Dept. H27, Westfield, Mass.

Make Extra Money **Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS**
It's easy—just show friends, others these big value Personal Christmas Cards, with name, 50 for \$1. Make quick profits. Also sell famous "Hortel Art" 21-card Christmas Assortment, only \$1. You make up to 60¢. 11 money-makers—Gift Wraps, Etchings, Religious, etc. No experience needed. Write for samples on approval now. Hortel Art Co., 305 W. Adams St., Dept. 316, Chicago, Ill.

Sell 50 Assorted Name Imprinted CHRISTMAS CARDS **FREE SAMPLES**
Make extra money easily. Send for free samples of our exclusive \$1.00 line of Personal Cards and Imprinted Stationery. Return \$1.00 box assortment on approval. NEW ENGLAND ART PUBLISHERS, North Abington, E-513, Mass.

SALESMEN World's Best Seller

Have you investigated the possibilities of selling the famous BLUE RIBBON INDEXED BIBLE? Our men are making big money in these times. No car necessary, no investment. For full information write—INTERNATIONAL BOOK SUPPLY CO., Dept. H., Wichita, Kansas

On The Road To Health

Rectal and Colon Troubles Are Dangerous Disorders

Neglected Piles, Fistula, Rectal Abscess and other rectal disorders often lead to serious complications and undermine health. Write today for 122-page book FREE which tells much about Rectal, Stomach conditions and Colon troubles as well as latest institutional methods for treating these and associated ailments. Illustrated with diagrams, charts and X-ray pictures. It may save you needless delay and suffering. Write today—a card will do. McCleary Clinic, 938 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

To which the child replied, "Tired? Haven't we been worshipping God?" That is the true spirit of worship. When we allow our thoughts to wander, when we sit through a secular program for two or three hours without a murmur, and then complain if divine worship is five minutes over time, we ought to examine our motives. Is anything wrong?

Forgive us, O Father, if we have allowed the world to monopolize our thought so that we have little time for Thee. For Christ's sake, Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21

"I WILL REJOICE IN THY SALVATION."

READ PSALM 9:7-14

WE CANNOT vouch for it, but a competent authority solemnly states that when we frown, we use sixty-five muscles in order to produce that unlovely countenance. Yet, when we smile at those we meet, only thirteen muscles are called into play. That surely means that to smile is much easier than to frown, and if it is a question of exercising our muscles, then we can secure that by stretching out the helping hand to some unfortunate fellow man.

For the joy and gladness which are the fruit of obedience to Thee, we thank Thee, O God. Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22

"LIKE A FLOOD."

READ ISAIAH 59:16-21

WHEN they were building the Brooklyn Bridge, an obstruction was found in the river bed, just where one of the piers must go. Various means were tried to remove what proved to be a sunken wreck. But nothing apparently could budge it. Then two barges were brought at low water, loaded with stone. From these, great cables were fastened to the wreck. Then they waited for the tide. Slowly, yet irresistibly, the flow of the water was noted. The loaded barges rose with the flood, and the sunken ship with them. What obstacles to building character go when we allow God's Spirit to enter the heart!

Lay hold of our lives, gracious Master. So shall that which is beyond us become possible. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

"LET A MAN TAKE HEED HOW HE BUILDETH."

READ I CORINTHIANS 3:9-17

WE ARE all builders. Every day, according to the blue prints of the divine Architect, or in foolish disregard of God's will; with the best materials, or with the base and perishable that can never stand the tests of time, certainly not those of eternity; we are engaged on this momentous task. The foundation is Christ. All our hopes for now and hereafter are based on Him.

Divine Lord, Lover and Saviour of us all, help us to build worthily upon the

foundation Thou hast laid. May we never disappoint Thee. Amen.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

"I WILL MEDITATE IN THY STATUTES."

READ PSALM 119:41-48

THE public libraries insist that books must not be marked nor have annotations made. That is justifiable because the borrower is just a borrower; the book is not his. But God's Book should be our book. We ought to have a Bible that we can really use, and that reverently we can mark. When some glowing passage strikes the heart with its light, it is good to make that passage our own by marking it. Then the Book really becomes ours!

Blessed God, for the light and comfort of the Scriptures, for the Christ they reveal, we adore Thy name. Amen.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25

"CONFORMED TO THE IMAGE OF HIS SON."

READ ROMANS 8:26-30

IS OUR main concern to be like Christ? A gifted young artist argued and persuaded until he was allowed to set up his easel in the studio of Raphael. "I have found my master," said the youth. "I want to paint like Raphael. To do that I must be near him. I may then study his methods, catch his spirit, and listen to his counsel. I have no other ambition but to be like him." What might seem an impossible goal for mankind is God's own purpose for those whom He has redeemed.

Grant us Thy Spirit's power, O God. Inspire, impel, move us. Then shall we be within the circle of Thy will. Amen.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

"FOR WHICH CAUSE WE FAINT NOT."

READ II CORINTHIANS 4:11-18

THAT valiant blind woman, Helen Keller, has a faith which puts ours to shame. "Rebuffed, but always persevering; self-reproached, but ever regaining faith; undaunted, tenacious, the heart of man labors toward immeasurably distant goals. Discouraged not by difficulties without, or the anguish of ages within, the heart listens to a secret voice that whispers, 'Be not dismayed; in the future lies the Promised Land.'"

Gird us with living trust in Thyself, O God, and Thy faithfulness, pledged to us through Christ. Amen.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

"FOR ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST."

READ PHILIPPIANS 1:12-21

A CELEBRATED scholar wrote of five great teachers of mankind. He listed them as Epicurus, Epictetus, Plato, Aristotle, and then Christ. They were far from being on the same plane. Of those mentioned, the first four stood for self-expression, self-control, right relations, and proper proportions, but all as



Hair OFF

Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 266, Chicago.



DO YOU WANT TO STOP TOBACCO?

Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have. Make yourself free and happy with Tobacco Redeemer. Not a substitute, not habit forming. Write for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved many men.

FREE BOOK

THE NEWELL COMPANY
139 Clayton St., St. Louis, Mo.

Free For Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. 276-J Frontier Bldg.
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WANT EXTRA CASH?

Christian Herald has a plan that offers you a pleasant way of making money in your spare time. One friend earned \$70 in several hours through this plan. Other men and women are finding it a sure way to real earnings. There is no expense to you, no previous experience needed.

If you want to turn your spare time into extra money just clip and mail the coupon below and full particulars will reach you by return mail.

DON'T WAIT

Mail the Coupon Today

Desk 942 CHRISTIAN HERALD
419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me all details about your offer to make Extra Money.

Name

Address

they affected the self. Christ, on the contrary, gave man a new center. It was Himself, and the service which flowed from that concept. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister" shows the life centering on the Christ.

Save us from the littleness of the selfish life. By Thy great sacrifice, by Thy constraining love, let our lives center around Thee. Amen.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

"SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS."
READ ISAIAH 32:13-20

THE celebrated Dean Swift "gave it as his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." That seems an exaggeration? This is plain truth. Those who sow seeds of gentleness, kindness, consideration, and love, are real disciples who honor the Lord of life, and make a fairer world.

Let us seize every opportunity to bless the world which we must one day leave. So shall our lives tell for Thee. Through Jesus, Amen.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

"DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS."
READ EPHESIANS 2:1-10

DO YOU feel the weight of sin? Or is conscience hardened so that it no longer troubles us? While an evangelist was preaching in India, some one jestingly asked how much sin weighed. The missionary was swift on the mark. "If you placed a heavy weight on a dead man's body, would he feel it?" The answer was in the negative. "Right; only a living man would feel it. So when the soul is dead in sins, it can feel nothing of the load. But God's Spirit touches it, so that it can feel. Then through Christ, the load is lifted."

We thank Thee, O Christ, that Thou didst bear our sins for us. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30

"HE THAT LOSETH HIS LIFE FOR MY SAKE."

READ MATTHEW 10:34-42

A SCIENTIST was once asked about immortality. His field was biology, and he felt himself incompetent to answer the question. However, he said, "Until a man espouses either a cause or an individual for which he is perfectly willing to jeopardize his life, and would count it an honor to die, he does not come within sight of immortality." That is not as clear as the words of our Lord. Yet the underlying meaning is almost the same. How can we count the cost so carefully, and give our help so niggardly, when Christ gave His all for us?

Fire our hearts with renewed love and devotion to Thee and Thy kingdom. So shall life be changed from glory to glory.

STILL TIME • NEXT QUARTER CHANGE TO STANDARD'S TRUE-TO-THE-BIBLE LESSONS

Right now is the time to consider Standard's True-to-the-Bible lessons for your Sunday School for the coming quarter. Write today for information about Standard's Closely Graded or Uniform lessons which are being used and highly praised by thousands of successful Sunday School workers. Prospectus of Graded lessons, actual samples of Uniform lessons and big catalogue are free. Please state which you want and mention department. Address Desk CH-9.

THE STANDARD PUBLISHING CO.
8TH & CUTTER STS. CINCINNATI, OHIO

AMAZING MAGIC PURSE
Unfolds into Roomy Shopping Bag!

Like magic, this handy, handsome Purse turns into big, convenient Shopping Bag, complete with handles, mesh handles, dozens of pockets! Looks like purse, used like purse—but presto—converts to shopping bag instantly! Houses wild about it. Sensational seller. Earn Big Money Quick. Simply show sample; take orders from friends, neighbors, everybody.

SAMPLES FOR AGENTS—Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. Large outfit of other fast-selling Home Specialties included. SEND NO MONEY—Just your name.

KRISTECCO, 516 Bar St., Akron, Ohio

TAPE your CORNS

and Callouses with COMFITAPE for quick relief. New protective, penetrative agent eases pain, gently absorbs hard growths without injury to healthy tissue. Walk, play, dance in comfort during treatment. Big spool, 60 sq. inches to clip and apply as needed. Send \$1 and if not delighted after using, get full refund. **COMFITAPE, Dept. 8, Burlington, Vermont.**

RHEUMATISM
ARTHRITIS - NEURITIS - SCIATICA

Why continue to suffer the agonizing pains of these diseases when the usual remedies have failed. Learn about a new, trustworthy, modern, non-surgical treatment method. This marvelous treatment is completely explained in Dr. Ball's new FREE Book. Write today. No obligation.

BALL CLINIC, Dept. 7400 Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Earn EXTRA CASH **Sell CHRISTMAS CARDS**

New "PRIZE" 21-Folder Assortment
Fastest-selling, unusually attractive designs; friendly greetings; novel features. You make up to 50c. Extra Cash Bonus. 11 popular assortments. Big variety. Personal Christmas Cards with name. New designs, low as 50¢ for \$1. Liberal profits. Experience unnecessary. Start earning at once. Spare or full time. Write today for SAMPLES ON APPROVAL.

CHILTON GREETINGS, 147 Essex, Dept. 16-R, Boston, Mass.

DO YOU WANT a permanent business profession of your own? Then become a foot correctionist. Earnings of men and women in this greatly needed profession run as high as \$50-\$100, weekly after a few weeks home training—no medical or chiropody—easy terms, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, 47th year. Write for free booklet.

Stephenson System of Foot Correction, 79 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

HERE'S A QUICK WAY TO EARN MONEY
SELL PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Show sparkling values. Christmas Cards WITH NAME IMPRINTED—big selection; low as 50¢ for \$1. Also gorgeous 21-card SUPREME Christmas Box Assortment—low as 50¢ for \$1. A real money-maker. 16 sensational fast-sellers: Gift Wrappings, etc. Write TODAY for samples on approval.

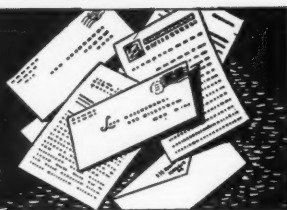
CARDINAL CRAFTSMEN, Dept. 689, Cincinnati, Ohio

CHRISTIAN GREETING CARDS

for re-sale or personal use. Christmas cards. Also cards for all occasions. TRUE CHRISTIAN SENTIMENTS. Each exquisite, card has some distinctive touch which gives it INSTANT APPEAL. ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. Write TODAY for complete information!

Dept. 6 SCRIPTURE GREETING CARD COMPANY Philadelphia, Pa.

We open our MAIL



Can It Be "God's War?"

Third Church of the Covenanters,
Philadelphia, Pa.

My dear Editor:

Your editorial in *Christian Herald* of June is unusually helpful. Such a discussion is a real public service. The subject is both difficult and distressing. Multitudes will be helped by your many penetrating utterances on the war issue. Another aspect of the war question may deserve a little more emphasis.

I admire your generosity, your desire to be fair in argument. But can we concede so much to "pacifism"? Is it true, as stated in your editorial in the June issue of *Christian Herald*, that "Good cannot come out of evil"? Romans 8:28 says: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God," etc. Does not that verse give the divine philosophy of history, as well as the story of all God's dealings with men, as revealed in the entire Bible? Hundreds of records are given of events where God brought "good out of evil." Let Joseph speak to his cringing brethren, who had sinned against him and their own souls so wickedly: Genesis 50:15-21. "As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good to bring to pass as it is this day, to save much people alive." The good grew straight out of the evil.

Moving now to the highest possible level; the crucifixion of Jesus Christ was the wickedest act in the ages! But God in our Saviour's death, and out of His death, brings redemption to a lost world. All gospel blessings flow from Calvary. Countless millions have redemption through His shed blood. "With His stripes we are healed." Isaiah 53:5. It is *His stripes* alone that bring the healing.

Pacifists may need to lay such words to heart. Perhaps war in its reality is never wholly the "Devil's war." The devil may plan and start a war. He often has done so. The devil may stir up the causes of war. He is constantly doing this. But once started, a war seldom remains solely the "devil's war." When "he stretcheth out his hand against God, and strengtheneth himself against the Almighty," God in due time interposes for righteousness and justice. The war then becomes by so much "God's war!" When God judges among the warring nations; when for their sins he begins (Ps. 2:9) to "break them with a rod of iron, and dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel,"—God has then taken over, and is dealing with sin and godlessness in the lives of each and all the nations engaged in the conflict. Especially is He dealing with the sin of nations in rejecting the Lord Jesus Christ, His appointed "Ruler of Nations." (Again, Ps. 2: vv 1-12).

Cordially yours,
Findley M. Wilson

When a man starts a debate with Dr. Wilson he already has two strikes called on him! D.A.P.

We will welcome letters from our readers for this page. Write whatever is on your mind—the more variety the better. Editor.

A Victim's Request

Baltimore, Md.

Lady if you see me lying
On the ground, I may be dying.
Let my gore run bright and free,
Don't attempt to bandage me.
While there's life, there's hope, so Pet
Don't apply a tourniquet.
Do not give for my salvation
Artificial respiration.
Do not stretch my bones or joints;
Do not press my pressure points.
If queer symptoms you should see,
Don't experiment on me!
If I'm suffering from shock,
Take a walk around the block.
If you must be busy, pray
Help to keep the crowd away.
So whatever my condition,
Phone at once for a physician.
Let me lie, I'll take a chance
Waiting for an ambulance.
From First Aid, I beg release
Lady, let me die in peace.

—Mrs. Leonard L. Greif

Comment would be superfluous.

Christian Herald for Chaplains

Dear Editor:

In our S. S. Class yesterday, I asked the members if they would like to send the *Christian Herald* to some Chaplains for the men, the result three subscriptions. One for the Army, one for the Navy and one, of course, for the Marines.

If you can get one sub to a Chaplain in the Philippines for our men held there, please do so.

You select the Chaplains as you have names, I am sure. Our only request is that they be sent to men in Foreign service, if possible.

I think your special rate to men in the service is splendid and as the mother of a man in service, I thank you.

Would it be too much trouble for you to give me the name of the Chaplains to whom you send the subscriptions? I want to tell our class and incidentally the class is—The Swartwout Class of Calvary Baptist Church, Washington, D. C.

(Mrs.) John T. Edmunds

That's the kind of letter that gives practical help as well as encouragement.

From A Service School Student

Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Editor:

This afternoon in the Y. M. C. A. U. S. O. down here in Jacksonville I didn't have anything to do and I picked up the May issue of *Christian Herald* and read it from cover to cover. The main purpose of this letter is to tell you how much I enjoyed it.

Leo Fortenbacher,
Service School U.S.N.A.S.

It is one of our chief sources of pride that *Christian Herald* appeals to all classes of society.

Again—"One Foot in Heaven"

Route 3, New Albany, Miss.

Dear Editor:

At a district conference held May 5, 1942, "One Foot in Heaven" was mentioned some dozen or more times during the day. One parsonage was recovered as a result of his people seeing the picture stated one pastor in making his report. A minister's wife said some of her ladies removed a large out-of-place communion table from the parsonage because they saw the picture. "It was a great picture," concluded one preacher...

But to me the beautiful spirit of unselfishness and self-sacrifice depicted by the parson's wife was one of the most inspiring points of the play. The scene of the parson meekly praying with the humble gardener was beautiful. And that scene of kneeling people with falling snow gently covering their bowed heads while the beloved pastor lead them in prayer with strong inspiring words of thankfulness to God for peace—the troubled preacher and wife praying at the altar of the church for God's guidance in making a decision—that last touching scene where the parson's rejoicing heart bubbled over into glistening tears of joy and thankfulness for a great dream come true as he operated the new carillon and the great bells rang out, "The Church's One Foundation," calling as one the rich widow and her gardener, the prominent banker, the skeptical dentist, young people, old people, school children, all, united as one, while their uplifted hearts drank in the melody of the song—such were great and inspiring, and worthy of remembrance.

Sincerely,
Melissa Grant

Since *Christian Herald*, and particularly its Editor-in-Chief, helped sponsor this picture, we are especially gratified by its success.

Likes Mrs. Fisher

Russell, Arkansas

Dear Editor:

Your articles by Dorothy Canfield Fisher certainly strike home. They make at least one of the poor or ignorant think that the millenium must be close at hand, that such problems are recognized by the upper classes. Born west of the Mississippi, of eastern parents, I grew up like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Denied health, denied school, denied church, denied ever having a home of my own, what reason have I to love my country? What reason have I to love my brothers and sisters, the human family? I am traveling the sunset road now, alone, and try to lift a little where I can. I suppose you do not want anonymous letters, but if you print this I request that you do not give my name. If it arouses just one church member to a realization of Christianity, I would have my reward.

—A Friend

We appreciate this letter, and are glad to accede to the writer's request.

Thanks to Mr. Clifford

Dear Editor:

On behalf of the Officers and Enlisted Men of Keesler Field, I wish to express our appreciation for the gift subscription to *Christian Herald* that you have sent to this Field. We have placed it in our Library where it is available to everyone.

We acknowledge thanks to Mr. I. A. Clifford of Lewiston, Illinois for his generosity and consideration.

Christian Kenfield,
1st Lt., Air Corps, Library Officer



that will be good to remember; you can give them spiritual awakening; far too many of our little guests knew nothing of Christ until they came to Mont Lawn. This is our last plea for vacations for this year and unless you answer it with your contribution many children are going to know a disappointment that would be hard for you to understand. They have counted the days since the summer began—hot days, breathless days for them.

Don't delay; by sending your contribution today a little boy or girl can be invited to spend two weeks in God's country. *And you will receive a postcard from the child direct from Mont Lawn: a postcard with a picture of the children at Mont Lawn or one of its beauty spots and a message of thanks from the child.*

LAST CALL FOR MONT LAWN VACATIONS!!

The children are ready . . .

they have been waiting all through the hot summer days for the word that would send them to Mont Lawn for two weeks of what must seem like heaven to them. One glimpse into their airless, sunless homes, one trip to the city's slums would tell you more than we can possibly put into words. *Your visit to the slums would end at Christian Herald's office with the plea that we do something for these children of poverty.*

Through no fault of their own they are the victims of ignorance, crime and financial distress. Life has been cruel to them. YOU can be kind. You can still give them two weeks of good food to strengthen their bodies against the strain of the coming months; you can give them lightness of heart and laughter



\$5 pays for a week of all the good things Mont Lawn has to give a child of poverty. It pays carfare, replaces worn clothing and gives them all the food and fun they can digest. With a doctor and nurse on our staff their health is carefully watched and they return to the city strong enough to carry on for the coming days of insecurity.



**CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME, Sept. '42
419 Fourth Ave., New York**

Dear Friends:

Don't keep them waiting—here's my bit toward making a child well and happy

Name

Address

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF WORSHIP

A four-part discussion outline

By Dr. Raymond M. Veh

(Editor, The Evangelical Crusader)

Edited by Stanley B. Vandersall

I. What Good Is Worship?

Scripture Basis—John 4:20-24

Week of SEPTEMBER 6

I. What is worship?

1. *Is it seeing to the heart of things?* The term worship comes from the old Anglo-Saxon "weorthscipe." It means "worth-ship" or "worthy-ship." Isn't there a suggestion in that? When we worship, do we not strive to appreciate anew the "worth" of God? When we worship, is there not that element of trying to be more "worthy" of God? There is the upward look to God; there is the inward look at ourselves.

2. *Is it fellowship with others in service?* Worship, however, must not end in mere introspection. True worship finds its completion in service to man.

3. *Is it dedication to the best that we know?* Man longs to offer up the best that he has to the highest that he knows. We all want to pour out our highest gifts to that which is greater than ourselves. This longing in us makes us seek God, even when we do not know what it is that we seek.

II. What is the value of worship?

1. Worship should open to the men in service avenues of approach to God through prayer, through Bible study, through music, beauty, nature, art or literature.

2. Worship should bring men to a fuller realization of the worth and pre-eminence of spiritual values in life.

3. Worship should help men to achieve a life purpose and to make all choices in harmony with that purpose.

4. Worship should make men sensitive to the needs of their fellowmen.

5. Worship should provide experiences which shall prove valuable as training in private devotional life.

III. What does worship mean to you?

1. Attempt to define your conception of "worship" (previous to this time).

2. Do you derive greater help from private worship or from congregational worship?

3. Is your attitude on the subject of worship determined to any great degree by a heritage or background of habits?

4. How important do you feel worship to be in the Christian life?

II. Worship in the Group

Scripture Basis—Matthew 6:7-15

Week of SEPTEMBER 13

I. What are the advantages of set forms of worship?

1. The repetition of familiar words and sentences inspires confidence.

2. When many people repeat ritual together, each one realizes that he is not alone in having problems to meet.

3. Familiar ritual reminds us that we are part of a long, long procession of people throughout all the ages who have

sought the highest and finest in life.

4. Formal ritual shows us through its orderliness and dignity that life is not all excitement and sudden change.

II. What are the disadvantages of set forms of worship?

1. The ritual may become so familiar that one goes through it mechanically.

2. The ritual becomes so complicated that its original meaning is lost in the doing of many prescribed acts.

3. Departures from the set form are likely to be frowned upon, even when they improve on the old form.

4. Ritualistic acts come to be a substitute for that worship which shows itself in noble living. Jesus had something to say about this in the story told in Mark 3:1-6. Read it.

III. How is a group worship experience planned?

A worship service usually is built according to a central plan called a pattern of worship. By studying the order of worship in the formal services conducted by the chaplain the men will discover that the complete group worship experience includes such steps as the following:

a. An approach to God, or preparation;

b. A sense of unworthiness, expressed in prayer;

c. The response of God in forgiving and revitalizing power;

d. Consequent joy and renewed spiritual strength;

Close the meeting with a period of worship. The leader might work out such a service; or a very simple plan may be followed, in which the members of the group are asked to pray silently that their worship together may be more real and more meaningful than it has been.

III. Making Prayer Vital

Scripture Basis—James 4:8; Psalm 145:3-5, 18

Week of SEPTEMBER 20

1. What is prayer?

Someone says, "Prayer is asking God for what we want."

Another says, "Prayer is talking to God."

Someone else says, "Prayer is consecrated thinking."

Every thinking person should have an answer. Is there more to prayer than talking? Is all thinking prayer?

2. Where and when is it most helpful to pray?

A list may be made, the men making the suggestions, such as these:

In the service of corporate worship at the chapel;

In small prayer groups, such as a Christian Endeavor meeting;

Out in the woods, or beside a lake, or on a mountain side in a natural setting;

When beset by problems, temptations, or dangers;

In the solitude of one's own moments alone;

At sunset, perhaps on a hike;

In the morning or in the evening.

3. What are the chief obstacles to a satisfactory prayer experience?

Among the replies in outline there might be listed these:

Grudges held against one's fellows;

Unfavorable surroundings at camp; Indulgences in practices of which one is not proud, but which one will not give up;

The demands of military life; Doubts which prevent a glad surrender to God's will;

Allowing other things to crowd out the important habit of prayer.

4. Should a group of service men at worship be thought of as an audience or as a worshipping congregation?

The chaplain praying aloud in public leads the group as all of them pray to God. God is real and hears our prayers even though we cannot see Him with our physical eyes. Neither can we see love, nor friendship, nor scorn, nor truth. We cannot feel them with our hands nor hear them with our ears; but still we know they are real.

Our religion should be based on reason.

This brings us to another lofty conception of prayer: "Putting one's self in the mood to cooperate with God is prayer." What do you think of this?

5. Should man answer his own prayers?

Millions of people have prayed the Lord's Prayer, but still God's will is not done on earth. Why is this? Can you suggest anything your group might do to make this prayer effective?

IV. Practicing the Presence of God

Scripture Basis—Psalm 46:10; Micah 6:8

Week of SEPTEMBER 27

I. How can we know God?

We become conscious of the presence of God by observing ways of life harmonious with His character. The Bible teaches us that He is holy, that He is just, that He is good, that He is merciful; and in the practice of these intangible virtues we bring ourselves into a receptive attitude, and thus are able to take God into our consciousness.

II. What will aid us in practicing the presence?

We need a technique of private worship. This means:

1. *Take time for God.* When can you have a few moments alone? Even a moment alone may be impossible in an army camp. Yet one soldier writes: "While the radio is blaring and there is noise all about us, a buddy and I gather on my bunk to read a bit of Scripture, talk and pray together each night."

2. *Converse with God* frequently about the events of the day.

3. *Think of love, strength, good will,* and other positive things of life.

4. *Read your Bible.* The Bible is a source book of spiritual experiences, a record of the insights and understandings of men who found God. We need to be familiar with its chief characters and their prophetic utterances.

5. *Hum or read a hymn.* Another aid to the realization of the presence of God is found in the hymn book where the great poets and dreamers of the ages have walked with God and expressed themselves in song.

6. *Meditate and pray.* Learn to give yourself to thought and prayer and learn to listen for the still, small voice that comes after the storm, earthquake and fire have failed to move the heart.